Memoir and Personal Recollection of J. B. Corey

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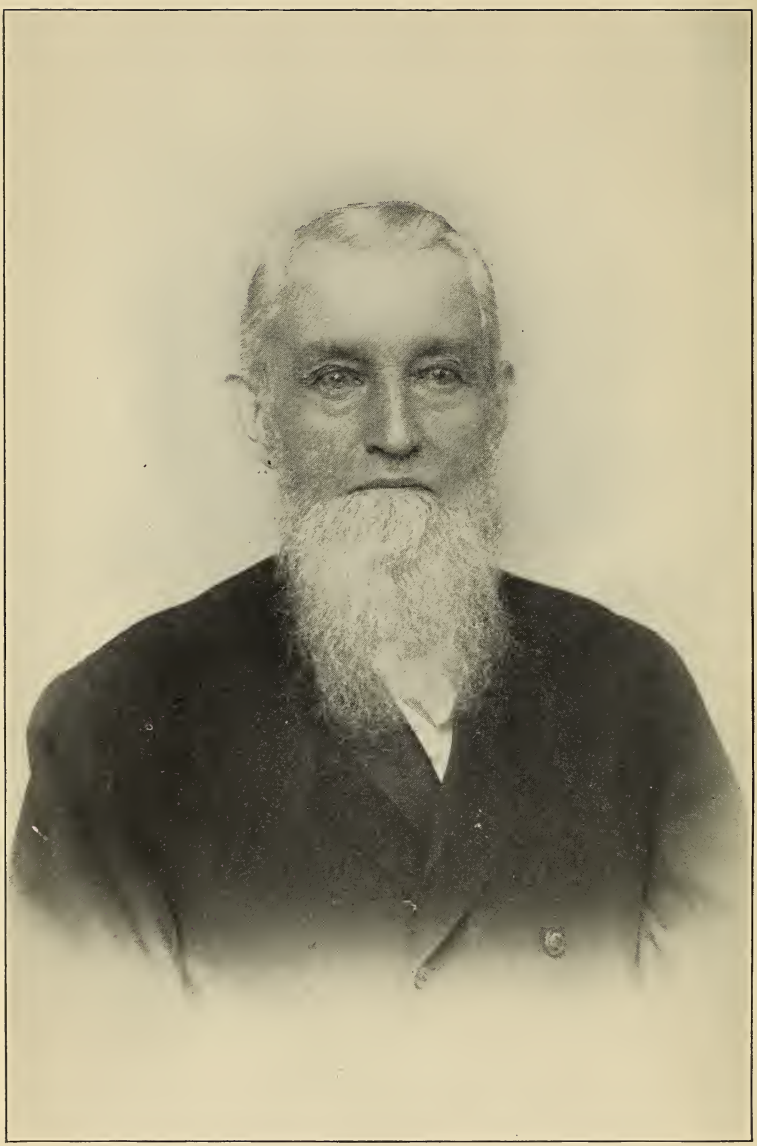

J. B. COREY.
Age, 82 years.
Photograph taken after completing the Compiling of this Volume.

MEMOIR *and* PERSONAL RECOLLECTION *of* J. B. COREY

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by
JAMES B. COREY

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MRS. J. B. COREY.
1914.
Photograph taken after over 61 years of married life.

THE COREY RESIDENCE—Jones Ave., Braddock, Pa.

J. B. COREY AND WIFE.
1872.

THOMAS NEEL AND WIFE.
Twin Sister of Mrs. J. B. Corey.
1872.

Preface

(. . . . "*Of making many books there is no end; and much study is weariness of the flesh*"—Solomon).

Having passed the age of life in which my mental and physical powers enabled me to be active in the avocations and business pursuits that I had taken an interest in, I decided to write my personal recollections of the scenes through which I have passed my four score years. As I have kept no diary it greatly adds to my difficulty in reproducing a connected story of my past life.

I will preface my story by quoting on the following pages the preface used by my life-long and truest friend, the Honorable Thomas Mellon, in his autobiography. He gives better reasons for writing the story of his life than I am capable of giving and, having the permission of his sons to use it, I present them as the reasons that influence me in leaving my own posterity and friends the story of my life and the scenes of my four score years.

The dates on the cuts and page will indicate the age at, and when facts stated took place.

James B. Corey.

Introduction

I will let my newspaper friends introduce me to my Corey friends. The editor of the "Weekly Standard", an old school mate, W. H. Morrow, in 1895, requested me to write some articles for his paper, giving my own personal recollections of Braddocksfield and Port Perry. The late Daniel McCarthy, on learning I was going to write an article for the "Standard", appealed to his friend Morrow to allow me to write the article for the Braddock "Daily News", which Editor Morrow consented I should do. Editor Morrow said in the "Standard": "There is not a town in the Middle States that has a more world wide reputation than what is now the city of Braddock. The name at once suggests the unfortunate yet brave commander of the Coldstream Guards, one of England's crack regiments, which met its fate here". It is also suggestive of the struggles of the whites with the savage red men. When we speak of Braddock we are at once led to think of Gilbert Frazier, Tonnaluka, Fort Duquesne, Colonel Washington, General Braddock, and Beaujean, and many other names famous in history. Anything relating to the early history of Braddock is of great interest to the citizens of Western Pennsylvania. Some time ago we wrote a letter to Mr. J. B. Corey, of Braddock, who spent his boyhood days in these places, and has the best memory of any man we ever met, and who also is an able writer, and asked him to send us some of his recollections of Port Perry and Braddock for publication in the "Standard", etc.—Editor McCarthy says through the friendship of J. B. Corey and the unselfishness of William H. Morrow, of the Irwin Standard, we are enabled to give our readers early

reminiscences of Port Perry, Braddocksfield, Turtle Creek, and the surrounding country, as well as to furnish an interesting narrative of the early settlers of these places, whose descendants by the thousands today people these towns and have a pardonable pride in their ancestry, as they point to their fathers, and grandfathers, and boast of the share each had in laying the foundation of this prosperous industrial center, which has not its counterpart in any other mart of trade, on either hemisphere. If we designate these memoirs of Mr. Corey, a labor of love it is because we are not obvious of, nor unappreciative of, the mental or physical toil, worry, and loss of valuable time expended in their collection.

We believe it to be a labor of love, because he considers it to be a duty, in compliance with the request of old and young friends who, knowing his remarkable memory and his attitude for putting the story of our pioneers in the most interesting form, before those coming after them, who have beset him for years to take up his pen and indite the wonderful scenes which marked themselves indelibly upon his memory; to aid his editor friends has also been an incentive toward his contribution of the history of men and the times of the ever-fading past. This chronology may be aptly termed an heirloom of literature transmitted to posterity to enable it to have a knowledge of the past, and is therefore deserving a niche amid the favorite gems in your library. It is of the men and their progeny who have and will continue to bring honor and renown to the city of Braddock of whom Mr. Corey is writing. His object in giving so much of his time and talents is to the end, that the sterling attributes of their ancestors may spur us to an emulation of their virtuous lives and heroic deeds, and we need not do more than read between the lines to discover that

following in the footsteps of Mr. Corey himself will bring honor and a sufficiency of this world's goods to any young man who will take Mr. Corey's life, as a guide to direct him. Industry, energy, perseverance, temperate habits, and honesty, were his watchwords, and though he has passed more than the allotted years of life, they still are the index of his record. They made him a pilot of coal boats on the Ohio River while he was yet in his teens; they secured him the confidence of the men who entrusted their property to his care, and though many decades have passed since, the faith they had in the young pilot has so cemented their respect as to be a pleasure to them, as to him, to be bound together as friends. The editor of this paper most sincerely appreciates this visible token of Mr. Corey's good will toward him, and trusts he may act as to ever retain it. To those who have patronized this edition we also wish to thank, and hope it will be a source of pleasure as well as profit. We wish all our friends, in fact, every one, an enjoyable Yuletide. That every one may do his part to make Home, Sweet Home, on Christmas Day, let those blessed with an abundance of the goods of this world by the Almighty Father, attest their appreciation of His goodness by dispensing to those in need that which will bring them to a recollection that this is the day of "good will on earth."—*Braddock Daily News, December* 25, 1895.

Milton Kerns, Editor of the "High Tide", says, that The High Tide for August, 1895 is abnormally high, and has almost overleaped all geographical boundary lines. The topics so ably handled by Mr. James B. Corey, extending from the fall of sinful Adam to the peace negotiations between Russia and Japan, and will no doubt be very entertaining reading to all who receive a copy of the August issue.

Mr. Corey received an invitation to attend the seventh annual reunion of the Corey Family at Mooreland, Indiana, Wednesday, August 30th, and make an address, but not being able to make the trip, he decided to speak through the columns of The High Tide in which the writer suggests that he used good judgment. Had he decided to go and deliver an address before the audience, we fear he would have been in the position we call to mind of two noted divines, in conversation as to the manner of preparing their sermons. One of them said: "I write every word of my sermons as I want to be sound in doctrine, and preach nothing that is not laid down by the fathers." The other one remarked: "Well, I preach extemporaneously, because you know the enemy of mankind is a very subtle serpent. He is apt if I write to find out what I am going to say and as I preach the devil himself does not know what I say".

Mr. Corey's reminiscences are photographed so clearly on the mental tablets of his mind from the swift revolving kaleidoscope of time to have delivered them in a public address would have been impracticable as they appear in concise form in cold type; they can be termed storage batteries; when you want to use them, just touch the button.

Mr. Corey's personal character stands up like a mighty pillar compelling honor and awakening courage. As we thread our way through his personal recollections covering three score and ten years, his historical quotations that from the beginning of time have been winnowed and sifted through the gates of the ages, his reminiscences of the past century as we are forced to the conclusion, that force and energy of hundreds of average men, have been used by nature in the making of this extraordinary man. His career and private life, crowned with

honors conferred upon him in recognition of superior merit. His name is interwoven with the history of the city of Pittsburgh and is recognized as that of one who has made this world better for his having lived in it. To the youth of coming generations his advice and example can best be voiced in the language of William Cullen Bryant.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join,
The innumerable caravan, which moves,
To the mysterious realm, where each shall take;
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed,
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch,
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Just A Word About Mr. Corey's Memoirs.

By Rev. Maurice Ruben.
Editor of Glory of Israel.

(See Appendix.)

It was my privilege to read the copy sheets of Mr. Corey's book and I feel prompted to write briefly what I think about it. I have known for some time that it was his desire to leave to his posterity his memoirs in a permanent form, and I was more than surprised to find the material of the book so well prepared. The reading of the various chapters proved so interestingly fascinating that I could hardly separate myself from the pages, till I had finished reading them all.

The author looms up in this work as a man of unflinching grit in dealing with the vexing problems

of either labor, politics or religion. He stands for uncompromising principles, he tears the mask from the frauds, fakes and shams. He hits high or low and withal remains the sage, the seer and the prophet.

I personally thank God for permitting Brother Corey to publish this valuable contribution of "Personal Memoirs". It will make a deep impression upon the readers and many will call him blessed for having lived, fought and spoken for righteousness, truth and principle".

* * * *

With these editorial send-offs, I might and would rest my own personal record, but for the fact that I have inherited my share of the Corey weakness (love of flattery and self-praise) and of having the last word. As this is a family secret and not likely to get into the newspapers, by way of apology for myself, I will say to you, "This human frailty is not a peculiarity of the Coreys alone. You who read the newspapers must have noticed that some of the most noted men of this nation, have these traits coursing through their veins which King Solomon so strongly deprecated."

Preface of "Hon. Thomas Mellon and His Times".

(Quoted with permission of his sons).

"Is a knowledge of our ancestors of any use to us? Is there any benefit to be derived from knowing their character and habits, and what manner of men they were of? We may have inherited no worldly possession from them, but never can ignore the good or bad qualities they are sure to have left us by heredity. To what extent in this way may not the shading of our mental, moral, and physical character and habits be due to them? In what proportions have our different ancestors contributed to our make up? Science teaches that we are but reproductions of those gone before us, each individual but a new edition of a work published long ago with some slight modifications—additions, or substractions—improving or impairing the original text. Some of our inherited qualities may be very good, others very bad; some should be cultivated, others repressed; and if we knew just how we came by them and how they cropped out or were manifested in our predecessors, we might deal with them all the more intelligently. The natural affection for ancestors and for pictures of remote ancestors, may therefore be a wise provision, but in this direction we can obtain little assistance from a family portrait. An old picture may be a very poor likeness of the original, and at best can show nothing of his true character and qualities, but still natural affection clings to it, and imagination supplies those we would flatter in ourselves. How much more satisfactory would it not be if we could have a true representation of our

ancestors' course through life from first to last as in a panorama, showing his thoughts and actions, his good and bad qualities; what were his feelings on trying occasions, how he bore prosperity or adversity; what were his views on the current affairs of his day; what his motives and methods and what he accomplished or wherein he failed; how he performed his duties as a citizen and fulfilled his domestic relations. Such a picture would bring him home to us in his working clothes, and reveal the hidden ties between his nature and our own. It would present to us that identity which through life he regarded as himself, and not a mere presentation of the outward and changeable husk or envelope in which he was contained, and through which it is never easy to read the contents. I was thus led to reflect whether such a picture was possible. The nearest approach to it would be a true narrative of the ancestor's life written by himself; no other could do the work as well, as no other could know the facts and circumstances so accurately. And, finally, let me entreat those of my descendants into whose hands this memento of affection may fall, to handle and preserve it with care, remembering that it is committed to them for safe-keeping not only for themselves but for their descendants likewise, and that it will not be for sale in the bookstores nor any new edition published; and remembering also what satisfaction it may afford a descendant of theirs and mine, many generations hence to read the history of one of his remote ancestors as related by the ancestor himself. I advise this not on account of any intrinsic merit in the book itself, but because it may in time become a valued ancestral relic and for that reason its defects may be overlooked for the sake of the author."

PART FIRST

Chapter 1

Family Record of the Corey Tribe

(Ancestors English.)

THE Cory tribe trace their lineage to the English Admiral and Freebooter, Sir Francis Drake, who they claim married Mary Ann Cory, and to whom he left his estate and a fortune of over one hundred and fifty millions at present lying in the Bank of England. This statement is a canard; I had the Hon. John Hay, our Amabassador to England, investigate the claim for me (having formed Mr. Hay's acquaintance when he was the Private Secretary of Abraham Lincoln in 1861). Mr. Hay upon inquiry found that there never had been such a sum of money deposited in the Bank of England, awaiting the heirs of Sir Francis Drake and also learned that Francis Drake had never been married to Mary Ann Cory, or any other woman, but had lived and died a bachelor.

I have not been able to get an authentic or reliable record of my ancestors, but there being no doubt that they were descendants of Adam and Eve (and having inherited their share of their ancestors' virtues and weaknesses), I will content myself with

tracing my record on my father's side of the house to Benijah Cory and Deborah Talford Williams, and, on my mother's side of the house, to Grandfather James Adams and Elizabeth Black, with assurances as to length of days or Christian achievements. I am not at all likely to elevate the noble examples which they have left on the pages of family history.

BENIJAH AND DEBORAH CORY.

Grandfather Benijah Cory was born at Burlington, Vt., October 24th, 1778, and died at the home of his son John Nelson Cory, near Fort Wayne, Indiana, March 4th, 1870, age 91 years and four months. His wife, Deborah Talford Williams, was born September 10th, 1780, and died at the home of her daughter Mrs. Lydia Stouts in Wheeling, W. Va., August 25th, 1872, age 91 years, 11 months and 14 days. Grandmother Deborah Talford Williams was of Quaker descent. Grandfather and Grandmother were married February 20th, 1799. To them were born six sons and six daughters, as follows:

Anna	born	February	20th, 1800
John	"	July	4th, 1802
Alfred (My father)...	"	April	6th, 1804
Moses	"	June	9th, 1806
Charles Wesley	"	July	19th, 1811
Lewis	"	September	11th, 1813
John Nelson.....	"	January	27th, 1816
Lydia, W.	"	May	17th, 1818
Phoebia J.	"	April	4th, 1821
Deborah M.	"	July	5th, 1823
Melissa	"	November	6th, 1825
and			
Evaline	"		

Grandfather Benijah Cory was a John Wesley Methodist, having joined the Methodist Episcopal

Church in 1808. He was a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church for 55 years, priding himself in never failing to meet his class a single Sabbath during that number of years.

Benijah and Deborah Cory entered upon their married life by purchasing 300 acres of land in what was then the western wilderness, but today is the center of New York City. After clearing off their farm and getting it into a high state of cultivation, on which six sons and four daughters of their twelve children were born, some of whom had grown up to young manhood and womanhood, the father (against the protests of his wife and children) on account of the children from the village stealing his fruit, sold his New York State farm and emigrated to the wilds of Pennsylvania where he purchased and cleared off another farm which today is a part of Brookville, Pa. When the trend of civilization again trenched on his rural tastes, he sold his Brookville farm and bought another near Fort Wayne, Indiana, and when the suburbs of this western city likewise began to encroach on his preserves, he sold out again and hied himself away to Peru, Indiana, where he purchased another farm which today is the suburbs of that western city. At Peru, he and his wife contracted the fever and ague; this, with old age, forced them to visit their three sons who were living at Port Perry on the banks of the Monongahela River, in 1846. This is my first recollection of my Grandparents.

It was sad to see an old man, on a hot summer's day, shake as if he had a winter chill, and in addition to the ague chill there was one not less chilly which the old man was sure to get from the old lady, and his sons by reminding him that if he had taken their advice and not have sold his York State farm he would not be having the Indiana shakes. It so happened that Grandfather had the shakes one day

and Grandmother the next. On grandpa's off day he would try to enthuse us with telling us about the large corn stalks, long ears of corn and fat hogs he had on his Indiana farm. This was too much for my father's trait of gratitude which he owed his parents. He had just returned from New York City, and with seeming delight would tell his parents how they were running streets through his former homestead; the fine rows of houses that were built in the orchards he had helped to plant; of the large factories which stood where the old log cabin stood in which he was born, and the fine country residences on the land he had helped to clear off in his boyhood days. Grandmother would chime in with: "I told father not to sell, but he would not listen to me; if he had taken my advice and not sold our Punxsutawney farm he would not now be shaking with the fever and ague." "Yes", father added, "if we had one of those fine country residences on the ground I helped to clear off I would not give it for the whole State of Indiana". Thus these Job's comforters would increase the old man's shivers, when my mother who was the Good Samaritan, with her cup of hot boneset tea, and still warmer words of comfort, whispering in grandpa's ear, "It might have been worse; the York State farm might have been sold for taxes," etc. "Here, grandpap, drink this cup of hot tea, it will warm you up." The boys wished they were all like mother and would stop chiding grandpap with his misfortunes. The next day Moses Corey and his wife came out from the city to visit their aged parents. This was grandmother's day to shake. She was a tall, slender, Quaker lady not weighing over 120 pounds, and while she could not get up as big a shiver as did the old man, she did not take it as patiently as he did. Neither of the additional Job's comforters in the persons of Moses Corey and wife would listen to the story of long

ALFRED COREY.
Father of J. B. Corey.
1860.
(See Page 15.)

MRS. RACHEL COREY.
Wife of Alfred Corey,
Mother of J. B. Corey.
1858.
(See page 18.)

corn stalks, big ears of corn and fat hogs, but would remind him of the big price per foot that corner lots were selling for on that York State farm. In a few days grandfather went back to Indiana to harvest his crops and to sell his Peru farm.

ALFRED COREY.
(My Father.)

Alfred Corey was born April 6th, 1804, on his father's farm on Manhattan Island, N. Y., now part of New York City. At the age of 19 he moved with his parents to Jefferson County, Pa. On April 25th, 1831, he married Rachel Adams, daughter of James Adams of Franklin, Venango County, Pa., her sister, Lydia Adams marrying his brother, Moses Corey.

It will be noted that Alfred and his brother Moses added the letter "e" to their name, for good luck, making five instead of four letters in their names.

Alfred and Moses Corey formed a partnership in the contracting business under the title of "A. & M. Corey", and built several sections of the Sandy and Beaver canal. In 1839 they contracted for and built Lock & Dam No. 2 across the Monongahela River at Pieriestown, Pa. (afterwards called Port Perry), in which work their brother, Charles Wesley Corey, was one of their employees. Alfred moved his family to McKeesport until he could build two one-story sixteen-foot shanties on the side of the hill at Pieriestown for their families to live in, to which they moved April 1st, 1840.

After completion of the dam, Alfred and Moses decided to use the money from same to buy a stock of goods in New York City. This was their first visit to the place of their birth, from which they had emigrated in 1823, or twenty-four years before, to

the wilds of Pennsylvania. When they saw the blocks of business houses and hotels on the grounds from which they had helped their father grub stumps and thorn bushes into rich farming land, they complained of the apparent lack of foresight on the part of their father in selling the ground. As will be noted in the narrative of Grandfather Benijah's life, this caused them to manifest little patience, and filial affection towards their father when he would hold up one arm and with the other at the elbow would say: "The big ears of corn on the Peru farm were that long." The big ears of corn did not look very large to Alfred and Moses after seeing those big blocks of store houses on the York State farm; yet in after years neither did Alfred or Moses show any greater wisdom or foresight than did their father. Little did they think when chiding their father with his lack of foresight that their own children would live to see one lot 40 by 110 on the Braddocksfield farm (which father had bought and throwed up a few years before), would sell for more than three times what he was to pay for the farm of 328 acres. Father had agreed to take the Braddocksfield farm at $9,000, and the Oliver farm at $7,000, offering his brother Moses the choice of farms, but Moses refused to take either, saying he had grubbed all the briers and thorn bushes in York State he ever intended to grub. If father wanted to put his share of the profits from building the lock and dam in farms he could do so, but none of his was going to be spent on farms. After quarreling nearly all night father went to the city and forfeited the $500, which he had put on the two farms, both of which are covered with much costlier structures than covered the York State farm in 1846. The Braddock National Bank paid for a lot 20 x 130 feet of this same farm $25,000. Nor was my foresight any more farseeing than my father's and Uncle Moses'

MRS. J. B. COREY.
1914.
Photograph taken after over 61 years of married life.

THE COREY RESIDENCE—Jones Ave., Braddock, Pa.

J. B. COREY AND WIFE.
1872.

THOMAS NEEL AND WIFE.
Twin Sister of Mrs. J. B. Corey.
1872.

Preface

(. . . . "*Of making many books there is no end; and much study is weariness of the flesh*"—Solomon).

Having passed the age of life in which my mental and physical powers enabled me to be active in the avocations and business pursuits that I had taken an interest in, I decided to write my personal recollections of the scenes through which I have passed my four score years. As I have kept no diary it greatly adds to my difficulty in reproducing a connected story of my past life.

I will preface my story by quoting on the following pages the preface used by my life-long and truest friend, the Honorable Thomas Mellon, in his autobiography. He gives better reasons for writing the story of his life than I am capable of giving and, having the permission of his sons to use it, I present them as the reasons that influence me in leaving my own posterity and friends the story of my life and the scenes of my four score years.

The dates on the cuts and page will indicate the age at, and when facts stated took place.

James B. Corey.

Introduction

I will let my newspaper friends introduce me to my Corey friends. The editor of the "Weekly Standard", an old school mate, W. H. Morrow, in 1895, requested me to write some articles for his paper, giving my own personal recollections of Braddocksfield and Port Perry. The late Daniel McCarthy, on learning I was going to write an article for the "Standard", appealed to his friend Morrow to allow me to write the article for the Braddock "Daily News", which Editor Morrow consented I should do. Editor Morrow said in the "Standard": "There is not a town in the Middle States that has a more world wide reputation than what is now the city of Braddock. The name at once suggests the unfortunate yet brave commander of the Coldstream Guards, one of England's crack regiments, which met its fate here". It is also suggestive of the struggles of the whites with the savage red men. When we speak of Braddock we are at once led to think of Gilbert Frazier, Tonnaluka, Fort Duquesne, Colonel Washington, General Braddock, and Beaujean, and many other names famous in history. Anything relating to the early history of Braddock is of great interest to the citizens of Western Pennsylvania. Some time ago we wrote a letter to Mr. J. B. Corey, of Braddock, who spent his boyhood days in these places, and has the best memory of any man we ever met, and who also is an able writer, and asked him to send us some of his recollections of Port Perry and Braddock for publication in the "Standard", etc.—Editor McCarthy says through the friendship of J. B. Corey and the unselfishness of William H. Morrow, of the Irwin Standard, we are enabled to give our readers early

reminiscences of Port Perry, Braddocksfield, Turtle Creek, and the surrounding country, as well as to furnish an interesting narrative of the early settlers of these places, whose descendants by the thousands today people these towns and have a pardonable pride in their ancestry, as they point to their fathers, and grandfathers, and boast of the share each had in laying the foundation of this prosperous industrial center, which has not its counterpart in any other mart of trade, on either hemisphere. If we designate these memoirs of Mr. Corey, a labor of love it is because we are not obvious of, nor unappreciative of, the mental or physical toil, worry, and loss of valuable time expended in their collection.

We believe it to be a labor of love, because he considers it to be a duty, in compliance with the request of old and young friends who, knowing his remarkable memory and his attitude for putting the story of our pioneers in the most interesting form, before those coming after them, who have beset him for years to take up his pen and indite the wonderful scenes which marked themselves indelibly upon his memory; to aid his editor friends has also been an incentive toward his contribution of the history of men and the times of the ever-fading past. This chronology may be aptly termed an heirloom of literature transmitted to posterity to enable it to have a knowledge of the past, and is therefore deserving a niche amid the favorite gems in your library. It is of the men and their progeny who have and will continue to bring honor and renown to the city of Braddock of whom Mr. Corey is writing. His object in giving so much of his time and talents is to the end, that the sterling attributes of their ancestors may spur us to an emulation of their virtuous lives and heroic deeds, and we need not do more than read between the lines to discover that

following in the footsteps of Mr. Corey himself will bring honor and a sufficiency of this world's goods to any young man who will take Mr. Corey's life, as a guide to direct him. Industry, energy, perseverance, temperate habits, and honesty, were his watchwords, and though he has passed more than the allotted years of life, they still are the index of his record. They made him a pilot of coal boats on the Ohio River while he was yet in his teens; they secured him the confidence of the men who entrusted their property to his care, and though many decades have passed since, the faith they had in the young pilot has so cemented their respect as to be a pleasure to them, as to him, to be bound together as friends. The editor of this paper most sincerely appreciates this visible token of Mr. Corey's good will toward him, and trusts he may act as to ever retain it. To those who have patronized this edition we also wish to thank, and hope it will be a source of pleasure as well as profit. We wish all our friends, in fact, every one, an enjoyable Yuletide. That every one may do his part to make Home, Sweet Home, on Christmas Day, let those blessed with an abundance of the goods of this world by the Almighty Father, attest their appreciation of His goodness by dispensing to those in need that which will bring them to a recollection that this is the day of "good will on earth."—*Braddock Daily News, December* 25, 1895.

Milton Kerns, Editor of the "High Tide", says, that The High Tide for August, 1895 is abnormally high, and has almost overleaped all geographical boundary lines. The topics so ably handled by Mr. James B. Corey, extending from the fall of sinful Adam to the peace negotiations between Russia and Japan, and will no doubt be very entertaining reading to all who receive a copy of the August issue.

Mr. Corey received an invitation to attend the seventh annual reunion of the Corey Family at Mooreland, Indiana, Wednesday, August 30th, and make an address, but not being able to make the trip, he decided to speak through the columns of The High Tide in which the writer suggests that he used good judgment. Had he decided to go and deliver an address before the audience, we fear he would have been in the position we call to mind of two noted divines, in conversation as to the manner of preparing their sermons. One of them said: "I write every word of my sermons as I want to be sound in doctrine, and preach nothing that is not laid down by the fathers." The other one remarked: "Well, I preach extemporaneously, because you know the enemy of mankind is a very subtle serpent. He is apt if I write to find out what I am going to say and as I preach the devil himself does not know what I say".

Mr. Corey's reminiscences are photographed so clearly on the mental tablets of his mind from the swift revolving kaleidoscope of time to have delivered them in a public address would have been impracticable as they appear in concise form in cold type; they can be termed storage batteries; when you want to use them, just touch the button.

Mr. Corey's personal character stands up like a mighty pillar compelling honor and awakening courage. As we thread our way through his personal recollections covering three score and ten years, his historical quotations that from the beginning of time have been winnowed and sifted through the gates of the ages, his reminiscences of the past century as we are forced to the conclusion, that force and energy of hundreds of average men, have been used by nature in the making of this extraordinary man. His career and private life, crowned with

honors conferred upon him in recognition of superior merit. His name is interwoven with the history of the city of Pittsburgh and is recognized as that of one who has made this world better for his having lived in it. To the youth of coming generations his advice and example can best be voiced in the language of William Cullen Bryant.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join,
The innumerable caravan, which moves,
To the mysterious realm, where each shall take;
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed,
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch,
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Just A Word About Mr. Corey's Memoirs.

By Rev. Maurice Ruben.
Editor of Glory of Israel.

(See Appendix.)

It was my privilege to read the copy sheets of Mr. Corey's book and I feel prompted to write briefly what I think about it. I have known for some time that it was his desire to leave to his posterity his memoirs in a permanent form, and I was more than surprised to find the material of the book so well prepared. The reading of the various chapters proved so interestingly fascinating that I could hardly separate myself from the pages, till I had finished reading them all.

The author looms up in this work as a man of unflinching grit in dealing with the vexing problems

of either labor, politics or religion. He stands for uncompromising principles, he tears the mask from the frauds, fakes and shams. He hits high or low and withal remains the sage, the seer and the prophet.

I personally thank God for permitting Brother Corey to publish this valuable contribution of "Personal Memoirs". It will make a deep impression upon the readers and many will call him blessed for having lived, fought and spoken for righteousness, truth and principle".

* * * *

With these editorial send-offs, I might and would rest my own personal record, but for the fact that I have inherited my share of the Corey weakness (love of flattery and self-praise) and of having the last word. As this is a family secret and not likely to get into the newspapers, by way of apology for myself, I will say to you, "This human frailty is not a peculiarity of the Coreys alone. You who read the newspapers must have noticed that some of the most noted men of this nation, have these traits coursing through their veins which King Solomon so strongly deprecated."

Preface of "Hon. Thomas Mellon and His Times".

(Quoted with permission of his sons).

"Is a knowledge of our ancestors of any use to us? Is there any benefit to be derived from knowing their character and habits, and what manner of men they were of? We may have inherited no worldly possession from them, but never can ignore the good or bad qualities they are sure to have left us by heredity. To what extent in this way may not the shading of our mental, moral and physical character and habits be due to them? In what proportions have our different ancestors contributed to our make up? Science teaches that we are but reproductions of those gone before us, each individual but a new edition of a work published long ago with some slight modifications—additions, or substractions—improving or impairing the original text. Some of our inherited qualities may be very good, others very bad; some should be cultivated, others repressed; and if we knew just how we came by them and how they cropped out or were manifested in our predecessors, we might deal with them all the more intelligently. The natural affection for ancestors and for pictures of remote ancestors, may therefore be a wise provision, but in this direction we can obtain little assistance from a family portrait. An old picture may be a very poor likeness of the original, and at best can show nothing of his true character and qualities, but still natural affection clings to it, and imagination supplies those we would flatter in ourselves. How much more satisfactory would it not be if we could have a true representation of our

ancestors' course through life from first to last as in a panorama, showing his thoughts and actions, his good and bad qualities; what were his feelings on trying occasions, how he bore prosperity or adversity; what were his views on the current affairs of his day; what his motives and methods and what he accomplished or wherein he failed; how he performed his duties as a citizen and fulfilled his domestic relations. Such a picture would bring him home to us in his working clothes, and reveal the hidden ties between his nature and our own. It would present to us that identity which through life he regarded as himself, and not a mere presentation of the outward and changeable husk or envelope in which he was contained, and through which it is never easy to read the contents. I was thus led to reflect whether such a picture was possible. The nearest approach to it would be a true narrative of the ancestor's life written by himself; no other could do the work as well, as no other could know the facts and circumstances so accurately. And, finally, let me entreat those of my descendants into whose hands this memento of affection may fall, to handle and preserve it with care, remembering that it is committed to them for safe-keeping not only for themselves but for their descendants likewise, and that it will not be for sale in the bookstores nor any new edition published; and remembering also what satisfaction it may afford a descendant of theirs and mine, many generations hence to read the history of one of his remote ancestors as related by the ancestor himself. I advise this not on account of any intrinsic merit in the book itself, but because it may in time become a valued ancestral relic and for that reason its defects may be overlooked for the sake of the author."

PART FIRST

Chapter 1

Family Record of the Corey Tribe

(Ancestors English.)

THE Cory tribe trace their lineage to the English Admiral and Freebooter, Sir Francis Drake, who they claim married Mary Ann Cory, and to whom he left his estate and a fortune of over one hundred and fifty millions at present lying in the Bank of England. This statement is a canard; I had the Hon. John Hay, our Amabassador to England, investigate the claim for me (having formed Mr. Hay's acquaintance when he was the Private Secretary of Abraham Lincoln in 1861). Mr. Hay upon inquiry found that there never had been such a sum of money deposited in the Bank of England, awaiting the heirs of Sir Francis Drake and also learned that Francis Drake had never been married to Mary Ann Cory, or any other woman, but had lived and died a bachelor.

I have not been able to get an authentic or reliable record of my ancestors, but there being no doubt that they were descendants of Adam and Eve (and having inherited their share of their ancestors' virtues and weaknesses), I will content myself with

tracing my record on my father's side of the house to Benijah Cory and Deborah Talford Williams, and, on my mother's side of the house, to Grandfather James Adams and Elizabeth Black, with assurances as to length of days or Christian achievements. I am not at all likely to elevate the noble examples which they have left on the pages of family history.

BENIJAH AND DEBORAH CORY.

Grandfather Benijah Cory was born at Burlington, Vt., October 24th, 1778, and died at the home of his son John Nelson Cory, near Fort Wayne, Indiana, March 4th, 1870, age 91 years and four months. His wife, Deborah Talford Williams, was born September 10th, 1780, and died at the home of her daughter Mrs. Lydia Stouts in Wheeling, W. Va., August 25th, 1872, age 91 years, 11 months and 14 days. Grandmother Deborah Talford Williams was of Quaker descent. Grandfather and Grandmother were married February 20th, 1799. To them were born six sons and six daughters, as follows:

Anna	born	February	20th, 1800
John	"	July	4th, 1802
Alfred (My father) ...	"	April	6th, 1804
Moses	"	June	9th, 1806
Charles Wesley	"	July	19th, 1811
Lewis	"	September	11th, 1813
John Nelson.....	"	January	27th, 1816
Lydia, W.	"	May	17th, 1818
Phoebia J.	"	April	4th, 1821
Deborah M.	"	July	5th, 1823
Melissa ..... and Evaline	" "	November	6th, 1825

Grandfather Benijah Cory was a John Wesley Methodist, having joined the Methodist Episcopal

Church in 1808. He was a class leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church for 55 years, priding himself in never failing to meet his class a single Sabbath during that number of years.

Benijah and Deborah Cory entered upon their married life by purchasing 300 acres of land in what was then the western wilderness, but today is the center of New York City. After clearing off their farm and getting it into a high state of cultivation, on which six sons and four daughters of their twelve children were born, some of whom had grown up to young manhood and womanhood, the father (against the protests of his wife and children) on account of the children from the village stealing his fruit, sold his New York State farm and emigrated to the wilds of Pennsylvania where he purchased and cleared off another farm which today is a part of Brookville, Pa. When the trend of civilization again trenched on his rural tastes, he sold his Brookville farm and bought another near Fort Wayne, Indiana, and when the suburbs of this western city likewise began to encroach on his preserves, he sold out again and hied himself away to Peru, Indiana, where he purchased another farm which today is the suburbs of that western city. At Peru, he and his wife contracted the fever and ague; this, with old age, forced them to visit their three sons who were living at Port Perry on the banks of the Monongahela River, in 1846. This is my first recollection of my Grandparents.

It was sad to see an old man, on a hot summer's day, shake as if he had a winter chill, and in addition to the ague chill there was one not less chilly which the old man was sure to get from the old lady, and his sons by reminding him that if he had taken their advice and not have sold his York State farm he would not be having the Indiana shakes. It so happened that Grandfather had the shakes one day

and Grandmother the next. On grandpa's off day he would try to enthuse us with telling us about the large corn stalks, long ears of corn and fat hogs he had on his Indiana farm. This was too much for my father's trait of gratitude which he owed his parents. He had just returned from New York City, and with seeming delight would tell his parents how they were running streets through his former homestead; the fine rows of houses that were built in the orchards he had helped to plant; of the large factories which stood where the old log cabin stood in which he was born, and the fine country residences on the land he had helped to clear off in his boyhood days. Grandmother would chime in with: "I told father not to sell, but he would not listen to me; if he had taken my advice and not sold our Punxsutawney farm he would not now be shaking with the fever and ague." "Yes", father added, "if we had one of those fine country residences on the ground I helped to clear off I would not give it for the whole State of Indiana". Thus these Job's comforters would increase the old man's shivers, when my mother who was the Good Samaritan, with her cup of hot boneset tea, and still warmer words of comfort, whispering in grandpa's ear, "It might have been worse; the York State farm might have been sold for taxes," etc. "Here, grandpap, drink this cup of hot tea, it will warm you up." The boys wished they were all like mother and would stop chiding grandpap with his misfortunes. The next day Moses Corey and his wife came out from the city to visit their aged parents. This was grandmother's day to shake. She was a tall, slender, Quaker lady not weighing over 120 pounds, and while she could not get up as big a shiver as did the old man, she did not take it as patiently as he did. Neither of the additional Job's comforters in the persons of Moses Corey and wife would listen to the story of long

ALFRED COREY.
Father of J. B. Corey.
1860.
(See Page 15.)

MRS. RACHEL COREY.
Wife of Alfred Corey,
Mother of J. B. Corey.
1858.
(See page 18.)

corn stalks, big ears of corn and fat hogs, but would remind him of the big price per foot that corner lots were selling for on that York State farm. In a few days grandfather went back to Indiana to harvest his crops and to sell his Peru farm.

ALFRED COREY.
(My Father.)

Alfred Corey was born April 6th, 1804, on his father's farm on Manhattan Island, N. Y., now part of New York City. At the age of 19 he moved with his parents to Jefferson County, Pa. On April 25th, 1831, he married Rachel Adams, daughter of James Adams of Franklin, Venango County, Pa., her sister, Lydia Adams marrying his brother, Moses Corey.

It will be noted that Alfred and his brother Moses added the letter "e" to their name, for good luck, making five instead of four letters in their names.

Alfred and Moses Corey formed a partnership in the contracting business under the title of "A. & M. Corey", and built several sections of the Sandy and Beaver canal. In 1839 they contracted for and built Lock & Dam No. 2 across the Monongahela River at Pieriestown, Pa. (afterwards called Port Perry), in which work their brother, Charles Wesley Corey, was one of their employees. Alfred moved his family to McKeesport until he could build two one-story sixteen-foot shanties on the side of the hill at Pieriestown for their families to live in, to which they moved April 1st, 1840.

After completion of the dam, Alfred and Moses decided to use the money from same to buy a stock of goods in New York City. This was their first visit to the place of their birth, from which they had emigrated in 1823, or twenty-four years before, to

the wilds of Pennsylvania. When they saw the blocks of business houses and hotels on the grounds from which they had helped their father grub stumps and thorn bushes into rich farming land, they complained of the apparent lack of foresight on the part of their father in selling the ground. As will be noted in the narrative of Grandfather Benijah's life, this caused them to manifest little patience, and filial affection towards their father when he would hold up one arm and with the other at the elbow would say: "The big ears of corn on the Peru farm were that long." The big ears of corn did not look very large to Alfred and Moses after seeing those big blocks of store houses on the York State farm; yet in after years neither did Alfred or Moses show any greater wisdom or foresight than did their father. Little did they think when chiding their father with his lack of foresight that their own children would live to see one lot 40 by 110 on the Braddocksfield farm (which father had bought and throwed up a few years before), would sell for more than three times what he was to pay for the farm of 328 acres. Father had agreed to take the Braddocksfield farm at $9,000, and the Oliver farm at $7,000, offering his brother Moses the choice of farms, but Moses refused to take either, saying he had grubbed all the briers and thorn bushes in York State he ever intended to grub. If father wanted to put his share of the profits from building the lock and dam in farms he could do so, but none of his was going to be spent on farms. After quarreling nearly all night father went to the city and forfeited the $500, which he had put on the two farms, both of which are covered with much costlier structures than covered the York State farm in 1846. The Braddock National Bank paid for a lot 20 x 130 feet of this same farm $25,000. Nor was my foresight any more farseeing than my father's and Uncle Moses'

in 1843, or my grandpap in 1823. In 1865, I myself bought seven acres of this same farm for which I was to pay $700.00 per acre. On the advice of a friend, I threw it up, having a week's option on it. Today, lots 25 x 125 feet are selling for $1,250 per front foot.

Alfred and Moses applied themselves to store-keeping, Alfred in Port Perry and Moses in Pittsburgh, for which neither had talent, taste, or experience necessary for success. In a few months Alfred tired of selling his goods on credit, generally never paid for, and sold his store to Samuel Walker, father-in-law of the late James G. Blaine, taking his notes in payment of same. Walker, going into bankruptcy, paid the notes off with a bankrupt ticket. Moses Corey finding his store not a success, traded it for a lease on a coal mine under Mt. Washington, now one of the wards of the City of Pittsburgh, in which trade he again found himself in a business for which he was little qualified. Alfred subsequently engaged in other mercantile pursuits and when he reached the age of four score and seven, was summoned to the silent land.

I mention the fact of Alfred and Moses not being qualified for the business they undertook, because thousands of people are mourning because of the lack of foresight of their ancestors. The fact is, all we get here below is a living. The pleasure of earning it ourselves far exceeds any inheritance, no matter how great. Another moral I wish to draw is this: "Man never is, but always is to be, blest." This proverb is only in part true. There are a class of people who never are, and never will be blessed. There is another class (of which my mother was one) who always was, always is and who always will be, blessed. These three traits of character govern the human family.

Rachel Corey,
Mother of J. B. Corey.

The wild storm of adversity and the bright sunshine of prosperity are all alike to her; however unworthy we may be of that affection, a mother never ceases to love her erring child. Often, when alone, as we gaze up to the starry heaven, can we in imagination catch a glimps of the angels around the "great white throne" and among the brightest and fairest of them all is our sweet mother ever beckoning us onward and upward to her celestial home.

Mother.

The music of that silver-toned voice we again hear from the spirit-land, singing some soothing melody, or telling in simple language "that sweet story of old", till forgotten were all our childish sorrows. And now, in the strife and tumult of life, when the cold world frowns darkly upon us, her gentle words come back, bidding us "look above". Who can fathom the depth of a mother's love? No friendship so pure, so devoted.

Children of Alfred and Rachel Corey.

James Benijah (Frontispiece),
Born April 23rd, 1832.

Matilda Jane,
Born August 15th, 1834. Died at Portland, Ore., April 3, 1894.

She married a young Baptist minister, Rev. Joseph Walters, at the age of fifteen years and six months, by whom she had two sons. Having emigrated to the State of Illinois, her husband took sick and died, leaving her two children to care for. Living a widow several years, she married J. K. Philips,

MATILDA JANE COREY.
(Nee Walters—Nee Phillips)
Sister of J. B. Corey.
1873 to 1894.
(See page 18.)

ELIZA ANN CORY.
(nee Whitaker)
1859.
(See page 20.)
Sister of J. B. Corey.

LYDIA COREY.
(Nee John Baldridge)
Sister of J. B. Corey.
1865.
(See page 20.)

RACHEL COREY.
(Nee Kline), Sister of J. B. Corey.
(See page 20.)

JOHN NELSON COREY.
Brother of J. B. Corey.
1875.
(See page 21.)

LEWIS CASS COREY.
Brother of J. B. Corey.
1868.
(See page 21.)

ALICE C. PHILLIPS.
(Nee Wallace)
Daughter of Matilda Jane Corey.
1873.
(See page 19.)

by whom she had two sons and two daughters. After several years of bodily affliction, nearing three score years, in which she endured as seeing Him who is invisible, she died at Portland, Oregon, laying down the cross to take up the crown. Her mantle fell on her oldest daughter, Alice Corey Philips, who seemed to inherit a double portion of her mother and grandmother's spirit, as she became an earnest evangelist; and while today she has a family to take care of, yet she finds time with her pen and prayers to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

She inherited her mother's religious traits of character, was converted when a young girl and became an earnest worker in the church, especially in revival meetings, in which her power in prayer and song made her a favorite of the early Methodist preachers.

Their Favorite Old Methodist Revival Hymn.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way to Him I view.

The way the holy prophet went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's High-way of holiness
I'll go, for "all His paths are peace."

Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

Eliza Ann,
Born September 25th, 1837.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Whitaker,
Sister of J. B. Corey.

She lives with her husband, William Whitaker, at Dravosburg, Pa., opposite McKeesport, surrounded by her four sons and a daughter, within four miles of where she was raised from childhood. As she grows older her love of old time Methodism, instilled into her mind by her mother, grows stronger, as does the hope of meeting her in that "Sunbright clime, undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time."

Lydia,
Born October 23rd, 1840, at Port Perry, Pa.

Mrs. Lydia Baldridge,
Sister of J. B. Corey.

She married John Baldridge, who died May 29th, 1909. She lives in sight of where she was born and raised, surrounded by her four daughters and two sons, all having families of their own. One daughter and one son died after reaching young woman and manhood, several others dying in infancy.

William Augustus,
Born November 10, 1842, died of scarlet fever September 28, 1843, aged ten months and thirteen days.

Rachel Deborah,
Born September 6, 1844.

Rachel D. Cline,
Sister of J. B. Corey.

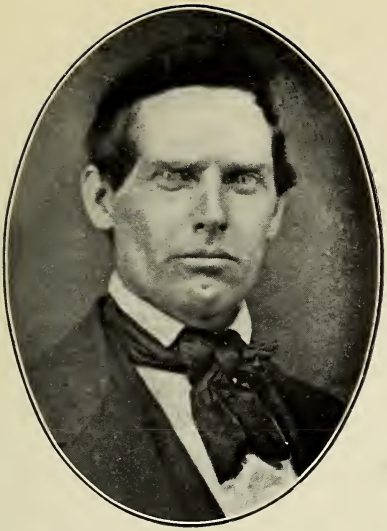
She died at Braddock, October 20, 1864, in child birth of her son, William C. Cline, whose father

L. C. COREY, WIFE AND SON.
1873.

LYDIA, WIFE OF MOSES COREY.

WILLIAM WHITAKER AND WIFE.
1905.
(See page 20.)

JOHN BALDRIDGE.
Brother-in-law of J. B. Corey.
1905.
(See page 20.)



MOSES COREY, SR.
1855.
(See page 21.)

MRS. LYDIA COREY AND SON WILBER.
Wife of MOSES COREY, SR.
1850.
(See page 21.)

Children of Moses Corey

(see page 22)

ELIZABETH ANN COREY.
(Nee Mrs. John H. Peterson)
1858.

A. A. COREY.
Son of Moses Corey, Sr..
Cousin of J. B. Corey.
1883.

MARY E. COREY.
(nee Wright)
1890 to 1914.

MOSES COREY, JR.
Cousin of J. B. Corey.
1875.

marrying a second wife, moved to Racine, Wisconsin, where William grew up to young manhood and became a "Fresh Water Tar" on Lake Erie.

John N.,
Born at Port Perry, Pa., December 17, 1846.

John N. Corey,
Brother of J. B. Corey.

He was murdered June 19th, 1875, by a drunken brakeman stabbing him in the back, who he had discharged for getting drunk and neglecting his work.

Lewis Cass,
Born April 14, 1849.

L. C. Corey, wife and son.

He was named after a distinguished democratic candidate for the Presidential office, although Father voted for his opponent. Cass, having a good many friends in the Whig party, Father named his youngest son after him.

Lewis has been the rolling stone in the family. He spent one-third of his 65 years in the town where he was born, 33 years in the West, and nine or ten years on his farm near Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, where he is now living.

Moses Corey and Family.

Moses Corey, my father's brother, was born 1806, and died February 28th, 1858, age 52 years. In 1830 he married Lydia Adams, mother's sister, who died September 3rd, 1847. To them were born eight children:

Matilda Jane,
Mahlon,

Elizabeth Ann,
Alfred Adams,
Mary Emmy,
Moses, Jr.,
William Ellis,
Wilber.

They are all dead but Mary E., the vivacious old maid who when born weighed 3½ pounds. Her lack of confidence in the masculine gender prevented "Mollie" from helping to perpetuate the Corey Tribe, but nevertheless she is as happy as a May bird, especially when on a tour around the world. December 23rd, 1913, Mollie found a man she thinks will make her declining years happy and married Samuel Wright.

Chapter 2

History of James Adams Tribe

(Ancestors Irish.)

The following record is contained in the family Bible of James and Isabella Weldon Adams, in possession of their great grandson, Roland Thompson, of Milroy, Pa.

James Adams was born October 30th, 1734, and died in October, 1824. Isabella Weldon, to whom he was married April 26, 1756, was born September 22, 1736, and died in September, 1825. The following were their children:

Joseph,
Born March 18, 1757.
Died November 17, 1784.

Jacob,
Born September 23, 1758.
Died August 23, 1803.

William,
Born September 24, 1760.
Died October 26, 1805.

Jonathan,
Born December 20, 1762.
Do not have date of death.

Jesse,
Born October 2, 1768.
Died May, 1852.

David,
Born September 7, 1766.
Died August 10, 1787.

LYDIA,
Born October 2, 1768.
Died September 3, 1847.

JOHN,
Born September 23, 1772.
Do not have date of death.

JAMES, JR. (My Grandfather),
Born October 30, 1770.
Died August 8, 1851.

ISAAC,
Born November 12, 1774.
Died February 15, 1783.

WELDON,
Born November 12, 1776.
Do not have date of death.

ELI,
Born May 28, 1780.
Do not have date of death.

LEVI,
Born February 18, 1782.
Died October 27, 1784.

In the list of officers of the Cumberland County Militia in active service in the campaign of 1776 (in the War of the Revolution), printed in Vol. 14, of the Second Series of Pennsylvania Archives, page 372, the name of James Adams appears as Captain of the Fourth Company of the Fifth Battalion of Cumberland County Militia in the campaign of 1777. In Vol. 11, of the Colonial Records, page 90, appears the following minute dated January 15, 1777:—

> "Captain Kickham was directed to pay Captain James Adams one hundred and two pounds, five shillings, one penny, for expenses attending the marching of his company from Cumberland County, to be charged to Congress."

His name also appears in Whig's history of Cumberland County among the Captains in the Revolutionary War from that county, (page 91).

Grandfather James Adams, Jr., married Rachel Black, who was born in 1775, and died at Franklin, Pa., in September, (1886)? I could find no record of their marriage. They had twelve children, as follows:—James, Elizabeth, Isabella, Henry Bowman, Mary, Jane, Matilda, Rachel, Lydia, Jessie, Samuel, and Josiah. I have no reliable dates of the marriages and deaths of their children.

This record of the Adams Tribe was furnished me by Cousin Christopher C. Heydrick, which shows that other than adding to the population they left no distinguishing mark on the pages of history.

Cousin Christopher Heydrick and his sister, Harriet, perhaps adorn the family record more highly than any other of Grandfather Adams' descendants. Cousin Christopher in the legal profession reached the distinguishing position of Chief Justice of the State of Pennsylvania. Cousin Harriet, with beautiful form, pretty face and lovely disposition, was the favorite of noble, and the envy of small, minds. Solomon's tribute to the virtuous woman (Proverbs 31-10-31), is a good portrait of Cousin Harriet. Grandfather's other descendants, while they have not elevated it, have not disgraced th family record.

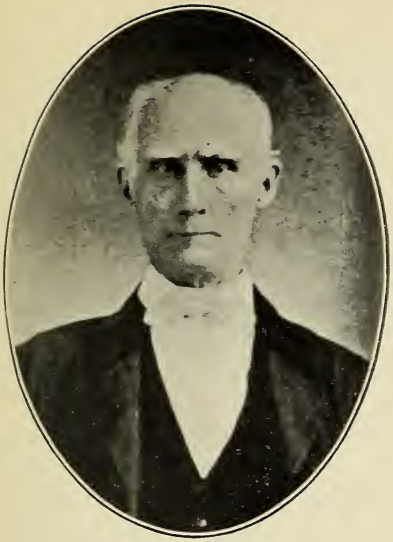
Chapter 3

History of the Peter Kidd Tribe

PETER KIDD

was born in Washington County, Pa., in the year 1795. His father was born in Scotland and died while he was an infant. His mother married a second husband by the name of Houston, he being raised by his Grandmother. Peter Kidd married Ellen Wilcox of Armstrong, who proved to be a faithful wife and a good mother. To them were born three sons; Alexander, Samuel and Jeremiah; and twin daughters, Margaret Jane and Elizabeth Ann.

Under Chapter "My Courtship and Marriage", will be found further reference to the twin daughters. They are also mentioned in "My Introduction to General Scott."



PETER KIDD.
Father-in–law of J. B. Corey.
(See page 26.)

ELLEN KIDD and Grand Daughter
ELIZABETH A. NEEL
(See page 26.)

TWIN DAUGHTERS OF PETER KIDD.
Wives of J. B. Corey and Thomas Neel.
(See pages 26-48.)

RACHEL COREY.
SON L. C. COREY,
GRANDSON, ALFRED WALTERS.
1850.

WM. YOST. J. B. COREY. S. C. WEIMER.
MRS. MARY YOST. MRS. THOS. NEEL. MRS. J. B. COREY. MRS. S. C. WEIMER.
JOHN YOST. MARY L. WEIMER. MARGARET YOST.
ELIZABETH WEIMER.

1905.

PART SECOND

Chapter 1

Life of James B. Corey

My Boyhood and Schooldays.

I was born April 23rd, 1832, on the banks of French Creek near Utica, Venango County, Pa., on my Grandfather's farm. At one time this was the center of the region from whence came the large pine rafts which gave us the material for building our home, as it also became the basin of that crude fluid which lit up our homes.

In 1840, my father and brother having the contract to build No. 2 Lock and Dam across the Monongahela River, he moved to Pieriestown, afterward called Port Perry, Pa. There were, all told, eight families living in the village. Braddocksfield was still covered with the original forest. The building of the Lock and Dam required from 100 to 150 men. Their hours of work were from daylight to dark. Their wages were as follows:

Stone Masons .....$1.00 per day.
Mechanics and Blacksmiths..$1.00 per day.
100 to 150 common laborers received 62½c and three gigers of whiskey per day.

The first strike I ever heard of was the result of father being converted in the first Methodist revival

ever held in Pieriestown by an old time Methodist Circuit Rider, who made it one of the conditions of his being converted or maintaining his experience that he was really "Born Again", that he would have to cut out the three gigers as part of the compensation due employees. This caused a strike. In that early day whiskey was part of the compensation for farm hands. The strike was compromised by increasing the wages to 75 cents per day. The largest number of workers on the lock and dam were emigrants from Ireland. I recall one who on hiring to work at 62½ cents per day, took off all his clothes (which were not worth over $3), and hung them on a bush; and wheeled gravel, stark naked all day in the burning sun. In a short time he had earned enough money to buy a set of coal miners' tools and started to dig coal, and soon had saved money enough to buy a flat boat which he filled with the coal he dug himself, floating it to Cincinnati, cleared $500, with which he bought two pairs of flat boats, loaded them with coal and floating them to New Orleans, cleared enough money to purchase a front lot in the town of Port Perry, and built himself a two-story, six-room house, kept a two-horse carriage, with which he drove his family to the Catholic Cathedral, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, on Sabbath to attend the morning Mass. In former days, before he got suddenly rich, he was compelled to cross the Monongahela river with his family and climb the mountain at Green Springs to worship in a little Catholic Church, built by the late T. J. Kinney, father-in-law of John G. Kelly, President of the Braddock National Bank. His sudden elevation from a paddy behind a wheel barrow, bare naked, wheeling gravel at 62½ cents per day, to an Irish gentleman with fine black broad cloth suit, behind a spank pair of bay horses, as he passed the door of a neighbor, who came over in the same ship with him from Ireland, excited her envy

and jealousy. She exclaimed loud enough for them to hear her: "Peck a Scab, let a louse crawl from under and see how soon it will get up its back."

It will, doubtless, prove interesting for me to cite the cost of living in Western Pennsylvania at this time, before our public offices became the legitimate spoils of public bosses and legal shysters. The average cost of living was about $300.00 per year, as follows:—

Rent of one-story house, 16 x 13....$12.00 per year
Rent of one and a half-story house. 18.00 per year
Rent of two-story house ..... 24.00 per year
Rent of two-story house with one-story kitchen ..... 30.00 per year
Rent of two-story, four rooms and kitchen ..... 48.00 per year

From one to ten acres of ground usually connected with the house, tenants usually keeping a cow, also raising their own chickens and hogs.

Other living expenses were:—

Eggs, 5 to 10 cents dozen in summer, 15 to 25 cents in winter. Butter, 12½ to 25c per pound. Coffee, 12 to 30c per pound. Sugar, 8, 10, 15c per pound. Flour $4 to $10 per barrel according to season and crops. Molasses, 15 to 30c per gallon. Potatoes, 25 to 50c per bushel, according to season. Cabbage and other produce in similar ratio. Pork $3 to $6 per hundred pounds. Hay, $6 to $12 per ton. Apples, for the gathering and carrying away. Common labor paid 75c to $1.00 per day, 6:00 A. M. to dark.

My boyhood was like that of other boys and girls of those days. It was spent in going to school four or five months in winter and in summer working on farms or at some other useful employment at

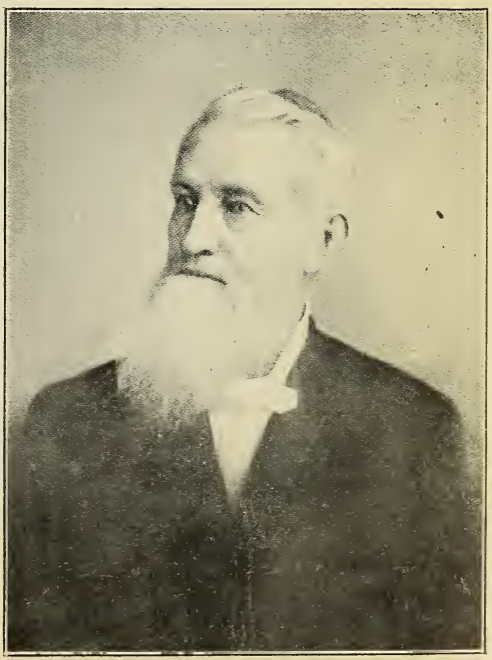
small wages, or none, and board. No children were allowed to form indolent habits or idle away their time. The success of a young man of 21, who had not learned some useful trade was regarded as doubtful.

FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL.

There being no school house, mother gathered some nineteen children, including two of her own, and started the first school the little town ever had. Her nephew, James Bowman, was teacher. Those able paid $1.00 per month tuition; those who could not pay boarded the teachers subsequently in turn, and only those too poor to pay or board the teacher went free. The school books were Cobb's Spelling Book, English Reader, Western Calculator, Olney's Geography and Kirkham's Grammar. The advantages that we youngsters had in that early day over the youngsters today, before this public charity, along with all our public offices, became the spoils of political bosses of pothouse politicians, was this: The olden-time teachers taught their scholars that manly trait of self-dependence, and that only paupers and sinecures ever expected to lie down on the public Treasury for their support. Today we have an official plutocracy fastened upon our Governments who are prostituting all our public offices to their own avarice and greed, against which not even our public charities are secure. Our system of Government originated in a desire on the part of our ancestry to throw off the burden of supporting a royal aristocracy, in doing of which they seemed to lose sight of the adage, "It is better to bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of." The womb limits a royal aristocracy, but there is no limit to an official plutocracy.

J. B. COREY.

J. B. COREY,
1860.



J. B. COREY,
Jan. 1, 1905.

First Sunday School.

My mother reading in the Christian Advocate about the first Sunday School started in England, converted her day school into the first Sunday School the locality ever had. I am the only one of the original nineteen scholars composing that day and Sunday School, who is alive today. We did not have any lesson leaves nor song books, our library consisting of a few primers, Cobb's Spelling Book, an English Reader, and the old Family Bible that lay on the stand.

There were but few families that had a Bible or even a new Testament.

In a short time that little cabin became the meeting place of the pioneer Methodists. Rev. James Welling, the first Methodist circuit rider, preached the first Methodist sermon in the town. I remember as he rode up to the door and dismounted, with his saddle bags full of New Testaments, M. E. Hymn Books and "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." His first salutation to my mother was, "I have come to hold a meeting for you." "Have you the witness of the Spirit that you are born again?" "Are you freely justified?" "Have you been sanctified?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he took from his saddle bags eight copies of "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted" saying, "Here, James, take these and leave one at each house and tell them that there will be preaching in your house this evening." No eight year old boy ever covered the same ground in less time, and I have been distributing tracts more or less ever since. The book being out of print two years ago, I had 5,000 copies printed, distributing them all over the world. I took 2,000 copies with me on my tour to the Holy Land, distributing quite a number in Jerusalem and giving them to Missionaries on the route and not a few in

London, mailing one to King George V., and received a letter from his Private Secretary, saying, the King commanded him to acknowledge the receipt of my letter congratulating him on his coronation and to thank me for the booklet. The letter was addressed in the King's personal envelope in mourning for his Father, April 15th. On returning from a tour to the Holy Land, I stopped over at London for four days; sitting in the Hotel, reading the account of that most terrible catastrophe, sinking of the Steam Ship, Titanic, involving the loss of such a large number of people, and reading King George's most beautiful and tender proclamation of sympathy with the friends of the victims of the disaster, I was so impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and the noble humane deed, that I picked up a pen and wrote His Royal Highness a note saying that he would receive the commendation of the civilized world for his heartfelt expressions of sympathy with the grief stricken friends. In signing my note, I did not tell him where I was from. On my arrival home, my wife handed me a second letter from the King's Private Secretary, saying that the King commanded him to thank me for my letter commending him for his proclamation of sympathy with the friends of victims of the Titanic. This impressed me still more favorably with this to my mind, that if King George the 5th is not the greatest, he is one of the greatest Rulers that has sat on the throne of the greatest and most civilized Nation on the earth today. The English Nation have great cause to rejoice in having two such pre-eminently distinguished rulers as King George the 5th and his beloved wife, Queen Mary, to preside over their Nation. All their public acts are characterized, with not only a desire to promote the welfare of their own people, but to promote peace and good will among the Nations of the earth. I am exceedingly sorry to read of the

political feuds between Ireland, Scotland, and England, threatening to involve them in a Civil War like that which our own Nation from 1861 to 1865 passed through, which resulted in the sacrifice of one million of the flower of American manhood; five billions of treasure; two billion which remains unpaid; the devastation of the homes of one-third of our own people; three hundred millions annually for pensions to disabled soldiers, their widows, and orphans. I hope my life long friend, the scotch Laird, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, may be able to instill a little common sense into the pate of the political vultures, who are keeping up a perpetual strife between the races of people; who enjoy the richest soil, purest air, and greatest blessings of any people on earth, and to be happy, only need to live in peace among themselves. They seem to lose sight of the adage that "it is better to bear with the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of." But I have disgressed farther than I intended.

The second incident of my boyhood days which affords the greatest pleasure today, as well as being one of my special providences which, aside from the spiritual good I received, resulted in my temporal good to as great a degree as any one act I can recall. It was the committing to memory of the entire Book of St. John and eight chapters in Acts in one week, 1,132 verses, requiring the whole of the Sabbath, April 13th, 1845, to recite them. I was competing with a young girl in the first Sunday School the little town ever had, which my mother had started by getting an old Baptist cobbler to act as superintendent, and the son of the man who had laid out the town and built it the first school house it ever had, to act as secretary. The young girl who was the servant of the man who laid out the town, had committed regularly 150 verses a week. I had excited the teachers and officers of the school by committing 500

verses in one week, but boy-like, I would not commit any for weeks. In this way, Clarissa Martin, had got the Book of St. John and several verses in Acts ahead of me. Then they decided to offer prizes to the scholars for committing the greatest number of verses. The Secretary, George T. Miller, a young man in his teens, had a curiosity to see how many I would commit. He came to me the last week of the year and said: "Jim, Clarissa will not learn any verses this week if you will try and take the prize." I said if father and mother would allow me to stay home from school I would try. On their consenting, I started in on returning from Sabbath School, and on the next Sabbath morning, I reported that I had committed 1,132 verses, giving me the first prize. The young girl began to cry at the thought of losing the prize for which she had so faithfully contested. The Superintendent, to soothe her, consented to allow her to commit what she could during the recess of the Sunday School. She recited 150 verses, as many as she ever had done in any Sabbath before. The Secretary took me home with him to finish reciting what I had committed, it taking until late in the afternoon to finish. He docked me every verse that I missed a word in, crediting me with 1,028 verses, which gave the girl the first prize, and tried to conciliate me by offering me a book costing same price, but I refused, saying, "I had been cheated out of the prize and refused to attend the Sunday School ever after." Father would not make, and mother could not persuade me to go any more. The book which they offered me was "The Martyr Lamb". My feat was published in the Sunday School papers as having committed 1,028 verses, which was not equaled for several years, when a young girl was published as having committed 1,100. I am persuaded today, that had I known then what I do today, and had not lost Thursday chasing after the

burning embers from the big fire which burned up Pittsburgh, I could having committed the entire Book of Acts. In committing verses, all I had to do was to read a verse, shut the book, and repeat it. Going through the Chapter, I would hand the book to mother and recite chapter after chapter, rarely missing a word.

The dissension over the contest resulted in breaking up the school, and not until the Methodist Episcopal little brick meeting house was built did the little town have another Sunday School.

In after years when Colonel W. L. Miller would meet me, he would say: "Jim, is your memory as good as it used to be?" "I would give 100 acres of the best land I ever owned if I had a boy with as good a memory as yours", and then throwing his broad axe four feet, splitting the chalk line, he would say, "I would give another 100 acres if I had another boy who could use a broadaxe like me" putting the use of his broadaxe and my memory on the same level. In that early day the proud American spirit prided itself more in mechanical skill than in the number of acres of land he owned or the number of dollars he had in bank.

Introduction to General Scott.

In 1847, General Winfield Scott, having conquered Mexico, wanted to be President of the United States. In making a tour of the eastern States in company with an old blind sea captain and several Pittsburgh lawyers, among whom was the late Judge Wilson McCandless, in passing through the lock on the Monongahela river on one of the Brownsville packet boats, everybody in the little town, on seeing the flag, repaired to the lock to learn the cause of the unusual display of flag and music. As the boat entered the lock, us boys soon found our way into the

cabin. Lawyer McCandless, father's attorney, said, "Come here, Jimmie", introducing me to the old sea captain, who had fought under Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, in 1812. He said, "Captain, James B. Corey committed the whole of St. John and eight chapters in Acts in one week." The old Captain, laying his hand on my head said, "James, treasure those verses up in your heart; if they do not make you President of the United States, they will make you a good man." You can see how that would excite a feeling of pride in a fifteen year old boy. General Scott paid me a compliment for my feat.

There were two young twin girls (See "My Courtship and Marriage") introduced to General Scott that no one could tell apart. General Scott was so much pleased with these twins that he stooped down and kissed them, which pleased their father so much that, while he had never voted for any ticket, from Andrew Jackson, but the Democratic ticket, he cast his first and only Whig vote for General Scott.

FIRST MEETING WITH MR. JOHN HERRON.

Herron and Peterson had opened up a coal mine at the Turtle Creek end of Colonel Miller's farm. One day while Mr. John Herron, his brother Davidson and John Peterson, Sr., his partner, were at the mine, Mr. Peterson needed change for two one hundred dollar bills and Mr. John Herron taking out his pocketbook, gave Peterson the smaller bills, putting the two one hundred dollar bills in his pocketbook, which he laid on the top rail of the fence while he counted out the small bills to Mr. Peterson. The steamboat on which he intended to return to the city entering the lock, he started for the boat, leaving his pocketbook on the fence rail.

I had received a present from a farmer of a young rooster and a pair of pullets. Cousin Alf

Corey, a mischievous boy about eight years old, had come out from the City of Pittsburgh to spend Sunday with us in the country. In that day the city boys called us boys "Country Jakes", and were in the habit of poking the jokes at us. I was busy building a chicken pen for my new pets when Alf. put in an appearance. At first, he was very much taken with my pretty little chickens, but when the novelty wore off "Alf" decided he would have some more vigorous fun with his "Country Jake" cousin. He climbed over the fence into a lot where there were some apple trees. After filling himself with as many green apples as he could eat, he began to pelt me with green apples. Receiving a stinging blow from a well directed, hard apple, I ran to climb the fence to thrash my city cousin. As I laid my hand on the top rail of the fence, it fell on Mr. Herron's old fashioned pocketbook, and as I stopped and rolled back the wrapper, my eyes fell upon the two one hundred dollar bills that Mr. Peterson had given him. I did not stop to see any more, but made a break for father's store which was in one end of our home, and running into the store exclaimed: "I have found Mr. Herron's pocketbook which he left lying on the top of the fence." Father took the pocketbook and, opening it, found over $1,000.00 in money and other papers which Mr. Herron subsequently said would have involved a loss of $5,000.00, yet so strict a Presbyterian, and such a sacred regard did Mr. Herron have for his church obligation and for the Sabbath day, that he waited until Monday morning before allowing his son, a young man, to come out to look after his lost pocketbook. When the mail packet boat came to the lock Monday morning about ten o'clock, I was on the lookout for Mr. Herron. Seeing his son William get off, I ran to him and told him I had found his father's pocketbook and father had it safe for him in our store.

The young man made a straight path for the store, receiving the pocketbook. He thanked father for it, and after going around the coal mines, left on the afternoon boat for his home in Pittsburgh. He did not offer to reward me for finding and returning the pocketbook. The Port Perry people having heard of the incident, were loud in their criticism of what they regarded as a penurious act.

The next regular pay day at the end of the month, old Mr. Herron came out again to pay off his miners. Passing by our store, he did not stop to say "Thank you". This incensed father, who decided he must be a very penurious man, but along towards evening, before the packet boat came to the lock, Mr. Herron came along by Jesse Hughes' Blacksmith Shop, where a lot of us boys were playing marbles. He asked Mr. Hughes if there was a boy by the name of Jimmie Corey there. The blacksmith, who was shoeing a horse, replied, "Yes, that white tow-head." I heard him ask the question, and looking up said, "I am the boy you are looking for." On seeing it was Mr. Herron, I half suspected I was going to get something. He said: "Jimmie, come here; I have a fippenny bit for you." I started feeling quite disappointed that I was only to receive a fippenny bit, or six and one-fourth cents, for finding a pocketbook with over $1,000.00 in it, but when I saw him pull the same big pocketbook out of his pocket, I knew I was going to get more than a fippenny bit. He took a large roll of money from the pocketbook, and I thought I might get all the money there was in it when I found it, but I did not have long to wait until I knew what I was to get. He handed me a five dollar bill with some kind words, and I started for home. I have never been so rich since. However, the people on learning he only gave me five dollars were as loud in their denunciation of what they considered a picayune reward as

they were of his son not offering to pay me anything. Later, when in the river coal business, I sent my partner, Peterson, home to raise money to meet a $1,100.00 check given to a Captain Smith and told him to go to Mr. Herron and remind him of his promise to help me, and ask him to take our note and let us have the money; this, he did, helping us out of a very tight place.

Chapter 2.

I START TO WORK.

My father, having inherited his father's agricultural taste, in order to instill into his boy habits of industry at the close of school, April 1st, 1846, hired me out to Mr. George Bell, the owner of the famous Braddocksfield farm, at $5.00 a month and board. My mother in introducing me, to stimulate her own boy to noble endeavor said, "James, you have started to earn your own living on the farm where George Washington started upon a career that made him President of the United States. It was by proving worthy of the trust reposed in him that he secured the highest honor of his countrymen. Now, James, if you will prove worthy of the trust which Mr. and Mrs. Bell repose in you, it may not make you President of the United States, but you will acquire a good name, which is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." It was with this good advice of my sainted mother that I started out to earn a living, and as I look back over four score years since I received it, I have no doubt but under a kind Providence what little success I have made in life was in taking heed to it.

My work was to help plant and hoe corn and potatoes, rake hay, and take care of the children on wash day. Mrs. Allen Kirkpatrick, the second daughter of my employer and heir to this noted farm, is alive today and lives in the famous mansion built by Colonel Wallace 127 years ago, being one of my nearest neighbors. My house is built on the foundation of the barn where I earned my first $16.00 working for her father. I got up at 4 A. M. to feed the cows and carriage horses, while

"Dutch Chris" cared for the farm horses, after which we crawled into the straw pile and slept until breakfast was ready.

Slave Girl Loses 200 Acres Land.

While working on this farm I became familiar with one of the interesting incidents of this famous farm which Col. Wallace under the original Homestead Act of the National Government secured from the Government. Colonel Wallace, who was a slave holder, rode on horseback from Louisville, Ky., bringing with him a young slave girl who rode behind him on the same horse. When Pennsylvania freed its slaves, the Colonel bequeathed to his slave girl 200 acres of this noted farm. The Colonel failed to make out the necessary legal papers, but the slave girl named "Black Bab" held it for thirty or forty years, long enough to give her a good title to it. A Pittsburgh lawyer, on learning the facts, took advantage of the poor colored woman's ignorance, told her she was a tenant, but that if she would pay the small sum of one dollar a month she could live on it as long as she lived, and he then bought the land from the owners of the Braddocksfield farm in 1861 for a nominal sum. I bought part of it from the shyster in 1865, and learned these facts from the late Colonel Hawkins, father of the late Judge Hawkins. A son of the poor colored woman, who was a soldier in the Civil War, moved out West at the close of the war. He was on a visit here to his sister. In telling me how his mother was defrauded out of her farm, he said his mother and children had all they could eat and wear, and that his mother died in the hope of a home where the lawyer who cheated her is not likely to enter. He also said that from what he could learn, the lawyer's sons had gone through with all he left them, so he was not grieving over

the loss of what might have resulted in his not having a hope of a mansion prepared for him.

Bell & Buchannon purchased this farm in 1846, except a few acres around the mansion built by Colonel Wallace 59 years before. The farm was still covered over with the original forest trees, the largest shell bark hickory nut trees I have ever seen. My father, who was fond of hunting, used to take me with him in the fall when the nuts were ripe, to shoot grey squirrels. He would send me to the opposite side of the tree to shake the bushes and when the squirrel would come to his side of the tree, he would plug it in the eye with his rifle.

Building of Locks and Dams Across the Monongahela River.

The Monongahela river having been slacked with locks and dams for the purpose of developing the famous gas coal underlying the hills along its banks, Mr. Bell, with a view of opening a coal mine on his Braddock farm, gave two men a contract to cut down and clear off the large shell bark hickory nut trees covering the bottom land, and convert them into cross ties for a tram road to the river over which to transfer the coal loaded into pit wagons to flat boats to be shipped to southern markets. This contract called for the two men to load the cross ties on the farm wagon to be hauled to the point intended to be used. A dispute arose between Mr. Bell and Isaac Mills, owner of adjoining farm, as to the lines between their farms where he intended to build the coal tipple, necessitating a survey. "Dutch Chris" being taken away to carry one end of the surveyor's chain, I received

My First Promotion.

I was promoted to drive the big farm horses "Barney" and "Lion" and haul cross ties and un-

load them along line of proposed tram road. No finer horses were ever hitched to a wagon. Mr. Bell, (who for years drove Conestoga teams transferring goods from the eastern cities) was very proud of his two farm horses, and no boy driver was ever prouder as he took his seat on the wagon, took the reins in his hands and started for the point on the bank of the river where General Braddock and the Cold Stream Guard, England's Crack Regiment, crossing the Monongahela river reached the shore, intent upon whipping the French army and Indians and capturing Fort Duquesne (today the City of Pittsburgh). He refused to heed Colonel Washington's advice and his famous Brigade was wiped out, he himself receiving mortal wounds from which he died a few hours later, being buried at the head waters of Youghiogheny river, Colonel Washington conducting the retreat of the defeated army and starting upon a career that immortalized his name.

The wagon being loaded with cross ties, I started across the bottom land covered with tall weeds, with only trees and stumps to guide us, and while the boy-driver would not have admitted it, yet I think today it was as much due to Barney and Lion's instinct how to avoid danger as it was to the skill of the boy-driver that we reached the knoll where we were to unload the ties. Barney and Lion were proceeding along slowly a few yards from the tram road, when I noticed two men engaged in a fight, and four others trying to prevent them from injuring each other. One had an axe drawn to strike the other; the other had the surveyor's pole drawn intent upon thrusting it through his antogonist. I saw it was Mr. Bell and Mr. Mills; this naturally diverted my attention from my team, which suddenly stepped into a hole covered with weeds. In a moment the horses were covered over with a swarm of bumble bees resenting the trespass upon their

hitherto undisturbed possession, Barney and Lion stung to the quick, turned suddenly around, twisting the front wheels from the wagon. Knowing that I could not stop the horses maddened with pain, and intent upon running away, I sprang from my seat taking a turn with the lines around a sapling, with two hitches which brought Barney and Lion to a standstill. Mr. Bell, "Dutch Chris" and two others of the surveying party seeing the dilemma I was in, came running to my assistance, and making brushes of weeds, they soon relieved the horses of their tormentors, praising the boy-driver for his good sense and quick wit in preventing the horses from running away. Mr. Bell commended me for it more than any other act I did while in his employ. After the horses quieted down, Chris drove them, with the fore-wheels to the stable, leaving the hind carriage and cross ties to rot away where the accident occurred. Ten years after, in riding in and out on Penna. R. R., I was reminded of my failure as a teamster. The surveyor and others present agreed that the accident to the team had prevented Mr. Bell or Mr. Mills from killing each other. Being powerful men with strong wills and courage, resenting what they considered as a personal insult and injury, with such deadly weapons, I have no doubt but that the accident did prevent one or both from being killed.

A lawsuit tied up the property in dispute until after both their deaths. In 1865, I purchased from the administrators of both estates, the properties in dispute and built a tram road to the Pittsburgh & Connellsville R. R., over the route which Bell and Buchannon had graded 22 years before, and I mined out the same coal they intended to mine out had not the dispute about the line between the farms arisen. The coal mining project of Bell and Buchannon proving a failure, Mr. Bell decided he would return to the city and keep a Wagoners Hotel.

Early one morning three teams loaded up with furniture of the Braddock Mansion, and started for the hotel building at the corner of Penn and Twelfth Streets, reaching it at 12:00 M. It required the afternoon to unload and distribute the furniture, and four days to place it in the rooms where intended. Dutch Chris and I started to clean out the manure in the stable. We had to sleep on the bare floor of the room intended for the bar room, having a quilt for a bed and chairs for pillows; when we stripped off our duds at night we were covered with fleas—I will not attempt to translate some of Dutch Chris' cuss words in English.

My First Decision on Whiskey Question. Lose my Job.

Late Saturday evening Mr. Bell said to me: "Jim, you are not strong enough to put gears on the big horses. On Tuesday I will open up the Bar; I am now paying you $5.00 a month, and will increase your wages to $10.00 a month, and when you learn how to tend bar I will increase your wages to $50.00 a month". I have always believed that this unexpected proposal to give me an easier job was made at the instance of his wife, who treated me as kind as if I had been her own son. I replied to Mr. Bell: "My mother would not allow me to sell whiskey". Then, handing me $12.00, balance due me, he said: "Your mother will get you another job".

This was my first stand against this great destroyer of human life and happiness. I have ever since opposed it socially, politically and morally. In a separate chapter I will relate other instances in defense of my principles on the liquor question, when I was compelled to take the same stand against what seemed to be my personal interests.

I become Clerk in a Store.

Having satisfied myself, Father and Mother, that a farmer's life was not in keeping with my physical or mental taste in the three months I worked for Mr. Bell, Mother secured me a job in a Novelty and Jewelry store on Market Street, Pittsburgh, kept by Messrs. Kinsey & Knox, at $4.00 a month and board. Mr. Knox sent me to board with his mother who kept a private boarding house on the corner of Cherry Alley and Fifth Avenue, which at that early day was the outskirts of the City. A single plank 18 inches wide was the sidewalk, and when two persons met, one of them had to step off to let the other pass. In the boarding house, Miss Martha Knox, an old maid, was her mother's only assistant. They set up the best victuals that a hungry boy could ask. The only thing lacking to make me happy was having to work thirty days for $4.00, when I knew I could have had ten to take home to mother and her six children; but then, my knowing mother would not be happy if she knew I was selling whiskey relieved it of the odium.

Mother, proud of her boy's promotion to that of a clerk in a store after his refusal to tend bār, dressed him up in the best style her means would afford. She made me shirts out of unbleached muslin, with collars extending down over my shoulders, a sure sign to the city boy and girls that I was a "Country Jake". Mrs. Knox was a Presbyterian Mother in Israel, and she marched me with her every Sabbath morning to the Second Presbyterian Church on Fifth Street. As soon as we entered the church the boys and girls in the gallery would begin to sing out "Here comes Johnny Snyder, Johnny Snyder, Johnny Snyder", keeping up the howl until we reached the front seat. On suspecting it was me they meant, I asked the other boy in the store what

those boys and girls meant calling me "Johnny Snyder". He said that Johnny Snyder, President of the Bank of Pittsburgh, wore collars like mine, extending down over his shoulders. I had mine cut down double quick. Later on I will relate how this little incident of "Johnny Snyder" resulted in one of my most profitable ventures in the southern coal trade.

Chapter 3

MY COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

No father was ever more attached to his twins, and no daughters ever loved Pa more tenderly, and none ever received a better education for the duties and responsibilities of good wives and mothers.

I MARRY ELIZABETH ANN KIDD.

I trace my longevity to the good and wise training of Elizabeth Ann, to whom I was married on May 26th, 1853. Although lacking three months and seven days of being eighteen years old, yet owing to the wise precepts and common sense example of a good mother in training her daughters for the most solemn relation in life, I got a wife whose fidelity and ambition to make her own a real home, I could ever after unhesitatingly confide in. I never had any trouble making both ends meet, no matter what my income was, and was never afraid to invite a friend to come home with me for dinner, even on wash-day.

The father always insisted on his pretty twins dressing alike; this added to the difficulty of telling one from the other, which was very perplexing to young men who attempted to court them in after life. He never could be sure whether he was taking home his girl or the other fellow's from church. The picture shows the two girls I decided to select a wife from. You will readily see it required as much skill to perform the feat as it did to successfully pilot a pair of coal boats. In the first place there was a father and mother who prided themselves on having two of as pretty and good girls as were to be found, and woe-betide the dude with his hair parted in the

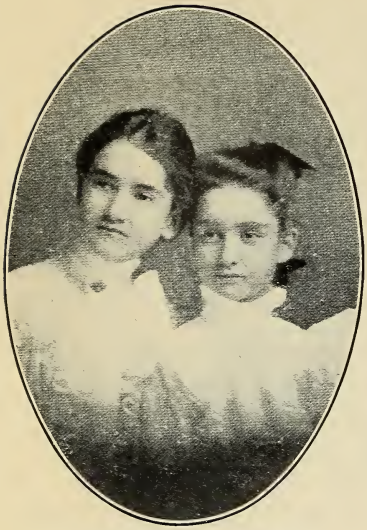
J. B. COREY AND WIFE.
1853.
(See page 48.)

MARGARET J. COREY.
(Nee Lawhead)
Eldest daughter of J. B. Corey.
1905.

MARY EFFA COREY.
Second daughter of J. B. Corey.
1880.

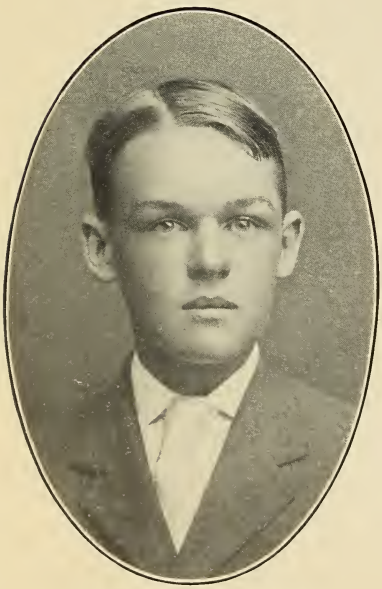
Grand-Children of J. B. Corey

(see page 164)



ELIZABETH L. WEIMER.
MARY L. WEIMER.

MRS. WM. YOST,
Daughter of J. B. Corey and three children.
1905.



JOHN JAMES YOST.
1912.

MARGARET J. YOST.
Grandaughter of J. B. Corey.

middle that would dare to go home with their girls. Then after passing this outer guard, the trouble just began. The boy having the first pick, boy-like, wanted the best looking and the best housekeeper of the two. This was where the tug of war began. You who have had to go through the mill where there was only one to pick from, know how it was yourselves, but then to have to decide between two, who when they would turn around twice you could not tell which one you had picked on, and then, "Would she have you?" And when you had thought you had got it down fine, step up and offer your arm to take her home from church and have her look you in the face and say: "I guess you're off your base", and when you make the second attempt meet the same look and see other fellows who were enjoying the fun at your expense, you can easily see the tribulations a bashful boy would be laboring under. Then again, when you thought you had met the one you had last been talking so sweetly to, the risk of giving away the secret to the other girl was to the boy-pilot like running a pair of coal boats in the fog, only a little more hazardous still. But then: "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady", so taking his soundings as best he could, he sailed right in and safely landed in port. But to this day he has never been right sure he got the girl he first picked on, and has frequently said to the other fellow: "If you did get my girl, I am satisfied with the prize I drew", and he would say: "I got the best of the two".

Chapter 4

MY START IN THE RIVER COAL BUSINESS.

DRIVE AN OLD MULE IN A MINE.

One morning, Mr. Kinsey, one of my employers, told me to look out for another job as they intended to close out their business on the first of the following month. Standing in the door of the store, I saw Uncle Moses Corey buying some apples from an apple stand at the end of the market house. I ran across the street and told him that Mr. Kinsey had told me to look out for another job, and asked him if he could not give me one at his coal mine under Mt. Washington, just across the river. He said the only job he could give me was to drive an old mule to haul water out of the miners' rooms at 25 cents a day and board. This tickled me very much—one dollar a month increase in my wages, and boss, if it was of an old mule blind of one eye (I had not yet learned that 21 feet was only a safe distance from a mule).

MULE WINS AN ARGUMENT AND I QUIT.

On the first of the month I was on hand, and took charge of "Jack" and for one week I got along fine, pleased the miners in keeping their rooms free from water, but the fifth day, after finishing work, in leading Jack down the hill, I tried to be a little familiar with the old donkey and convince him that I was his friend, when he let fly with one foot and kicked me on the thigh. His ingratitude aroused my dander, and stoning him I tried to drive him over the precipice back of Cuddy's rolling mill.

The old mule on looking over the precipice over 200 feet, decided to take chance of getting back past his driver. Suspecting that he intended to even up with me when he came back where I was, I lay down flat on the ground; he let fly with both feet and had he hit me, I would not be here to relate the story.

On telling my Aunt my experience with the old mule, she advised my uncle to put me to work bailing flats and selling coal to teamsters. This ended my experience as a mule driver and resulted in my greatest desire, that of a chance to become a flat boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

Become Cook on a Flat Boat.

They floated coal to the lower river markets, and I was promoted to a cook on a French Creek boat 75 feet long, 16 feet wide, loaded 4 feet deep with 4,000 bushels of coal for Cincinnati. The pilot, William Watson, and four hands constituted the crew, for which I had to cook three meals a day and have a large coffee boiler with hot tea or coffee hanging on the fire where the Watch as they changed turns every three hours could get a tin cup of hot tea or coffee. One of the hands, a young man named John Stubbs, was on his way to take part in an insurrection on the Island of Cuba, and was one of the fifty Americans shot for invading this foreign nation.

I received $5.00 for my trip, and had to pay one dollar fare on the deck of steamboat from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh. This left me four dollars clear. I gave it to one of the men to care for it while I was coming up, fearing some one would pick my pocket while I was asleep. When we reached Pittsburgh he gave me a two dollar bill on one of the broken wild cat banks of that day, which left me only two dollars of my five, which was as much money as I would have earned at 25 cents a day at home.

I was later cook on a pair of boats, then a flat boatman, and in two years (December, 1849) I was

A FLAT BOAT PILOT.

When I was still within four months of being eighteen years old, I piloted my first pair of boats, and was published from Pittsburgh to New Orleans as the "Boy-Pilot".

Had my father not failed in business, he intended to educate me for a lawyer, and my sainted mother had consecrated me for a Methodist Preacher of the Gospel, but I had decided to become a flat boat pilot. I was a success as a flat boat pilot, but do not believe I would have been either as a lawyer or a preacher.

On one occasion at this time, a crew of raw Irish had been hired to man some boats moored at Lock No. 1, who on coming on board asked for the pilot, and on taking one look at the beardless boy, without stopping to lay down their gripsacks made straight for the shore and city office, and on seeing the owner exclaimed: "And troth, Mr. Ledlie, you don't think we are going to risk our lives with that boy, do ye?" Mr. Ledlie assuring them, persuaded them to return. They made the trip, and some of them would afterward say: "Mister Ledlie, put us down for the boy-pilot's boats". Thirty years afterward, the late Thomas Franey calling to remembrance the little incident he and the boy-pilot had a hearty laugh over the trivial affair.

I took all the boats I ever started with, safely to market without the loss of one boat load of coal. No other pilot floated the same number of boats that I did with the same success.

As of doubtless interest I will mention briefly what my long experience has demonstrated to my mind to be the qualifications for a successful pilot.

Chapter 5

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A SUCCESSFUL COAL BOAT PILOT.

The most important is a thorough knowledge of the river, its channel and its obstructions such as islands, bars, rocks and reefs. Of this I had acquired a knowledge when returning home on the hurricane roof in packet boats, while other young men spent their time and money playing cards. Frequently, the Captain and Pilot would also take me into the pilot house on the packet boat and point out to me where the dangerous bars or reefs encroached on the channel. In these ways I fitted myself for a pilot and escaped the knowledge of the gamblers' tricks which ruined so many young men.

Other necessary knowledge was the draft of water at different stages of the rivers, how to land boats in cases of fog or storm, and how to manage the crew of from 10 to 24 hands so as to have their respect and insure obedience to your orders. I have never come in contact with any business that had a tendency to degenerate the good, and develop the bad, in human nature more than that of a crew of flat boatmen shut up from one to six weeks on a pair of coal boats with a cargo of coal for Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans or intermediate points. In good weather the crew divided into three watches, three hours on duty and six off. About all they had to do while off duty was to eat and sleep, and it required all the pilot could do to prevent them from quarreling over some trivial matter. His only means of maintaining authority was that of paying off the unruly man and setting him ashore, paying him in proportions to the distance. It also fre-

quently happened that we were caught in a storm and a sudden rise in the river, making it unsafe to turn out until the river would fall; this sometimes kept us tied up for a week or ten days and the crew would have nothing to do but eat or sleep or prowl around on the shore.

There were also personal qualifications necessary for a successful pilot, and they occur to me in their order as intelligence, integrity, industry and confidence in your own judgment. I have never been conversant with, or come in contact with, any profession or business where it required these traits in a higher degree than in the old time flat boatman, especially that of a Coal Boat Pilot.

One of the peculiarities of the flat boat pilots was that in case they met with an accident, or lost a boat, they not only lost the confidence of their employers, but also confidence in themselves, and it was rare to find a pilot who had confidence enough in himself to pilot a pair of boats in which he had his own money invested as owner or part owner. As I never lost a boat, I do not know what effect a loss would have had on my own nerves, but I never had any more confidence in my own judgment than when on a pair of flat boats in which I was financially interested. One prominent pilot took fifty pairs of boats for one firm in ten years safely to market, and they made him a present of a $150.00 gold watch and chain. On the next trip he sunk one of his boats at Baker's Island, about fifty miles below Pittsburgh. The boats were 140 x 20 feet, drawing six feet. This one accident in ten years so completely unnerved the man that he lost confidence in himself, took sick from worry over his misfortune and died shortly afterwards, maintaining that it was the increased size of the boats that caused him to lose one, and yet the size of boats increased until they carried nearly double the quantity of coal that his contained. The

first pair of boats I piloted had 10,000 bushels and the last 70,000 bushels. Another famous old pilot who for twenty years safely took all his boats to market, on losing one boat lost confidence in himself and he dropped out of the profession.

In the case of partnership, usually one of the partners was a pilot, and if, as sometimes happened, he stuck or lost one or both of the boats, the result was a bankrupt firm and a degraded pilot.

In 1864, quite a large number of flat boat operators and pilots became owners of tow boats, and I am told that the flat boat pilots made the best tow boat pilots.

Chapter 6

TRAITS OF THE EARLY FLAT BOAT PILOTS.

SOME EARLY RIVER CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS.

I have never met a more noble and generous type of manhood than the old-time river flat-boatman. He was a typical character in his day. I do not know that I have ever seen his prototype in any other profession. The nearest approach to him is the oil producer. Such were the variety of his traits that it would take too much space to fully describe the old-time "Fresh Water Tars", but I will mention a few of their traits, with a few incidents that occurred in the early river days.

They were as rough as the business they followed, yet when at home and among ladies, they could be perfect Chesterfields. This trait in their character shone out to the best advantage when, as sometimes happened, a lady would come on board and ask the privilege of riding down the river 100 miles or more—woe-betide the man of that crew of five to twenty men that would dare to have offered that lady an indignity while thus at the mercy of some of the roughest characters that could be found anywhere.

The coal boat pilot having to depend upon his reputation as a boatman, soon acquired the art of manufacturing a reputation, not unlike the pedigree of fast horses and fancy stock are made. This always brought into play the bragging qualifications which was seen to the best advantage on the eve of a coal boat rise in the river, or on the wharf as they watched the river rising, or as he, with his trouser

legs tucked inside the red top of his boots and long pilot cloth overcoat reaching to his heels, chewing tobacco after the manner of a cow chewing her cud, his shirt bosom spattered with tobacco juice, strutting the staging of his boats with the air: "I am monarch of all I survey", you have a small idea of the old-time coal boatman. This naturally developed many eccentric characters. They were seldom known by their proper names, but each one had some distinguishing title such as "Black Hawk", "Old Rock", "Mike Fink", etc. This brought the inventive genius into play so that the pilot had to invent some wonderful exploits with which to garnish his latest trips. He must not only know how to invent a good story, but know how to tell it to good advantage, for while the old riverman expected every one else to believe his story, he was the greatest skeptic himself and never took any stock in the other fellow's story.

There was an eccentric old Irishman by the name of Pat Conley that was a type of the old riverman. He piloted from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, and always carried two large anchors to use in case he stuck his boats on a sand-bar. When ordering his men to cast his anchors overboard he would cry out "Cast over Caleb", and if he does not hold them throw over Joshua (as he called them). Pat, on one occasion, told his crew to pull off their shoes and go to bed and get a good night's sleep, saying the river was good and he would not need them to pull the boats off the bars. When the men all got sound asleep Pat gave a yell, calling out "Oars", the signal for the men to rush out on the staging which he had sprinkled over with hot coals while they were asleep. The night air was blue with sounds more emphatic than polite, from the men on whom he practiced the joke. Another occasion, Pat was tied up at shore in a storm. His men tired of their fare

and stole a calf and killed it. The next day, after they had cut loose, the farmer missed his calf, and suspecting the boatmen, took a skiff and a constable and started after them. Pat, seeing them coming, knew what they were after and slipping down into the shanty, put the calf in bed and pulled on a pair of boots on its hind legs, covering the rest with a bed quilt. When the farmer came on board he accosted Pat with: "How are you getting along?" "Oh, poor enough", says Pat, "One of my men died last night with the smallpox—will you come down and see him?" This ended the search for the calf.

Another incident, to which I was a party, will show that beneath a rough exterior there flowed through the hearts of some of those old time flat boatmen, the current of the most generous impulses that ever have given this sin-darkened earth its purest rays of sunshine and beauty. The following incident illustrates the sympathetic trait in the old-time river flat boatmen.

On a trip in the winter of 1853, seven pairs of boats were compelled to tie up at Buck-Hill Bottom, W. Va., until river was safe to proceed. This greatly added to the difficulty of maintaining harmony among crews of fifteen to twenty men shut up on flat boats for a week and frequently put pilots to their wits' end to prevent mutiny among them. There were always some one among the crew who would go ashore and prowl around among the natives and learn the condition and habits of the people. One of my own crew in his prowling found an old man and seven children which he called his stair steps, on account of there being two years to a day between their ages, the youngest's head reaching the shoulder of the next eldest, a fact which the old man said never happened before and never would again. What excited the sympathy of the prowler was the old man and seven children shut up in a little one-story

shanty 12 x 16 feet with no garret, a wooden chimney, two small windows and door closely shut for fear the rough flat boatmen lying along the shore would loot his house and carry off his darlings. That the old man was not alone in his fears will appear a little farther on in my story. The next pair of boats to mine had "Billy M." for pilot and he and I were called Methodists, but neither of us had learned what John Wesley had said God had raised up the Methodists to do. On hearing the prowler's story, we decided to visit the shanty and see if it was true. We rapped at the door, which the old man nervously opened and invited us in. In a few moments we learned that the prowler had told us a very small part of his great misfortune. He had only a peck of corn meal in his house.

We found that twenty-five years before this man, whose name was Ash, owned one of the best farms in Allegheny County, a mile above where I lived; today it is a suburb of McKeesport, Pa. Selling it, he bought an acre of ground at the "point" in Pittsburgh, between Monongahela and Allegheny rivers and built a number of houses, some of which are standing today. Selling these, he bought Seven Mile Island, worth millions of dollars today. Selling this, he bought Middle Island, one of the finest Islands on the Ohio river. After getting it into a good state of cultivation, covered with fine fruit trees, and with bright prospects for a successful life, Aaron Burr's heirs came along and laid claim to the island under the U. S. Government land grant acts; and after five years litigation he was left penniless. His wife broken down over the long struggle died, leaving him with his seven stair steps to contend against the unequal struggle. We also found he had two brothers-in-law and two sisters-in-law who lived across the river from where I lived, who owned one of the best farms in Allegheny

County, and in addition to being old bachelors and old maids were known for their generous and liberal disposition to help the poor.

Billy M. and I felt all we would have to do was to go home and tell Uncle Johnny and Aunt Margaret the condition in which we found their sister 's children, but then it would be two weeks before we would get home, and we could not leave without making some effort to relieve their immediate necessities. At the same time there was a large pair of boats with a crew of 21 "Mackerel Smashers" (A "Mackerel Smasher" was an Irish Catholic loyal to his creed, not eating meat on Friday, and boat owners had to furnish a barrel of mackerel. While the Protestants dubbed these "Mackerel Smashers" they themselves were not averse to the variety of switching off one day of the seven from pork and corned beef to fish). We feared if these "Mackerel Smashers" found out the defenseless condition of the old man and his stair steps they might perpetrate some indignity on them.

There was also among my crew one named "Andrew Jackson Lynn" who was a noted singer and if his voice had been cultivated might have been as distinguished a singer as Jenny Lind. After deciding he would take the chances on the "Mackerel Smashers", Billy and I turned our attention on Jackson. We knew he had been recently converted, but would he sing songs for us on Sunday? We thought such a generous act as that of relieving the old man and his darlings warranted this little breach of the Fourth Commandment. We also knew if it was known that he would sing, the crews of the entire seven pair of boats would rush to my boats. After considerable urging, he said he would sing for us but did not say what he would sing. As a signal for the other crews, we had him take his position on the table (two planks 18 inches wide, 30 feet long,

stretched across boat, on which we ate our meals), and sing one of his favorite revival melodies. In a few minutes there were over 100 men on my boats, all intently interested in hearing Andrew Jackson give them a song service. The Pilot of the New Orleans boat and his entire crew of Mackerel Smashers were on hand. We all expected to hear him strike up, "Way down upon the Suwanee River" or some popular song, when to the dismay of Billy and myself he struck up "Wrestling Jacob" (Charles Wesley's favorite hymn, page 460 of Methodist Hymnal).

"Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself has called me by name;
Look on thy hands and read it there,
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know".

Billy and I sat side by side looking down at our feet, expecting every minute Charley Mc., the Mackerel Smashers' pilot, would sing out: "Corey, is this a Methodist Revival meeting you have sprung on us?" On raising my eyes, and looking over the

crowd, I saw some of the "Mackerel Smashers" brushing away a tear.

As Andrew Jackson stepped down off the table, I told Billy to tell them the object of the meeting; he said: "No, you tell them". I stood up and rehashed the story of the old man's trouble, adding that Billy and I thought we all could spare him some grub, to tide him over the winter,—that I would give him a ham, some hard tack, and coffee and sugar; that Billy would give him a shoulder, and some tea and rice. Pilot Charley Mc. springing to his feet said: "Corey, you and Bill don't intend to let yourselves off as easy as that, do you?" "I will tell you what Charley Mc. and his Mackerel Smashers will do,—I will pay $5.00 for myself, put up $5.00 for my seconds and $1.00 each day for my Mackerel Smashers. (My cook, a young boy, sang out: "That is the talk"). That generous hearted man committed suicide that summer). I replied that I would do the same and in a few moments $143.00 was contributed, the pilots putting up for their crews. Each of us took some extra provisions which could be spared. We went up to the old shanty, Charley Mc. and his Mackerel Smashers in the lead, and entering the open door he said: "Mr. Ash, we have come to help you out of a tight place. Here is $31.00 for me and my crew; we have brought you some grub that will keep you from starving". Laying down a ham, a few mackerel, tea, coffee, rice, and sugar, then added: "Here boys, come shake hands with this old man and his stair steps." We all followed suite and it is safe to say that the old man besides feeling happy over his immediate wants being relieved and money and provisions given him, felt a deep feeling of gratitude towards the men on account of whom he had been afraid to let his children go out of doors. The next morning when we swung out and started on

our way, the entire village gave us a hearty send-off, waving handkerchiefs as long as we were in sight.

When I got home I visited the brothers and sisters-in-law of Mr. Ash and told them the condition in which their sister's children were. I was never more surprised as Aunt Margaret spoke up and said: "Yes, Ash is reaping the fruit of his own stubbornness. My sister and all of us remonstrated with him when he sold his farm at Crooked Run, tried to persuade him not to sell his Pittsburgh houses, and later not to sell Seven Mile Island. He paid no heed to either our advice or the pleadings of his wife. As long as our sister lived, we sent her money to help her out, but since her death, we left Ash reap the fruit of his own stubbornness". Her brother, Uncle Johnny, endorsed what his sister said, adding he had no sympathy for Ash. I kept tab on Mr. Ash for awhile. His oldest daughter married and he moved down to Hanging Rock after which I have not heard of him.

Chapter 7

EARLY COAL TRADE ON THE MONONGAHELA, YOUGHIOGHENY, OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.

METHOD OF MINING AND TRANSPORTING.

When my father and Uncle Moses Corey moved to Port Perry, April 1st, 1840, to build No. 2 Lock and Dam across the Monongahela River, there were but three coal pits, with inclines from the pit mouth to the river tipple.

One of these located about three hundred yards above No. 2 Lock and Dam on what was known as the Col. W. L. Miller farm at Port Perry. This coal pit was opened up in 1835. The other coal bank, a mile above that was under the farm of John Gill. The third was opened across the river from McKeesport under the farm of David Collins. There were two other coal pits opened on the Colonel Miller farm in 1845.

A coal pit, or a coal bank (as they were called then) or two, had been opened up opposite McKeesport by Caleb Edmundson & Brothers, as early as 1830; also one by Col. Neel & Sons, as early as 1837. The early river coal business was a primitive affair. A farmer having one or more sons of his own, or if no sons, induce others to go into partnership with him, would open up a pit under his farm and build an incline to the river with a tipple. They would employ from five to twenty-five miners digging coal, transferring it over the incline and tippling it into a flat boat. In some cases the coal was hauled from primitive coal banks by 1, 2, 3 and 4 horse teams and loaded into small Joe boats 50 to 60 feet in length by

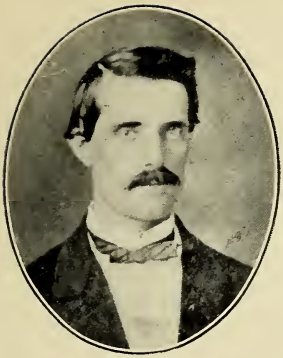
16 feet in width. They were loaded two and three feet deep, with 1,000 to 3,000 bushels of coal which was floated down to Cincinnati and intermediate points. The boats cost, in 1845, when ready to float down to lower river markets from $5 to $1,500 a pair, in 1850, including coal, and were sold for one-half cash and balance in notes three and four months. The owner of the mine rarely ever shipped his own product but sold his boats to another party; this resulted in frequent partnerships for a number of boats, in which two or three would put up the cash and give their notes for the balance, depending upon the price the coal sold for in the market for their profits.

In 1840, the boats had increased in size to 75 x 16 feet and were called French Creek boats, by reason of having them built on French Creek, near Franklin, Pa. (where I was born).

In 1850, these flat boats had increased in size to 170 x 25 feet, loaded 7 feet deep; a pair of boats would contain 70,000 bushels of coal and be valued at from $5,000.00 to $6,000.00 per pair. To navigate these boats required a crew of 21 hands, pilot, second pilot and cook, and it required from 5 to 7 days to float to Louisville; from 4 to 6 weeks to New Orleans, boats floating with the current. The dangers encountered were sand and rock banks, islands, snags, and shores lined with sunken timbers. Fog and dark nights also added to the dangers and difficulties of this primitive mode of navigation. The equipment with which these earlier craft were furnished consisted of three steering oars on ends of boats, made from pine trees 60 feet long, one foot in diameter, tapering off to 4 inches, with an oar blade 18 feet long, 30 inches wide and two or two and one-half inches thick. This blade was mortised into the steering oar and by means of a 1½ inch iron pin was balanced upon a studding at each end of boat so that

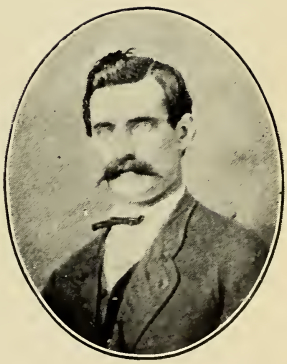
it gave a leverage of 40 feet inside of the boat and 38 feet including blade on the outside. An 8 foot staging extended across the forward and rear ends of the boats; two to four men would overhand these oars, rush the blade through the water with such force that the course of the boats was changed. There were four oars or sweeps on sides of each boat which were used to pull the boats away from the shore or from the heads of the islands, sand bars, etc. This was where the skill of the old coal boat pilot came in play, and was his stock in trade around the bar rooms and boat stores where he would rehash the exploits of the last trip. The two boats, (called a pair) were lashed together by means of ropes to the check posts, which were two feet in diameter, 10 feet long, mortised in a cross timber in center of boat 12 feet from ends of boats and braced to end and side gunnels before loading with coal. The check post got the name from being used to land and tie up the boats at market or in case of fog or wind storm on the way. One of the greatest, if not the greatest, dangers encountered in piloting a pair of large flat boats was in making a landing. This was done by four of the crew coiling several yards of one and three quarter inch manilla rope in a skiff row to the shore and tie to a tree. The pilot would take one turn around inside post and several turns around the other check post, sit down and let from one to three hundred yards pass under his arm around the post, stopping the boats. This required as great skill and judgment as any other requirements of a good pilot, and for lack of ability to do it, a great many boats and lives were lost. The danger attending the checking of a pair of loaded coal boats was very trying on a pilot's nerve.

J. M. and J. H. Peterson, the twin brothers, were school mates of J. B. Corey and were two of



J. M. PETERSON,
Twin Brother of
John H. Peterson.

(Pages 66-67.)



JOHN H. PETERSON.
Cousin by Marriage,
and
Co-partner of J. B. Corey.
1861.

(Pages 66-67.)

the forty-niners who spent seven years digging for gold in and around Sacramento City, California.

Coming home in 1856, they engaged in the New Orleans coal trade—James M. as one of the firm of Herron, Peterson & Co., and John H. as one of the firm of J. B. Corey & Co.

The Pittsburgh coal companies engaged in the New Orleans trade at the time of the secession of the Southern States left their coal in charge of these two young men, who discharged their trust so faithfully as to ever after retain the respect of those who entrusted their property to their care.

Chapter 8

FIRST PARTNERSHIP IN RIVER COAL BUSINESS.

In 1856, I entered into a partnership with John H. Peterson, whose picture is shown opposite, and his brother-in-law, Mark Borland. We each put up $500.00 or a total of $1,500, and gave our notes for $1,800. On the first trip we struck a good market, sold our boats at Memphis, Tenn. at 45 cents a barrel, and cleared $2,200.00.

STRANDED IN LOUISVILLE.

The success of our first venture turned our heads and we invested in two more pair of boats. In 1857, I piloted one of the pairs to Louisville, and hired a pilot for the other pair. At Louisville, we had difficulty in selling our coal. We could not give it away, so to speak, nor had we money to pay our crews. This was the time of the panic, in which nearly all the wild cat banks failed. Pittsburgh money would not pass outside of Pennsylvania; Louisville money outside of Louisville or New Orleans bank notes outside of New Orleans. But here my good luck on the river, resulting from a faithful discharge of trusts imposed upon me, even in boyhood days, came to my aid and I believe my little success in life is due to the principles instilled into me by my sainted mother.

Assistance came in this way:—In my boyhood days, as a flat boatman, it was my custom to stop over at New Orleans the last trip in the season and hire to pump a pair of boats at the Willow Grove, which were laid up to wait until there was a demand for them, there generally being more coal in the

market than could be sold, except to parties buying on speculation. There would be 100 or more pairs of coal boats loaded with coal lying at the Willow Grove, New Orleans, waiting for the market that would make it possible to sell them at a profit. Frequently this resulted in little fortunes from a sudden and big demand for the coal. Each pair of boats required a pumper to keep the water that leaked into them from filling up and sinking the boats.

I was walking down the street in Louisville, not knowing where I could find money to pay off the crews, who were urgent in their demands for their money. As I passed a coal office on the wharf I overheard some loud talking between one of the coal men and his crews, who were disputing about the wages they were to receive. The men were claiming they were promised more money than the man was willing to pay. I recognized the voice of John Watson, the man for whom I pumped boats in New Orleans for several years before. He had come to Louisville to see if he could get his boats over the falls or through the canal, there not being water sufficient to go on with the boats. The men claimed $4.00 each, more than they were entitled to, hence the dispute.

As I stopped at the office door, Mr. Watson recognized his boy-pumper reaching out his hand and saying: "Jim, how are you?" I replied: "I am well, but in the tightest place I have been since I pumped for you". He replied: "I have only money enough to pay off my eight crews, but if you can find any one who will lend you the money, I will endorse your note". Just then a Steamboat Captain, named Smith, stepped up with: "John Watson, I have $1,100.00 here of Louisville money. I want you to take it and give me your check on Pittsburgh—my money will not pass up there and I am going up to Pittsburgh this trip". Watson said: "Give it to

Jim Corey, and take his check", when I said: "Mr. Watson, I have no money in the bank to check on; all our money is in our two boats". Mr. Watson answered: "Captain, give the money to Jim, and take his check to Jim Watson when you get to Pittsburgh, and tell him to cash it; that it is the check of the boy-pumper who took such good care of the boats we entrusted him with, and I order him to pay it". I took the money, it being the exact amount I needed to pay my two crews, and it lifted me and my partner out of the tightest place we had ever been in up until that time.

JOHN HERRON LOANS US MONEY.

I said I would have Peterson return to Pittsburgh and see if we could not raise the $1,100, on a note to meet the check, so I had Peterson go up to Pittsburgh to see another friend of mine, old Mr. John Herron and remind him of his promise to help me, and ask him to take our note and let us have the money, which he did. In narrative of my boyhood days, I have mentioned my introduction to Mr. Herron through the finding of his pocketbook with a large sum of money. In a short time we had enough water to go over the falls and on to New Orleans.

I went ahead to try to sell the boats, but such was the effect of the panic on business that we found no market along the river nor at New Orleans.

The panic of 1857, which followed, involved the greater number of the Coal Companys in bankruptcy. They were forced to sell their coal at loss in order to raise the money to pay off their pilots and crews, and meet their notes. Here as I have always believed in answer to my Mother's prayers, my good fortune seemed to carry me through the tight place I was in. Standing on the pavement outside the Hotel a stranger to whom I had been intro-

duced the day before, said to me: "Young man you seem to be in trouble". I replied: "Mr. Vandine, indeed I am in trouble". "What is your trouble?" I replied: "We have two pair of boats loaded with coal that will be here in a few days, and it will take $2,000 to pay off the crews, and we have three notes for $600 each, two of them over due and one three weeks to run, and we owe $400 at Louisville for provisions for our crews. Taking a card out of his pocket and with a pencil he wrote: "Due A. Vandine, $2,200", handing it to me to sign saying: "I will furnish you with money to pay off your crews". I signed the note and he wrote me a check on the St. Charles Bank of New Orleans for $2,200. I went around to the bank throwing my check down, the Teller took a little shovel and shoveled me out $1,800 in gold and 400 silver dollars. I said: "I cannot take that". He said: "Why can you not take it?" I said: "I am going home on a steam boat and it is too much money for me to carry on my person, and if I give it to the clerk of the boat, he will get off at the first wood yard". He said: "You will take that or nothing". I said: "give me back my check", and took it back, and Mr. Vandine went with me to the bank and persuaded them to give me a New York Draft for $1,800, and I took the 400 silver dollars and paid our provision bill at Louisville, the merchant refused to accept the silver until told it was that or nothing, the Louisville and New Orleans Banks refusing to receive silver on deposit; yet we had no silver in Pittsburgh to deposit. This let me out of a very tight place and resulted in my acquaintance with my best and life long friend, the Hon. Thomas Mellon, which will be related in another chapter.

Reaching home, I went to Uncle Moses Corey, to whom we had given the notes for the coal. Uncle was lying sick in bed. On asking him where the notes were and telling him I wanted to pay them,

instead of answering me he called out: "Lydia, Lydia! Jim says he has money enough to pay off them notes". They had heard of our losing one boat, and of the bad state of the market, and did not think we would have money to pay our notes, and besides, Uncle Moses was financially embarrassed. He turned to me and said that "Old Mortgage Bond Tom Mellon" corner Fifth and Wylie Avenues had discounted them for him and I would have to go to his office in the city to get them.

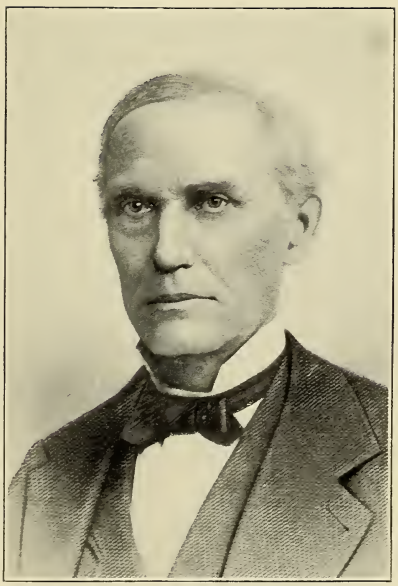
I started for the city, and meeting an acquaintance who asked me what I was going to do, I told him I was going to pay off our notes and did not know what we would do until Peterson came home. He replied: "You are a fool! If I owed Tom Mellon that money and he got it before I was ready to give it to him he would know it". I replied that when we gave the notes to Uncle Moses we had expected to meet them when due, but the panic had delayed us and I intended to pay them as soon as I reached Mr. Mellon's office. He however told me: "You are a bigger fool than I thought you were".

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THOMAS MELLON.

I reached Mr. Mellon's office at 8.00 A. M. and found a line of clients reaching into the third room, awaiting their turn. On the wall was a small frame with the following notice in it:—

1st. Your business at once.
2nd. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.
3rd. Attention, and go.

I reached his desk at 12.30. His wife, who had been waiting, sprang to her feet and said: "I guess it is my turn now:" Mr. Mellon said, "What do you want", when she said "I want $20.00" and handing



HON. THOMAS MELLON.
1857.

An Affectionate Son, Earnest Scholar, Skillful Lawyer, Faithful Husband, Kind Father, Eminent Jurist, Good Citizen, Loyal Friend, and "a man for a' that."

(See page 72–226.)

it to her he turned his eyes on me. "Is your name "Mr. Mortgage Bond Tom Mellon?" I asked: He said, "My name is Thomas Mellon", and I said "Mr. Mellon, you have three notes of Peterson and Corey, one four weeks overdue, one two weeks overdue and one has yet two weeks to run. I want to pay them off". On his taking the notes from a file of papers in his desk I handed him the money and asked him how much interest was due, when he replied, "I will not charge you anything for overdue interest; you coal men have had a hard time to pull through: You sit down there until I get through and I want to ask you about the state of things." After quickly getting through with his other clients he turned around and after asking me all about our trip and the conditions in the southern market, he said, "If you see a chance to make anything, and need help, come and see me and I may be able to assist you." When I went home and showed Uncle Moses I had paid the notes, he asked me how much Mr. Mellon had charged me for overdue interest. I told him he had not charged me anything, when Uncle said "The dammed old coon; he would have made me pay him not less than $25." but I told him he was the nicest man I had ever met, and that he told me if I saw a chance to make anything to come back and he would assist me."

In a few weeks business began to revive in New Orleans and we were able to sell our pair of boats in New Orleans at a price that gave us money enough to pay off all our debts, but the capital we had invested was all used up but about $300.00 apiece, and we considered ourselves a broken firm.

Another trip in 1857 encountered a cyclone. Uncle Moses Corey had loaded two more pairs of boats, but owing to the stagnation in business could not sell them. Mr. George Jones, who kept the boat store advised me and Peterson to buy them: I told him we had only $600. and that would not pay half

cash, which was the terms under which the coal was sold. Mr. Jones suggested that Uncle Moses keep a one third interest and take our notes for the balance, which arrangement we made.

A rise in the river came and we started out the two pair of boats. One pilot landed at the Point to allow the river to fall some, it being higher than we liked to start, but the other pilot, Humberson, insisted on going ahead and I consented and went with him, intending to take a steamboat at Wheeling and go ahead and try to sell the boats. There were four pairs of boats in sight. We were all floating pleasantly along, some of our Irish boatmen singing some of St. Patrick's Irish songs and the weather had been beautiful. At nine o'clock at night, when we were not expecting it, a regular cyclone struck us, sinking the other three pair of boats, one of our boats, and drowning six hands belonging to one of the other boats. I succeeded in saving one boat and had the crew not gotten scared we could have saved both boats, I was hurt by the cable flying off check post, and when I came back to Pittsburgh next day I read in the Pittsburgh papers an account of my own drowning, along with all that did not get away in the skiffs. The saving of the one boat was due to the pluck of Jake Mengis, a schoolmate, who did not lose his head. As a token of my gratitude I made him a pilot, which was done at the cost of two pair of boats before I found he had not the knowledge and experience to fit him for a pilot. Jordan Fritz was one of the crew, and the only one of the entire crew besides myself that is alive to-day. I am sorry to say Jordan is now one of Braddock's many saloon keepers. I recently told him I was sorry to see one of the old Port Perry boys engaged in making drunkards, when he apologized by saying he had to do that to save his wife's property, which she had inherited with a debt against it.

I Meet John Harper, Cashier.

In April, 1858, we had three pair of boats at New Orleans for which we had given our notes in payment; these notes fell due May 1st. If we sold our coal to meet them we would not make a cent, while if we could hold them until fall we could make a nice sum of money. While thinking it over, I recalled how the boys and girls in the Second Presbyterian Church, ten years before, every Sunday as I entered the church would sing out "Here comes Johnny Snyder, because my mother made my collars extend down over my shoulders like his, and how quickly I had had mine cut down when I learned the object of their fun and the cause. I decided I would go up to the bank and ask "Johnny Snyder" to lend me the money: Walking up and down past the bank on the opposite side of the street until I screwed up sufficient courage to venture in and see if I could get the money, I finally went in and going up to the Teller asked him if Mr. Snyder was in: He said, "Yes; what do you want of him?" and I replied "I want to borrow $5,000.00". Taking me for a greenhorn, he said "Mr. Snyder is busy, step across into the Cashier's room and Mr. Harper will tell you whether they will lend you the money. I stepped into Mr. Harper's room and he also taking me for a greenhorn gruffly said: "What are you after?" I said: "Mr. Harper, I want to borrow $5,000.00" when he quickly asked: "What do you want of $5,000.00", when I told him: "We have three pair of boats for which we gave our notes, now lying at New Orleans. The notes will mature in less than a month; if we sell the coal now we will not make a cent, while if we can hold them until fall we will make some money. "Who is your endorser," he asked, and I replied "Mortgage Bond Tom Mellon" when he said "Whom do you mean by 'Mortgage Bond Tom Mellon' do you

mean Thomas Mellon the Lawyer." "Yes, I think that is his name," I answered, and Mr. Harper said "His name is Thomas Mellon; if he will endorse your note we will let you have the money." I asked Mr. Harper to please make me out a note, which he did, and no young man ever ran from the Old Bank of Pittsburgh to the corner of Wylie Avenue in less time than I did, on the promise of Mr. Mellon that if I saw a chance to make anything for me to come back and maybe he could help me, and yet I had not seen or spoken to him since that day. Reaching his office I had to wait until he was through with his morning clients, when I stepped up to his desk, and laying down the note I reminded him of his request and promise to help me: Looking at the note, he scratched his head and asked me what my hopes were of meeting the note at maturity. I told him the price of coal always advanced in the fall and we would sell in time to pay the note before it fell due. Scratching his head again, he signed the note and in less time to run down hill than it took to run up, I was back with the endorsed note and Mr. Harper placed the money to our credit. We paid off the notes we had given for the coal, and before the note given Mr. Harper became due we had sold our coal and cleared over $15,000.00—and yet skeptics sneer at a faith that removes mountains!

Chapter 9

"J. B. COREY & CO." ORGANIZED.

In 1859, I persuaded four others to join me in organizing the firm of "J. B. Corey & Co." composed of Honorable Thomas Mellon, George M. Bowman, David Shaw, John H. Peterson and J. B. Corey. I was elected President of the Company, George M. Bowman the Bookkeeper, Judge Mellon our Attorney and John H. Peterson our agent at New Orleans.

We were one of the largest coal companies in the New Orleans trade. For two years our experience was not very favorable. Loss of coal in transit and at market, along with the depressed state of business owing to the threatened secession of the South, prevented paying any dividends on our stock.

New Orleans Conditions in 1860.

In 1860, when the southern secession commenced to look serious, our Company decided that I had better go down and help Mr. Peterson, New Orleans Agent and one of our Firm, sell our coal. We were sending out five pair of boats and I piloted one pair as far as Louisville, where I took a steamer and went ahead, stopping off at Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Bayousara and Baton Rouge. Jeff Davis came on the boat at Vicksburg, on his way to Baton Rouge to work up the secession of Louisiana. In trying to sell I only succeeded in trading one pair of the boats for a cargo of sugar at St. Mary's Plantation with a planter who was as anxious to dispose of his sugar as I was of selling our coal; in making the trade I got 35c per barrel

for the coal, being paid for same in sugar. We did not get rid of this sugar until after New Orleans was captured by General Butler.

The first pair of our boats that came along were in charge of that noted old pilot, Thomas Murry, and both he and his crew were worried over the news of Louisiana seceding and keeping them all as prisoners of war. I went aboard the boats and went with him as far as Baton Rouge intending to see the boats landed at St. Mary's plantation, where I had traded them for a cargo of sugar. But both Murry and his crew insisted on my taking the Steam Boat and go ahead and provide money to pay them off, so that they could get away as soon as they reached New Orleans. So I started in the skiff for the Packet Boat just ready to cut loose at Wharf-Boat. It was Friday evening; when I reached the Cabin of the boat, a scene presented itself which I never before witnessed. From the forward deck to the Ladies' cabin were strung card tables, upon which were piles of gold and silver giving the Cabin of the boat the appearance of a bank; and around the table were seated four members of the Louisiana Legislature; who had voted themselves this money to go to New Orleans to work up the secession of the state; and on the turn of a card this gold and silver changed sides of the table. I took in the situation at a glance. I knew that a Northern man's life in that crowd was not worth the powder that would blow off his head. I went to the clerk of the boat and asked him if he had any births in a state room. He replied: "Oh, yes, these fellows will not go to bed tonight". I said: "Give me an upper birth". The boat did not reach New Orleans until after midnight, but I lay in bed until 9:00 A. M. to give the fire eaters time to get away when I got up and wended my way to the Louisiana Hotel; where the coal men stopped. My partner, J. H. Peterson, who was

married to my cousin, E. A. Corey, did not stop at the hotel but they were living in a house of their own; and that my cousin, E. A. Corey (My partner's wife), had given birth to their first child (a boy) a few hours before I arrived at the Hotel. I also learned from J. M. Peterson (who represented Herron and Peterson) that he and J. H. P. (my partner) had formed a co-partnership with a New Orleans retailer, (by name of P. H. Williard) in hopes of selling coal enough to pay off the crews arriving. I told him that Thomas Murry and his crew were here and wanted to get away on the first boat. He said: "Williard had charge of bank account and for me to go to the office and wait until he comes". I went, and there was no one there but a colored woman and her boy about 7 years old; she, giving a sigh of distress, the boy throwing himself across her lap excited my emotions. I asked her if she was waiting to see Mr. Williard? She said: "Yes, I am waiting to tell him what Dr. Jones will give him for me, and de boy, my dear Sambo". Mr. Williard had allowed her to find a purchaser. I asked what time Mr. Williard came to his office and she said: "Massa Boyle, he come at ten o'clock, Massa Peterson he come at eleven o'clock, Massa Williard he come at twelve o'clock". By this time my own mind was made up that J. B. Corey & Company would not constitute a part of that firm longer than I could effect a dissolution. At home, on the banks of the Monongahela River, I was in the habit of getting up at four and five o'clock in the morning and seeing that the boats and tipple were in shape to begin work at 6:00 A. M. I felt that if P. H. Williard & Company could make money in that style of doing business, there must be a bonanza in the retail coal business in New Orleans, but when Mr. Williard came to the office and I found he could not furnish me with the $2,000 needed to pay off Murry's crew, until he

could go around and see how his bank account stood, I began to think possibly I would have to look elsewhere for money to pay off my crews, which proved only too true. We never realized a cent for that pair of boats, but I took care that no more of J. B. Corey & Co.'s boats went to that firm. I had to again fall back on my friend, Vandine, whose previous kindness to me has been mentioned in an earlier chapter, to provide money to pay off our crews, and left the same day for home, stopping over at Louisville on November 26th, 1860, where I read in a local paper the Billedgeville speech of Honorable A. H. Stephens opposing secession of Georgia.

ASK LINCOLN TO MAKE A. H. STEPHENS SECRETARY OF WAR.

Like a drowning man grasping a straw, and in the hope of preventing the secession of Louisiana until we could sell our coal, I wrote Abraham Lincoln, President-Elect, at Springfield, Ill., enclosing a copy of Mr. Stephens' speech and urging him to tender Mr. Stephens the position of Secretary of War. I insisted that the planters and business men of the South were as much opposed to secession as people of the North; and I also insisted that tendering the position of Secretary of War to Mr. Stephens would strengthen the Union sentiment and prevent the secession of Louisiana and Georgia. In my letter, I said: "I see you are going to appoint Simon Cameron, a stinking, pro-slavery, locofoco Democrat. He has been robbing the State of Pennsylvania for years in selling it cordwood for the Portage road, measuring the same cord of wood over and over, (I had read this in the Pittsburgh Gazette and thought it must be true). On arriving home, I received a letter from Private Secretary, John Hay, saying Mr. Lincoln had received my letter, with Mr.

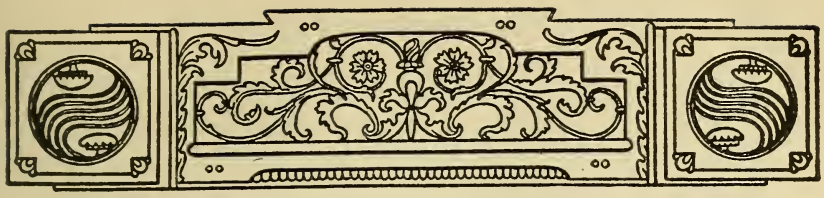
Stephens' speech, thanking me for the information I had sent him.

I had also written Mr. Stephens the same day telling him of conditions in New Orleans; also that I had recommended him to President Lincoln for Secretary of War. I urged him to make his stand for the Union, unconditional, he having said that as Georgia went so he would go and I told him that meant secession. When he returned to Congress after the war I wrote him twice; on the principle I have mentioned but he did not reply. I notice in Alexander Stephens' history of this war that he publishes a letter from Mr. Lincoln, dated November 30, 1860, (Five days after I wrote him from Louisville), asking Mr. Stephens for a revised copy of his speech.

LAST RIVER TRIP BEFORE WAR OF SECESSION.

FIRST TOW OF COAL ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

While I was away on the trip just referred to, our company had employed a Captain Briggs, (who had built a side wheel tow boat) to tow seven pairs of boats to New Orleans. As he had stuck a similar number of boats on The Clusters for T. Jones & Co., I objected to letting him start with our boats, but the other members of the firm insisted on him taking the boats, and for me to go along and see that he took no unnecessary risks. I went with him and we got our boats safe to New Orleans, being the first tow of coal ever towed down the Mississippi. Captain Briggs was, however, convinced that a side wheel tow boat could never tow a fleet of coal to market without risk, and he never tried it again. I satisfied the largest coal operators with a stern wheel boat; it was practical, and it was adopted by W. H. Brown, Joseph Walton and others.



PART THIRD
Chapter 1

War of the Rebellion.

NORTHERN COAL BUSINESS RUINED.

The Southern States having seceded, all the coal of the northern men was confiscated. J. B. Corey & Co. were left a broken firm, $50,000 worse than nothing. Fortunately for us, Hon. Judge Mellon, one of the firm, was able to carry us through. J. H. Peterson, our New Orleans agent, was pressed into the rebel service and given charge of all the coal at Willow Grove. When they issued a requisition for a boat of coal, Peterson filled the order with coal of some other company and the day they issued the order for our first boat, Commodore Faragut and General Butler drove the rebel army out and we had our coal intact. General Butler tried to treat our coal as rebel spoils (mentioned in subsequent chapter), but President Lincoln insisted the coal belonged to us, and at a great advance in price instead of being a bankrupt firm we had $200,000.00 to divide—all in answer to prayer. We also had a controversy with General Butler over a cargo of sugar, to which reference is later made, which we finally succeeded in disposing of advantageously. I will conclude the difficulties relative to the coal and sugar in a subsequent chapter and give my experiences and reminiscences while in the Government employ during the War of the Rebellion.

Chapter 2

I TRY TO ENLIST.

There being no coal business, I tried to enlist, but such was the rush of able-bodied men offering that I was rejected. I started for Washington to try for a clerkship to keep my teeth clear until Lincoln's 75,000 three months' volunteers would crush the rebellion. I passed through Baltimore the day the Massachusetts regiment was fired upon.

On reaching Washington, I applied to the Hon. J. K. Morehead, our Representative, to get me a clerkship in one of the Departments. He applied to W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, who said he was turning away applicants by the hundreds. General Morehead said: "Let us go around and see General Scott".

Second Introduction to General Scott.

It was noon hour. The General and his Private Clerk were all that were present. General Morehead, in introducing me said: "General Scott, Mr. Corey, one of my constituents, was in the coal business in New Orleans. He wants to get a position so that he can support himself and family until you can retake New Orleans and he gets back his coal". General Scott replied: "General Morehead, I am turning away applicants by the thousand".

As he took me by the hand I said: "General Scott, do you remember the day you went through the lock on the Monongahela River in 1847?" "Yes", he replied, "as well as if it was yesterday". "Do you remember the boy introduced to you as having learned the whole Book of St. John and eight chapters in Acts?" "Yes", he replied, "are you

that boy?'' ''And'', I asked, ''do you remember the twin girls you kissed?'' ''Yes'', the general said, ''they were about that high!'' I then said to him, ''one of those twin girls is my wife; she is home on the banks of the Monongahela river and not a week's supply of provisions in the house. I am here and owe a week's board and not a cent of money in my pocket''. Holding on to my hand, the General said: ''William, take this order to Captain Beckwith to put J. B. Corey on his payroll at $50.00 per month; if he has no work for him to do, send him to Lieutenant Smith at the foot of G. Street, and let him put him to work issuing rations to the soldiers''. No sweeter sound ever fell on my ears before or since.

Chapter 3

ACQUAINTANCE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN —SIMON CAMERON—E. M. STANTON.

Reminiscences of Civil War Days in Washington.

Government Job at $50.00 per Month.

Lieutenant Smith put me in charge of from 300 to 500 laborers, whose duties were to unload army stores from vessels and fill requisitions of quartermasters of regiments. My experiences as a pilot and operator of coal mines made me an effective roustabout clerk. It also brought me in almost daily contact with President Lincoln and his Cabinet, and especially Secretary Cameron and Secretary Chase, who gave their personal attention to supplying the army assembling at Washington.

I boarded at "Old Man Green's" noted boarding house, where the assassination of Lincoln was plotted. It was the headquarters of the rebel sympathizers in Washington and Maryland Heights, many of them assembling here daily. Green had been the only auctioneer of the Capital, and boasted he had sold all the Presidents' household goods from John Quincy Adams down to James Buchanan. He was 80 years old and married to his first wife's sister, 20 years younger than himself. Mrs. Green was noted for her cooking, and kept one of the nicest private boarding houses in the city, the only drawback being Old Man Green's strong sympathy for the rebels.

Handling of Army Supplies in Washington.

At the foot of G Street there was a wharf boat about the length of a ship, which for years had been used to receive and ship freight from. When the War broke out, the Government took military possession of it, appointing the owners, Messrs. Morgan & Rinard, as majors in the army.

On a strip of flat ground between the Canal and the Potomac, we built two other warehouses out of rough boards; in these warehouses we stored our army supplies. When it became evident that the Civil War was not going to be a holiday sport, the Government made contract for a large stock of army supplies, requiring thirty or more additional warehouses beside these two, but there was plenty of room to build alongside. In fact, there was no other ground on which to build them except to haul the goods up to the square in front of the President's mansion, which would have cost more than the ocean freight from New York City.

One day, seeing President Lincoln, Secretaries Cameron and Chase, Col. Rucker and Major Morgan and others coming to the wharf, I knew something unusual was on hand. I went into my office and began entering up the requisitions I had filled. Senator Baker of Oregon, who was playing soldier in the morning and Senator in the afternoon, had two Oregon Regiments camping on the wharf. He would retreat into the warehouse to escape the hot sun and always took a seat in my office where a railing surrounded my desk.

This delegation came to go over the question of where to build additional warehouses. As soon as President Lincoln and the others came inside the office Major Morgan spoke up, saying: "The river overflows this bottom six feet in one night". Cameron on turning to Senator Baker,

asked him what he thought of it. Senator Baker answered by saying: "Mr. Corey, here is an Ohio and Mississippi River boatman", and addressing me, he added: "What do you think of it, Mr. Corey?" I replied that I would build them beside the other two. Colonel Rucker said: "Mr. Corey, what would you do if the river would overflow six feet in one night?" I replied: "Col. Rucker, I would do as we have done with the other two there, put the corned beef and pork barrels four tiers high. If that river rises six feet over that flat in one night, it will fall six feet the next day, and the water will not hurt the corned beef and pork".

Cameron smacked his fist down on the railing and said: "That settles it. Colonel Rucker you have the warehouses built there. Mr. Corey, you fill them as you have the others". I had put the corned beef in the bottom on account of the weight. In a short time we had nearly $3,000,000.00 worth of army supplies in the thirty odd warehouses. I had been cooking 300 barrels of corned beef a day for about a month, in 150 iron kettles, each holding one barrel. Unheading a barrel, we emptied it into a kettle, cooked it six hours, and put it back in the barrel and shipped it to Centerville. Jeff Davis in congratulating his soldiers on the victory of Bull Run, said the Northern vandals had been cooking meat for months and intended to have a Belshazzar feast —I am the man who had been doing the cooking. On Friday before the battle of Bull Run, Lieutenant Smith notified me that I had been promoted to take charge of a new depot of supplies at Centerville. I was not aware of the new depot, neither was I an applicant, but the defeat of the Union army rendered the appointment void.

Battle of Bull Run Demoralizes Washington.

When our troops stampeded hatless, coatless, gunless, shoeless, panic-stricken soldiers filled up the city, and the transition of the fallen angels to perdition alone describes the condition of Washington. For the next few days Simon Cameron and I, with my roustabouts, were all the government the city had until General G. B. McClelland came on Friday and restored order once more. If the earth had opened up and swallowed General Scott, he could not have more effectively disappeared from the scene. President Lincoln was so completely dazed that if some of the rebel sympathizers (on Tuesday when the Cabinet was down at the wharf boat arranging to transfer the Government to New York City), had laid their hands on Lincoln, saying: "You are my prisoner", he never would have turned the word, nor would there have been any resistance.

Preparing to Burn our Army Supplies.

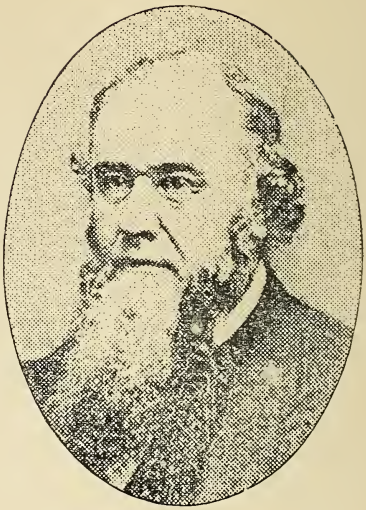
On Tuesday, Colonel Burnside, with his two Rhode Island Regiments came across Chain-Bridge, they and Colonel Cochran's Sixty-ninth regiment, New York, being the first to come back with their guns. Lieutenant Smith and I stood watching them crossing into the city. It was pouring down rain, and they did not have any flag at their head. Lieutenant Smith, turning to me said: "Corey, that is Beauregard's army as sure as hell. You have your men get some wood and shavings in each warehouse. If I send you word, you set fire to the warehouses". If some one had come up and said to me: "Corey, Lieutenant Smith says, 'set fire to warehouses' ", up in smoke would have gone $3,000,000.00 of army stores. That was the last time I saw Lieutenant Smith or Col. Rucker or any of my superior officers except Cameron and Lincoln, who

came down to the wharf, until after G. B. McClelland came and took command on Friday. Colonel Thomas A. Scott, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was Assistant Secretary of War, had urgent railroad business requiring his attention in Philadelphia the balance of the week.

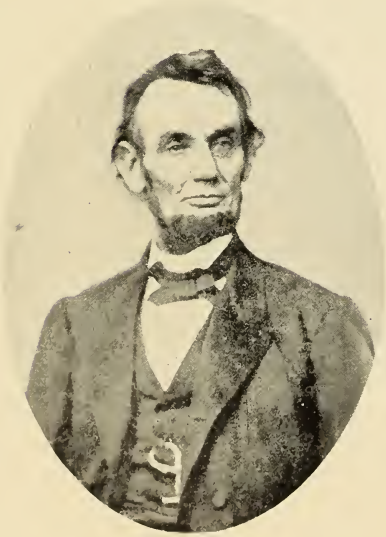
On Thursday as I attempted to enter Colonel Scott's office with the daily report of our office, the sentinel stopped me, saying: "You cannot go in, the President and Secretary of War are there". I stood a moment, when out came Lincoln, Cameron following closely at his heels—always before Cameron had been in the lead. Lincoln passed by without noticing me, but Cameron stopped, saying: "Mr. Corey, how are things down at the wharf?" I said: "About as they were. I have not got orders to set fire to the warehouses". Mr. Lincoln suddenly stopped and said: "Mr. Corey, you will not get orders to set fire to the warehouses—the rebels are running as fast towards Richmond as our men ran back to Washington". I replied: "Mr. Lincoln, that is all that saved you". He whirled suddenly and went on. Mr. Cameron said: "Mr. Corey, you keep a good lookout and see that the warehouses are well taken care of".

Intimate Friends of J. B. Corey

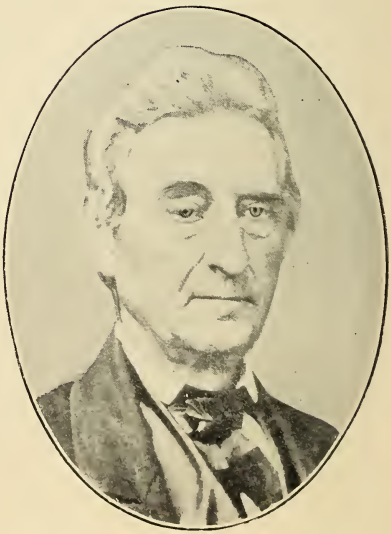
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
(See page 323.)



EDWIN M. STANTON.
Secretary of War.
(See page 146.)



1861.
(See page 91.)



REV. JAMES G. SANSOM.
1863.
(See page 98.)

Chapter 4

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

I never pitied a man more in my life than I did President Lincoln. On Tuesday, when he and his Cabinet were down at the wharf planning for transfer of Government to New York City, there was a look of sadness upon his face at all times that indicated he carried some deep sorrow. Whether the cause was a mental, physical, political, or domestic one, the secret is buried with him. That it was deep-seated in his own bosom was transparent. I have often thought it was perhaps the cause of some of the undignified acts which used to try William H. Seward's patience to the extreme limit of endurance. I give several instances: The ladies of Washington made Seward a present of a flag to hoist over the State House, and it was arranged that Mr. Lincoln should hoist the flag. Before going over to the State House, President and Cabinet reviewed three New England Regiments that had just arrived. As the last file passed, they broke ranks and rushed to shake hands with the President. Lincoln began to squeeze the soldiers hands so they would cry with pain. The soldiers seeing this, would jerk back their hands with: "Old Abe, we will take your word for it". The President, enjoying the joke, reached out his hand and said: "Is there not a man in all this crowd who will shake hands with the President of the United States?" A great big, burly looking soldier, starting toward him, said: "I am your man, 'Old Abe' ". The President said: "Make way, let the man come; he wants to shake hands with the President". Instantly an athletic struggle equal to some of John L. Sullivan's, Corbett's or Fitzsimmons' took place. I

held my breath and never felt such relief as when the big, burly soldier began to turn pale and cried out "Enough". Such a yell of applause was never heard before. Seward, turning to Cameron and Chase, said: "Is that not shameful for the President of the United States?" When the noise subsided, the President, turning around toward his house, cried out: "Willie, Willie!", saying: "Did any of you gentlmen see my boy Willie?" I spoke up saying: "Mr. Lincoln, he was in the East room playing prisoners' base with some other boys". Mr. Lincoln said: "I promised to take him with me to see me hoist the flag over Mr. Seward's house. It is his fault, not mine". Mr. Seward quite impatiently said: "The ladies will be waiting upon us". The crowd was so dense they had to march a company of soldiers with the President and Cabinet in between the ranks. As they stood beating time with their feet, Seward and Lincoln stood side by side beating time. The President, noticing a small man in front of him, said: "He is too short-coupled for me", stretching his long leg past him nearly to the next man's shoulder. All these undignified acts of Lincoln excited the enthusiasm of the people to the highest pitch.

When he reached the State House, the ladies with the Baptist preacher, were waiting for us. The minister, in a fifteen or twenty minute speech, recounted the great deeds of heroism performed under its sacred folds, and the love of the American flag from its first waving over the American army at Bunker Hill until our own people had pulled it down as a filthy rag. All the while Lincoln stood erect like a statue, with his eyes tightly closed. When the minister had finished his oration, he handed the rope to the President. Taking the rope in his hand, and looking out over the vast multitude, Lincoln said: "Ladies and gentlemen:—The ladies of Washington

delegated me with the hoisting of this flag over Mr. Seward's house, which if there is nothing wrong with the rope and tackle, I intend to do". Springing up not less than four feet from the pavement and grasping the rope, in about three jerks he had the flag at the top of the staff amidst the shouting of 50,000 voices.

I think Seward, as Secretary of State, judging from his comments on what he called the undignified acts of Lincoln, when he and Senator Baker talked it over in my office the next day, was nearer being severed than on any other occasion until that of Wilkes Booth's bullet. Mr. Seward never got over the wound the American people gave him in preferring the Illinois rail splitter to the New York scholar and statesman.

While I, myself, was an enthusiastic admirer of President Lincoln, I have never been able to fully reconcile some of his opposite traits of character. Although he seemed to be one of the most unselfish, pure, patriotic of American statesmen, yet he was one of the most adroit politicians the country ever had. He had the faculty of allowing the Cabinet to have its own way in the various departments and yet, without their knowing it, they did just what he would have them do.

In July, 1861, Secretary Seward and Senator Baker secured me an interview with Lincoln in regard to our claim against the Government for our coal, supposed to have been confiscated by the rebels Mr. Seward in calling Lincoln's attention to the object of my interview said: "I have told Mr. Corey that in time of an insurrection the Government is not liable for losses of individuals and coal companies. Lincoln seeing that Mr. Seward's statements were not making me feel encouraged, took me by the hand and said: "Mr. Corey, we are going to retake New Orleans shortly, and you will get all your coal back

again". I replied: "Mr. Lincoln, I am the man that tried to help you frame your Cabinet". "Yes," said he: "You tried to run a rebel in on me", and I answered: "I wanted to prevent a Union man from becoming a rebel". In a later page recounting our troubles with General Butler, when it was necessary for me to get an interview with Lincoln, it will be noted his prediction not only proved true but he recalled this interview as well.

SIMON CAMERON.

Simon Cameron was one man on whom, more than any other, depended the practical work in placing the army on a sure footing. Cameron's knowledge and experience as a contractor gave him the knowledge of organizing armies that none of the other members had, and his service to Lincoln was greater than that of any other member of his Cabinet.

Cameron's one great weakness was his Scotch-Irish selfishness. With him, it was Cameron first, his ward-heelers second, and Lincoln and his country third. This trait prevented Cameron from attaining the one great end of his personal ambition, and for which his own natural ability so well equipped him. His lack of fidelity to Abraham Lincoln, with his lack of patriotism, compelled the President to transport him out of the country, making him Minister to Russia.

The first act which involved Cameron in trouble (into which he was led by his ward-heelers) was the purchase of an old vessel that had long been lying at the wharf and which was considered unseaworthy. Major Morgan had refused several times to accept this boat or recommend its purchase at $8,000.00, and when it became known that Cameron had bought it at a price of $60,000, it created a sensation almost equal to the firing on Fort Sumpter. Committees of

angry Representatives came down to our Department, seeking evidence to convict Cameron and his henchmen with fraudulently purchasing this unseaworthy boat. I remember how honest John Covode would come down to the wharf and when I met him and Charles Sumner at Williard's Hotel, how they would try to pump me. I knew nothing about the boat myself, and my $50 a month clerkship kept me from finding out anything. Col. Rucker and Lieutenant Smith would sometimes whisper in my ear, that if the President did not get rid of the Winnebago Chief that us Pennsylvanians had put upon him, he would involve his administration in a hopeless failure. There was said to be a syndicate of eight persons (of whom Col. Thomas A. Scott and Simon Cameron were the heads), that had an inside pull on the selling of supplies to the army.

Lincoln saw that he must act quickly. He sent Simon Cameron out of the country and called Edwin M. Stanton, the Prince of American Patriots to take Cameron's place. This, to my mind, was one of the greatest proofs of Abraham Lincoln's qualifications to the high office and the responsibility he was called upon to assume.

Edwin M. Stanton.

To Edwin M. Stanton, more than to any other man, or to all the members of Lincoln's Cabinet, or to the Generals in the army, is due the credit for the crushing of the Rebellion. In Stanton these traits were found: first, unfaltering loyalty to his country; second, unswerving fidelity to President Lincoln; third, an unswerving determination to make treason odious and to allow no guilty traitor to escape. Neither the spoils nor the honor of the office influenced this greatest of American patriots. This caused him to be hated by all traitors and rebel sympathizers, more than any other man in or out of the

President's Cabinet. He was loyal to his nation to the core. His sense of justice will also be observed in a subsequent page relating to our difficulties with General Butler.

The other members of Lincoln's Cabinet did not have much opportunity to distinguish themselves. The Postmaster General, Montgomery Blair, was a man of medium ability and managed the department fairly well. His brother Frank, was a more potent political force.

Chapter 5

END OF MY GOVERNMENT WORK.

In the latter part of August, 1861, I took sick. Calling in a doctor, he said: "Young man, you are going to have a violent attack of fever and I advise you to take the first train for your Pennsylvania atmosphere. I reported to Secretary Cameron the advice the doctor had given me, who kindly accepted my resignation, saying if I got better and desired to return, my position would be open for me. I did not tell the Secretary of War that I had received from Senator Baker, of Oregon, an offer of the position of Quartermaster of his Brigade, which would pay me three times or more than the clerkship in the Commissary Department was paying.

I called a carriage and started for the station. The last man whom I saw on my way to the train that I knew, was Senator Baker who saluted me. He was killed in battle of Balls Bluff a few weeks after.

Taking the train, I arrived home a very sick man. The second night after getting home, Dr. Knox, our family physician (Brother of Taft's Secretary of State) said I could live until morning. Becoming unconscious—as I have always believed in answer to mother's prayer—I threw up a solid lump of matter the size and hardness of an egg, which I believe was nicotine secretion, the real cause of my sickness and the result of the filthy tobacco habit. I immediately got better and in a few days was able to get around.

Chapter 6

GENERAL BUTLER.
(Holds up Cargo of our Sugar).

My first contact with General Butler was in connection with a cargo of sugar which, as previously related, we had left on the southern coast at the outbreak of the war. The sugar was in a warehouse at St. Mary's plantation on what was considered debatable ground between the two armies.

Mr. Peterson, who had been our New Orleans representative, and a member of our firm, applied to General Butler for a war ship to convey our sugar off the coast. General Butler in refusing to give him a war vessel, said he had no right to use Government warships to protect private property, etc. However, a few days later General Butler's brother, Col. Butler, sent for Mr. Peterson and offered to get our sugar away for every third barrel. Instead of accepting this offer, Peterson sent his brother, J. M. Peterson, home by way of New York to lay Col. Butler's proposition before the firm.

Hon. Judge Mellon, who was one of the firm, sent me off to Washington with a letter to Secretary Stanton, who years before had been a law partner with Thomas Mellon. I reached Washington early in the morning and repaired to the War Department to wait for the Secretary of War to come to his office. When I arrived there at 8:00 A. M., there was a long line of people waiting to see Secretary Stanton. Before my turn came it was 2:00 P. M.

A finely dressed lady was next in front of me. She was a very large woman, and the delay was apparently very irksome to her, she complaining to me of the red tape one had to go through. When her

turn came, she presented her papers to Stanton. He glanced over them and attached his name to them. The woman was so overjoyed that she stopped to tell the Secretary what she had said to the writer about the great red tape she had gone through, etc., adding that she had had the same trouble in getting her son out of the invalid corps, etc. That remark to the Secretary did her up. She had hardly let it escape her lips when Stanton grabbed the paper, took his goose quill pen and drew it across "Edwin M. Stanton" with such vim as to utterly obscure his name, on seeing which the lady gave such a sigh that it completely unnerved me, so that when the Secretary turned his big, black eyes on me, fairly flashing fire, and asked me my business, I could only stammer out: "Mr. Stanton, Judge Mellon sent me with this letter" (holding out the letter, the handwriting of which he recognized), and adding that we had some sugar on the coast and asked Butler for a convey to get it off, and that he had refused, but that Col. Butler had offered to get it down for one-third of the sugar, etc., Stanton replied: "Don't give away your sugar; I have heard that before. Sit down on that chair until I get through with my morning levee". I took a seat and waited two hours more, when the Secretary took Mr. Peterson, Mr. Marks and myself in his carriage to his house, where he questioned Mr. Peterson all about his experience while in New Orleans under the Rebel Government of the city, and what, to his knowledge, had taken place after Butler had taken the city, etc. Mr. Peterson explained to Stanton all of General Butler's orders, establishing his government in the city, giving one order which they regarded as the key of the arch, the order prohibiting the sale of liquor, etc., and how after General Butler rescinded this order it was found that the General's brother had bought up and owned all the whiskey in the city, etc. Stanton kept us over

an hour, hearing our complaint, then made out an order on General Butler, got the President's signature ordering Butler to give us a ship to get our sugar off the coast, and in six weeks we had our sugar in New York, costing us only the vessel freight.

Tries to Prevent Payment for Our Coal.

The outcome of our controversy with General Butler over the sugar being very distasteful to him, he became angered and reported against the Government paying for coal that we had delivered to it on the requisition of his own Quartermasters, (Snow and General Shepperd) who had given us vouchers for same, signed and receipted for by the captains of the vessels receiving the coal. General Butler put up the claim that the coal had been the property of the Rebel Army, and also set up a claim for salvage for the soldiers, saying the rebels had set fire to the coal when retreating from the city. This was false, as our coal was afloat. The rebel General did order Peterson to sink the boats but he paid no attention to the order.

Butler's adverse report against paying some $13,000 for our coal necessitated several more interviews with the Secretary of War, at one of which President Lincoln was present, to whom Secretary Stanton explained the matter. The President, remembering his promise to me at the interview in July, 1861, previously mentioned by me, said: "Did I not tell you we would drive the rebels out, and you would get your coal back?" In this interview in regard to the trouble with Butler, the President said we ought not to think anything of the Government taking some of our coal, as we were getting off easy as it was. Secretary Stanton said he had no doubt of the justness of our claims, but added that we had

better go to the Court of Claims. We did this and were finally paid.

In this connection, I will mention another incident which occurred at this time. The rebels had set fire to the cargo of Billy Marks. Billy Marks and Peterson were warm friends, and hoping to save this coal for his friend, Peterson had unloaded the coal on a wharf because boats leaked badly, also with a view of keeping it from being used by the rebels until the last. As soon as the Rebel Army left, Peterson took a bucket of water and put out the fire. Nevertheless, General Butler allowed these claims for salvage and his brother bought the claims for a song from the soldiers. After being in the Court of Claims for a long time, Congress awarded the widow and children of Marks their claim for this coal.

After this dispute with General Butler, he and I became enemies. When I saw that he had been appointed to the command of the forces around Petersburg, I wrote to both the President and Secretary of War urging them to relieve him of the command, feeling that a man of his principles would do anything to advance his own personal or political standing. I suggested four other generals, any of whom I said was superior to General Butler in every way, and would be loyal to General Grant, which I said was doubtful with Butler, viz.: General John Sedgwick of the Sixth Corps; General Warren of the Fifth; Phil. Sheridan or J. J. Reynolds for the Petersburg army.

Tribute to General Butler.

At the time of the death of General Butler, I wrote the following for publication:

"Benjamin Butler died, as all men ought to die, at his post. General Butler, in his quiet, dignified death, displayed the same heroic spirit which char-

acterized him in life. He did not keep his family and friends on the rack for a quarter of a century or over. Such was the consideration he manifested for the feelings of others that he declined to cause his colored valet loss of sleep.

I am aware, from personal experience, that Butler was not always the most considerate of other men's feelings, but even when as a soldier or civilian, whether as a friend or foe, General Butler was a brave man. He will be regarded by many as a great character and his achievements will entitle him to a niche in the temple of fame. And yet, I think the traits of character which secured him the greatest notoriety were his weaknesses and to them he sacrificed his nobler traits, which, if relied upon, would have given him a higher place in our national history than he will receive. His inordinate vanity and personal ambition subordinated the powers of the man to the extent that he became blinded to the other resources of which he was possessed. The first time my attention was attracted to him was when he voted 200 times for Jeff Davis at the Charleston Convention. The next time was when he thrilled the North with his going to take a brigade of women with old broomsticks to clean out the southern rebels.

The first time I saw General Butler, and from which I formed an impression of the man that ever after seemed to be borne out, was the next day after he captured Ft. Hatteras. I rode on the same train with him from Washington to Baltimore. The General was the hero of the hour. He stood up in the aisle of the car receiving the congratulations of his friends and officers of the army who got on and off at every station. He had a large ripe peach in his hand which he kept tossing up and catching, first in one hand and then in the other. He kept the passengers in the car, especially the ladies, in an uproar

of laughter at his retorts and replies to the numerous congratulations heaped upon him over his brilliant "coup de main" in winning the first victory for the Northern forces. I put him down then and there as one of the most vain and eccentric men I had ever seen. His personal ambition, and evident intention of making out of it all the personal and political capital he could, was so prominent that I think it of itself prevented his promotions to greater opportunities more than all else, and as far as I am capable of judging the man, I think this trait in his character defeated his highest ambition, viz.: to be President of the United States. That he had higher qualifications for the office than several who had filled it, I fully believe.

In a matter of some personal business interest I came in contact with the General in a way that did not increase my admiration of the man during the administration of the New Orleans Department, but nevertheless with all his faults there was in the brave, dignified, quiet way in which he met the Conqueror of all heroes that which you cannot help feeling an admiration for.

Chapter 7

CALL FOR VOLUNTEER NURSES.

Typical Copperhead Incident.

September 2nd, 1862, when General Pope was defeated at Bull Run, President Lincoln issued a call for volunteer nurses to care for the wounded. With others, I was down at a store, in Port Perry where the people assembled to receive the latest news. All day, like the first Bull Run Battle, the reports were that Pope's army was winning the battle, and the first intimation of his defeat was Lincoln's call for volunteer nurses. In telling us the news, the telegraph operator said that Pope's defeat was worse than the first defeat at Bull Run, and that things were in a bad condition at Washington. There were perhaps 300 or more persons waiting to hear the news, the majority of them being classed as Copperhead Democrats in sympathy with the Secessionist, and when the news of Pope's defeat became public, expressions such as "Black Abolitionists", "Wooley-heads" and "Lincoln's Hirelings" had got it in the neck, were the only response from the majority.

The P. R. R. Co.'s Agent reported he had instruction to issue passes to all who would respond to the call. I appealed to the crowd, saying: "I would be one to go and that we had only time to walk over to Brintons to catch the first train". My Pit Boss, David Mackey, said he would go, also my cousin, Moses Corey, and two of my miners, Hamilton Jacobs and Samuel Weaver, also agreed to go. It was nine o'clock when we started for the train over a mile from home, amidst the jeers of Copperhead

sympathizers calling us "Lincoln Hirelings" and "Black Abolitionists". At Baltimore early next morning, in passing through we did not receive any evidence of approval of what we thought was not only a humane act, but a mark of the highest type of patriotism.

I Enter Hospital Service.

On reaching Washington, I reported to the Secretary of War, and he sent us to the Catholic College at Georgetown, of which the Government had taken military possession to convert it into a hospital. 500 convalescent soldiers reported for duty, and in a very short time that finely furnished college was converted into a hospital and filled with mangled soldiers. Many of the soldiers had laid four days on the battle field, maggots dropping from their wounds when being washed and put in their beds.

Lincoln's Sorrow for Wounded.

President Lincoln, with that sympathy for which he was distinguished, with words of consolation and kindness and tear-stained face, as he bent over their cots, made a scene that would have caused the angels to weep, and has made such a lasting impression on my mind that I never read a tribute to this greatest of American Presidents that memory does not recall the scene.

After this hospital was filled with disabled soldiers the Secretary of War sent an Army Surgeon to take charge of it and I left for home.

PART FOURTH

Chapter 1

Resumption of Coal Business

Return to River Coal Business.

After recovering from my illness in 1861, the demand for coal being then so great, which afforded our company the opportunity of converting the large stock of flat boats and lumber into cash, to lift off the burden of debt resulting from secession of the southern states and the confiscation of our coal, I was compelled to decline the urgent solicitation of Col. Rucker and Lieutenant Smith to return and take my position in the Commissary Department.

J. B. Corey & Co. Dissolved.

In April, 1863, the firm of J. B. Corey & Co. was dissolved, after five years of the most hazardous experience. J. H. Peterson bought a farm near Finleyville on Monongahela River. I also tried to buy one but could not find a suitable one for sale. I bought the tract of coal on Penna. R. R., that my first employer had tried to mine 19 years before, and abandoned the river coal business after eighteen years' experience as a Flatboatman, as Cook, Hand, Pilot and Owner, in which I was fairly successful.

Chapter 2

ENTER RAILROAD COAL TRADE.

Organization of Corey & Co.

In 1865, the firm of Corey & Company was organized, composed of myself, Henry Lloyd, and George Black, for the purpose of engaging in the railroad coal mining business. We purchased the tract of coal that my first employer had tried to mine, 19 years before, at Braddock. We had from 100 to 150 miners at this mine and averaged from 5,000 to 8,000 bushels a day, and during the 18 years we had the Braddock mine, we mined about 250 acres.

Method of Paying Miners in 1865.

At this time our miners were paid by the bushel. When coal sold at 4 cents a bushel at the tipple, the miners received two cents per bushel for mining. There were no scales, but miners' wagons were built with a capacity of so many bushels, and there was a continual wrangle between dishonest employers and the miners over the size of the wagons and their being honestly filled. As the coal business increased, so did the wrangling, and to overcome it, the weighing of coal was introduced, and under the methods followed this gave the dishonest operator a still greater advantage over the miner or the honest operator.

Dishonest Weights Used.

I Establish Lawful Weight of 76 pounds Per Bushel.

I soon found there was no money in the coal business apparently, as at the price we sold the coal, we were at a loss, after paying the railroad freight, and when we put in scales an incident occurred which gave me an understanding of where the trouble was and how some operators were able to make money in the coal business. At this time we were paying six cents per bushel for digging, but we could not compete with other operators and I discovered false weights were being used. Today at all tipples 76 pounds is the lawful beam and they have check-weighmen.

When putting in a scale on the P. R. R., Mr. Taylor asked me why I was putting 76 pound beams in our scales. I replied: "Is that not the lawful beam?" "Yes", said he, "but our company have put in all the scales in this locality but we never put in a 76 pound beam for any other company; we have put in four 80 pound beams, the majority 88 pounds, and one 112 pounds". Looking down at the ground for a moment, this Scripture came into my mind. "Divers weights and divers measures are an abomination unto the Lord", and I decided then and there what I would do. Looking up at him I quoted the text and told him to put in a 76 pound beam. I went down to the office and had our bookkeeper write the following notice:—

> "On and after the first day of May, 1866, we will adopt a co-operative article of agreement making four cents a bushel the selling price at tipple, and two cents for mining price paid for miners' wages for one year, retaining ten per cent of miners' wages for one year and as a forfeit in case they came out on a strike without giving us 60 days' notice, Corey & Co. agreeing not to reduce the agreed basis without 60 days' notice, under penalty of ten per cent to be forfeited to the miners".

A Copy of the Agreement follows:

Co-operative Article of Agreement.

Entered into this last day of January, A. D., 1866, by and between Andrew Jackson Jones, coal miner, of the first part, and Corey & Co. of Allegheny Co., Pa., of the second part, to-wit: In order to insure a more uniform system of work, and to avoid the losses and inconveniences arising from the practice of strikes, and to enable the said Corey & Co. to secure more permanent contracts and thereby give more steady employment, and also to insure to each party hereto their share of the advance and decline in the price of coal in market. It is hereby mutually agreed that two (2) cents per bushel, screened coal (weighed after it has passed over the screen, and only the screened coal to be paid for), shall be the price for mining, and five (5) cents per bushel, by the car load, in Pittsburgh market, shall be the basis of prices to start with, which basis cannot be changed by either party, without sixty days' notice by the party desiring to change, and in determining the price of coal in Pittsburgh market, reference shall be had to said Corey & Co.'s books, at each monthly settlement, and the average price per bushel for which the said Corey & Co. sell coal in Pittsburgh market, shall determine the price of mining. It is also agreed that the rate of advance of decline in mining shall be as follows: That for every one (1) cent per bushel coal advances, the said Andrew Jackson Jones, coal miner, is to receive sixty (60) cents per hundred bushels and Corey & Co. forty (40) cents per hundred bushels, and each to share the decline and price in same ratio to basis started from, miner standing sixty (60) cents decline and Corey & Co. forty (40) cents; and I, Andrew Jackson Jones, coal miner, also agree, that in all cases, before striking for wages or other grievances,

I will give the said Corey & Co. sixty days' notice, and will continue to work until the expiration of said notice, at the price herein agreed upon; and I also agree that before demanding money due me by said Corey & Co., I will put my room in good order, take my pit tools off the premises, and give them peaceable possession of the house. I also agree to dig or mine coal for the said Corey & Co. for one year from this date, at the foregoing rate, subject to the provisions hereinbefore mentioned, sixty days' notice, etc., for two (2) cents per bushel, coal weighed as before named; and for the faithful performance of the above agreement, I, Andrew Jackson Jones, coal miner, agree to leave (10%) ten per cent of all my wages stand in the hands of Corey & Co. for one year as a forfeit, which, in case I violate this agreement, by stopping work or going on a strike, without giving the said Corey & Co. the aforesaid sixty days' notice, I forfeit and relinquish all claim in law thereto, and in that event this article is to be a receipt in full for said ten per cent (10%) standing in the hands of Corey & Co. The said Corey & Co. binding themselves in like manner and amount to give me, the said Andrew Jackson Jones, coal miner, sixty days' notice before reducing my wages from the basis of mining herein mentioned and for the faithful performance of the above article we bind ourselves, our heirs and assigns.

Corey & Company,
Andrew Jackson Jones.

This so-called "Iron Clad" Agreement was suggested by some of our more intelligent and reasonable miners, who realized we could not pay what was called the "District Price" if we paid for 76 pounds per bushel in cash against other companies taking 88 and 112 pounds in "pluck-me" store goods.

My First and Only Strike.

At first the miners refused to accept the co-operative agreement, giving as a reason their fear and dislike of being called "Blacklegs", and a hard fought strike of four months followed, led by Ben Braznel and his father. We won out, and Ben after working three months in an adjoining mine came with picks on his shoulder and said: "J. B., I want you to let me go to work again; I cannot dig coal when I know I am only paid for seventy-five per cent (75%) of what I dig". I said: "Ben you ought to have thought of that before going on a strike", but he insisted on me putting him to work after humiliating him. He carried his tools up along an incline 1,800 feet to the mouth of the pit where some of the men, seeing him coming, began to cry out: "Oh! Who would be a Corey 'Blackleg', etc."

In the 18 years we ran this mine, our miners bought and built homes of their own, some of which have made their children and grandchildren rich. I took Braznel and his son into partnership with me in working out the ribs and pillars. This gave him a start and he is worth today two dollars to my one. While most of the miners have passed away, their descendants show me respect and credit for the aid which I gave their fathers.

Troubles Between Operator and Miners.

My View After Thirty-six Years' Experience.

It is my conviction that 75 per cent of all the trouble occurring between coal operators and their employers are directly traceable to false weights and measures, and to that other even greater evil, which honest coal miners and honest operators have to contend against—the "pluck-me" stores. At the risk of being charged with being egotistic, I will say that

to J. B. Corey, the father of the so-called "Iron Clad Agreement", the miners are today indebted for the system requiring a lawful bushel of 76 pounds and payments in cash. Had I failed in my efforts in 1865, I believe they would today be digging two bushels for one, and in making this assertion I am certain that Mr. Taylor, of the firm of Forsyth & Taylor, the first firm to put in scales on coal tipples in this district, will bear me out. In this fight for the honest weights, and against the "pluck-me" stores, among our greatest opposers were miners' officials (representatives of the Miners' Union) who frequently called upon us and urgently requested us to change our scales and pay the "district wages".

After 36 years' experience operating coal mines, I also want to go on record as saying that, in my judgment and experience, next to the two evils I have just mentioned, with which the honest coal miner has to contend (and which drives the better class of miners out of the business), also endangering miners' lives and making serfs of them, are the political ward-heelers and drones in the hives known as "Miners' Officials". First, State paternalism, under which the State assumes to dictate the mine bosses and appoints ward-heelers for mine inspectors, increases the hazards of the miners. The other equally great evil is the labor leaders or miners' officials. I have noticed during the past 30 years since these parasites have fastened upon the trade, that between unscrupulous operators and these self-styled miners' secretaries and presidents, the industrious, sober, and honest coal miner is between the upper and nether millstones. I could instance many cases, but the intelligent coal miner understands this as fully as I do, and thousands of the better class have given up the trade on account of it. In concluding these remarks, I will add that while this is the hardest and, to some extent, the most dangerous

class of labor, yet there is a fascination about it which keeps men engaged at it all their lives. Another feature of it is that while the coal miners are frequently looked down upon, on account of the frequent labor troubles due to these agitators, I found among them, as a class, a higher type of honor, real integrity and nobility of character than I have found in my personal experience among any other class of men with whom I have come in contact.

In addition to this co-operative agreement at Braddock mines, I also made the first attempt that I have heard of, to introduce the check-weighman system, but could not induce our miners to agree to pay the check-weighman. We tried to persuade them that while it would not insure them any better weights, it would protect their wages by making the class of operators who had false beams give honest weights. At a meeting held by the miners to decide on a check-weighman system, one old miner said: "If Jim Corey wants a check-weighman, let him pay him; I won't pay five cents a month to a man to watch Lou Corey weigh my coal", and that settled it.

In 1883, the coal at our Braddock mine being worked out, the firm of Corey & Co. advertised its stock for sale.

Myself, Benjamin Braznel, Andrew Braznel and Alfred Corey formed a partnership as "Corey Coal Company", and purchasing the remnants of the coal, together with the stock worked out the mine.

Chapter 3

OPERATION OF DUQUESNE MINES. 1885—1900.

The New York & Cleveland Gas Coal Company had been operating what was known as the "Duquesne" Mine, familiarly called "The Muckle Rat". The Muckle Rat miners were difficult to handle, and prided themselves on their loyalty to the Miners' Union. They had broken up three firms by strikes, and practically drove off the N. Y. & C. G. C. Co., and the mine had not been operated for four years. Ten of them served 8 years in the Penitentiary for killing a pit boss.

These miners could see the last potatoe in the cellar disappear, the last loaf of bread eaten, and the children go hungry to bed. They could have their Committees beg, but never consent to be a "Blackleg" and this was the spirit we encountered later when we leased this mine.

In 1865, when we advertised our Braddock mine equipment for sale, the muckle rat miners learned of it and a delegation of them came to my house, saying the N. Y. & C. C. Co. had decided to abandon the muckle rat mine and open the back coal at Turtle Creek where their other mines were operated, which would render the miners' homes worthless.

The delegation said the Muckle Rat Miners had sent them over to see if I would lease Duquesne Mine and transfer our Corey & Co. equipment of mules, pit wagons and coal cars over there, stating that they would work for me on our Corey & Co. co-operative system. After hearing their report, I replied: "What! Muckle Rat Miners want to become Corey 'Blacklegs?' " (This was one of their favor-

ite epithets to Corey & Co. miners, they also having refused to allow some of the Muckle Rat miners to return to Duquesne after working for us). However, being familiar with the operation and failure of other companies, and having less than a mile to transfer stock for which I found no sale, with a curiosity to try my co-operative article of agreement on the "Muckle Ratters", after badgering the delegation I told them I would draw up a declaration of independence and that if the Duquesne Miners would sign, and also agree to allow as many of my old Corey & Co. miners as wanted to unite with them to go to work, I would see the President of the N. Y. & C. G. C. Co., and if he would lease the mine, I would lease it for one year; to see if we could work harmoniously and whether I could afford to lease it for a longer period. They reported to their miners and next day returned, saying all but four had consented. I drew up a Declaration of Independence and they returned it the next day, all but one having signed it.

Declaration of Independence.

Resolved, That, Whereas, in the past history of the coal mining business, as well as other industrial trades and pursuits it has been demonstrated that strikes and lockouts in settlement of wages and other disputes between the employer and the employees have not only proved failures, but inevitably result in a loss to both parties; we, therefore, hereby express our disapproval of settling disputes, between employer and employed in this manner, for the following reasons: First, it gives unscrupulous labor agitators an excuse for usurping the rights of free American citizens, taking from them the right of making their own contracts and fastening upon the industrial classes a lot of lazy galoots to support in idleness and vagrancy.

Resolved, That we, the coal miners employed at the Duquesne Mines, do hereby set forth and declare that, as free American citizens having the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, being law-abiding citizens of the United States and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, we owe no allegiance to any of the numerous labor unions, whose officials and members are violating both the laws of God and man, and are tramping under foot the rights of American citizens exercising unlawful jurisdiction over trade; denying to us the right to make and fulfill our own contracts or to work at such wages as are agreeable to ourselves, and such like travesties upon justice and decency; and, whereas, these self-constituted presidents and other officials of the so-called miners' union (an organization to which we do not belong and have no desire to become members of) have, by their public proclamations and speeches declared that it is their intention to stop all coal miners from engaging at their work, until such times and upon such terms and wages as the so-called miners' union and its presidents and other officials shall themselves decide; we, therefore, do hereby repudiate and deny the right of such presidents and other officials of said coal miners' union; to dictate to us the right as free American citizens, to make and fulfill our own contracts, to work at such wages as are acceptable to ourselves; and we do hereby further declare that we put our rights to make our own contracts above any question of wages or profits, and for no consideration will we consent to any irresponsible body or class of men usurping our rights as citizens of the Commonwealth or to dictate to us what rate of wages we shall work for, or to whom we shall sell our labor.

We further declare that as law-abiding citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and of the United States (both of which profess to guarantee

to us the right of private contracts), that we have agreed with the said J. B. Corey, to work at wages mutually satisfactory to ourselves, and we hereby call upon all persons who recognize our right to do so, not to interfere with us themselves, or lend encouragement to lawless or indisposed persons, who under the hypocritical pretense of lawful assemblage for the purpose of moral suasion are usurping and laying siege to peaceful citizens, marching after them to and from their work, and otherwise intimidating citizens of the Commonwealth from peaceable pursuing their lawful avocations, (a crime and disgrace). We also call upon our civil government for the protection to which every citizen is entitled under our Constitution in the pursuit of their lawful avocations without let or hindrance from any irresponsible self-constituted labor agitators, assuming to be presidents, etc., of the coal miners and other organizations, and we also as good citizens give notice we will resent personally any attempt to intimidate or interfere with us in pursuing our lawful avocations, and we respectfully ask our public press to use their influence in defending us in our rights to make our own contracts, and manage our own affairs, which are dearer to us than any question of wages. We also hereby give notice that after weighing all phases of this strike, we do hereby repudiate both the parties to it and the manner of conducting the same, as being seditious, against lawful authority, and which is nothing more or less than placing the coal miners as a body in the attitude of an insurrection of lawless men, setting at defiance our courts of justice and the lawful-constituted public officials of the State, usurping the rights of American citizens, all of which we do hereby refuse to become a party to.

Resolved, That we do hereby request said J. B. Corey to have copies of these resolutions printed and

published, and to give notice to all these labor agitators and parasites; and to all others whom it may concern, that these are the principles upon which we have requested the said J. B. Corey to start up Duquesne Mines, and also ask him to keep a set of these resolutions at the office of the mine, and require every man desiring to work with us to sign the same, so that no man can get up the pretense that he did not know the principles upon which he engaged to work or was coerced in going to work. Having put our rights as citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and of the United States, above any question of wages or profits, we do not desire to associate with any class of men who hold their citizenship in less esteem, nor do we wish to be classed with any body of men who treat their public officers and civil government with contempt, as it is now being done, by the presidents and other officials of these self-constituted organizations.

J. B. Corey, on his part, promises to try to secure steady employment at the best wages the market price of coal will afford, and to do all in his power to promote the best interest and welfare of his employees, to all of which we mutually pledge to each other, our sacred honors.

Organize Corey Coal Company.

I leased the Duquesne mine for one year. My other partners withdrew and June 1, 1885, the "Corey Coal Company" was organized, composed of J. B. Corey and his cousin, A. A. Corey, co-partners, William Ellis Corey, son of A. A. Corey assisting his father, as weigh boss and bookkeeper. A. A. Corey was Superintendent and General Manager at the mines. The success attending A. A. Corey in managing employees at a coal mine was due to his knowledge from years of experience in which he had worked personally in almost every branch of the

business, his father, Moses Corey, having operated a mine under Mt. Washington as early as 1847, and two mines at Saltsburg, in the second pool on the Monongahela River. A. A. Corey retained his connection with the Corey Coal Company for five years when he withdrew and became a member of the Mingo Coal Company. A. A. Corey's gray hairs indicate he has well nigh run his race, his fellow citizens have elevated him to be a tax collector for the Borough of North Braddock. What affect his affiliations with our Borough ringsters will have on Alfred's morals remains to be seen. He died on his farm, Thorndale, Pa., December 29th, 1910.

Shortly after we started up the Duquesne mines, the late Captain William R. Jones, General Superintendent of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, took a liking to William Ellis Corey and induced him to enter the employ of the Carnegie Steel Company. Ellis was yet in his teens; but the judgment of Captain W. R. Jones, in regard to the kind of young man to make successful mechanics of is seen, that for several years past, Ellis has had the Superintendency of the largest steel plant in the world, the Homestead Mills, and its greatest achievements have been under his management.

A. A. Corey was succeeded by William L. Dixon, who for the past ten years has brought the old dilapidated mine into a condition as seen by State Mine Inspector's report, equal to the best mines in Western Pennsylvania. The capacity of the mine has been more than doubled. I question whether as a practical up-to-date mine superintendent, Mr. Dixon has a superior, if an equal. His quiet effective management of his miners and other employees is such that there is never any confusion or jangling. Everything is governed by good judgment, a place for the man, and a man for the place. His knowledge of what is required is only equaled by his

capacity for performing the duties demanded of him, and his integrity is the most prominent characteristic of the man. A gentleman in the highest sense of the word, ten years' experience with a man of exacting disposition without a single instance of complaint of disagreement speaks for itself in stronger words than can be bestowed upon him.

We subsequently renewed the lease of the Duquesne mine from year to year. The mine was in a dilapidated condition when we took hold of it. The extensive improvements and the increased cost of mining the coal, when greater hauling became necessary, owing to the exhaustion of the "Near" coal, ate up about all the profits, and there were still further improvements badly needed. June 1, 1886, I decided to throw up the mine unless the N. Y. & C. G. C. Co. would advance $15,000.00 to make the needed improvements. They would not do this; but finally I leased it for another five years with the understanding that if they took the mine off my hands at the end of any one year before the close of five years, they would reimburse me for the money expended on the needed improvements, it being understood that if I kept the mine for five years that ended all my claims for any money advanced. I borrowed $40,000.00 to make the improvements and got the mine into good shape to make money, and was getting my money back when they sold the mine in 1899, to the Pittsburgh Coal Company. In December, 1899, the Pittsburgh Coal Company notified me to give up the mine January 1st, 1900; but after some controversy, they agreed to let me keep it until May 31st, 1900, the end of the year on which my yearly lease closed, and against my earnest protest, they took the mine off my hands one year before the close of my five years lease. I was notified to make out my bill and they would pay me. When I presented it to Mr. DeArmit, the President of the N. Y.

& C. G. C. Co., he saw it was much higher than the estimated cost, which is always the case. He became angry and refused to order it paid, it being necessary for us to enter suit.

Our relations with the miners at Duquesne were very harmonious; after five years, we did away with the Article of Agreement reserving 10%, but retained the Declaration of Independence. The late Dr. Charles Hussey asked me for a copy of our article of agreement and adopted the sliding scale at the Homestead Mills. It was also adopted at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, at Braddock, by the late Captain Jones.

Farewell Address to our Miners.

Duquesne Mine, May 31, 1900.

To the Miners and Other Employes of the Corey Coal Company, Duquesne Mine, Greeting!

Gentlemen:—It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that we notify you that our relations as employer and employes after fifteen years of pleasant business associations and intercourse will cease on May 31, 1900. As we review the experience of the past fifteen years in the coal business—the most trying, owing to the strong competition, over-production and depressed state of all business throughout the country, the selling price of coal being so low as to afford a small return for capital and labor employed—it affords us the greatest pleasure of any part of a business experience of fifty-three years to remember how pleasant and harmonious has been our relations and associations during the most trying period in the history of the coal business. How willing at all times our miners and employes have been to hold up our hands and to enable us to hold and compete for our trade. Along with these most pleasant reflections, a feeling of re-

gret comes over us at the thought of severing these pleasant business associations, as also the recollection that some of our number who took such an active part fifteen years ago in forming these associations no longer compose our number, but in a few instances were suddenly cut off, and in some others after having served their day and generation, have gone to their reward. A shade of sorrow steals over the memory as we remember the deep interest that poor Billy Homer took in having Duquesne (after four years of idleness) started up, as also the manner of his sudden and sad death. Sammy and Thomas maintain their father's good name. Mr. and Mrs. William Butler were also prominent in the interest they took in starting the mine. Of late we have missed their friendly greetings, especially Mrs. Butler's "God bless you" on pay day. But we still have with us Barney McGouldrick, Peter Boyle and Johnny Burns. Barney of late does not make us as many personal calls at our house as of yore, neither does Peter or John. Barney used to taffy us with "You are the best boss I ever shed my coat for since I came to America". We want to even up with Barney by saying: "We never met a truer son of Erin go braugh" since we entered the coal mining business. Then there is Patsey Curran the "far down" from Tipperary, one of the first to extend the friendly hand when we first invaded the "Rat". Pat has prospered so well since our union that he has become a cold blooded coal operator and now knows himself what it is to take what is left on pay day.

Among the many pleasing incidents of our experiences at Duquesne was the renewal of our acquaintance with Thomas Franey and Henry Cain, Sr. Our first acquaintance with Thomas Franey was in 1859, when as a coal boat pilot, in hiring a crew of twenty hands to man the boats, he was

among the number of fine specimens of manhood, for which old Ireland is noted. We had not met Thomas, after that trip until he greeted us at our first visit to Duquesne Mine in 1885. Our friendship and respect increased as we became more intimately acquainted. He left behind him sons and daughters in every respect worthy of a noble father. Henry Cain, Sr., who for years owing to a painful accident was necessitated to use crutches in going to and from the mines, as we witnessed the pluck and courage of this true specimen of Irish manhood, earning his daily bread under such trying circumstances, and our mind turned to another specimen, the public sinecures and mendicants who lie down on the public frequently for their support. The two types of characters never appeared in more striking colors, Henry, Thomas, and Brothers, are worthy of their noble sires. There are still others of Duquesne Mines equally worthy of the tribute due them, but memory and space prevent. I must not forget H. Barkley, who after age prevented him from using the pick in the mines, became the ever faithful watchman at the check house. When he became so feeble that he could not endure the cold throughout the night, his noble and affectionate daughter would take his place, and "through the still hours of the night her watchful vigils kept". Then there was still lingering on the shores of time, that noble type of true American manhood, John McCauley, who was loved and revered by all his neighbors, he still held a warm place in the affection of his fellow workmen. His sons, William and John and Samuel, occupy a place in this respect the father so long held. There are among those of the Duquesne miners, some who worked out the Corey & Co. mine at Braddock. This mine was opened in 1865. In recalling these reminiscences, not least among the many pleasant things that have made our

association together so agreeable is the great length of time some of these relations have existed. Some of them over half a century, beginning when we were school boys and have continued almost uninterruptedly ever since in one relation or another. We have worked side by side with some as hands on the olden time river coal tipples, also siding, loading and floating the flat boats loaded with coal to Cincinnati, Louisville and New Orleans. Among these who we remember as school boys as early as 1840 to 1845, are Samuel Soles, James Law and Louis Sarver, they who will remember the noted old schoolmaster James Riddle, who did not require a $5,000 ward-heeler of any boss politician to certify to his ability to teach school or to earn his $25 to $30 per month for eight hours per day. Professor Riddle's stiff right arm, (necessitating the use of his left in applying the birch, one application of which was all that was necessary to tame the most refractory scholar) is still remembered for the great distance it maintained between the pupil and teacher during the process of the castigation. I am not certain but that the orderly habits acquired by these pupils in after life were due to his well-directed applications of the birch by Professor Riddle, when we were boys. They have much to do with the pleasant memories of the past, if not of the pleasant associations of the present, existing between the old schoolmates. The relations of Samuel Soles, having in one way or the other continually existed since boyhood, and since 1858, as employee and employer. James Law and Louis Sarver as employees have not been less pleasant during the past eighteen years than of yore. Then there is Charles Harrison, whose father, John Harrison, was one of our boyhood acquaintances. John and his son Charles began to work for us in the Braddock Mine in 1865. The industrious Charley for the past thirty-five

years never allowed a turn to pass him and the amount in his pay envelope being second to none. If all our coal miners were as industrious, quiet, and good citizens as Charley, how much more pleasant and profitable would be the trade; yet, he has among his fellow miners at Duquesne many peers, among whom are Charles Arnesburg and brother, James Duffy, the dignified Irish gentleman, and sons; James Garrity, the merchant who demurred to his wife's partiality for girl babies; Martin Dineen, car repairer, whose delight it was to have his pit wagons in the best possible condition; Samuel Rickard, industrious, quiet, and unobstrusive, as also James Dale, sedate in behavior, industrious and frugal. Michael and Hughey Rodgers and Peter Wilson, three small men in stature, richly endowed with those sterling qualities which characterize the Irish race. Peter's eyesight having failed, can no longer enjoy the pleasant smiles that usually greeted him on pay day, but he is no less an object of the affection and kind regards of all his old friends. Thomas and William Darby and sons were not less devoted to the success of the mine. James H. Boyle and little Peter Boyle have contributed their full share to the successful operation of the mine. (Peter acquired the cognomen "little" from his being born more recently than his distinguished uncle, Little Peter being almost six feet high, his muscular proportions only being a little less than his other good traits). Mr. William Reily, owing to having already exhausted all the adjectives in my own vocabulary, I am unable to do William justice. Peter and John Edge's picks always retained a good edge when there was any coal to cut, and if through any neglect they did not receive what they were entitled to, they were not long in showing the "edge". Daniel Bradley and brother, Archy Hamilton, Samuel Guy, Edwin Jones, each and all have contributed to the

pleasure and profit of the business. Teddy Jones, the veterinary surgeon, not only has done his full share in removing the black diamonds, but had made himself even more useful to his neighbors and friends, in saving to them many a fine horse or cow. Charles Gallagher and his late brother Domenick helped to give prestige to the famous old village and Muckle Rat had few better men to boast of. Among the other employees who began with us in 1885, was Joseph Corbet, pit boss; Thomas Mason, blacksmith; William Alexander and son, Harvey, and brother John Alexander, who along with Mathew and Kirk Cassidy, hauled the coal from mines to tipple. A more capable and efficient class of employees are rarely ever found about a coal mine. Not only were they competent, but obliging. William Alexander for 10 years or more checked, as also John Taylor at Braddock Mine from two to four hundred wagons a day down the incline, almost without a single accident. Matthew Cassidy in his care of mule stock and managing his drivers is almost without a peer, as is also his brother Kirk in handling a team of mules delivering his trips to the parting on time. We have had several mine bosses during our control of the mine, Thomas Jones, Robert McElroy, John Owens, Mark James, all whom were faithful in the discharge of their duties, none more so than Elliott Ramsey, the engineer at the foot of the hill who drilled and set in the railroad cars, taking out same when loaded. Our tipple men and weigh bosses all gave uniform good satisfaction. Roland Green, road man, track layer and man of all work, giving universal satisfaction, a Chesterfield in appearance and address.

To those whom our memory does not recall, and who have not received their due in need of praise, we ask you to accept the will for the deed, and in this parting word may we not express the hope that

your new relations may be even more prosperous and happy, and through a kind providence your days may be lengthened out to enjoy the pleasures of your homes you have so industriously provided for yourselves and family and to which you are so justly entitled.

With our kindest regards, we remain,

Sincerely your friends,

J. B. Corey,
W. L. Dixon.

While I was running the Duquesne Mines a strike occurred at Turtle Creek, and one of the Pittsburgh papers after interviewing me, published the following article:

If Corey were Sheriff,

He says the authority of the Commonwealth would be tested instantly at Turtle Creek.

In an interview yesterday afternoon, J. B. Corey, the coal operator whose miners are working in both his mines at Duquesne, that gentleman gave his opinion of the strike and the way it is being handled by the authorities. Following is Mr. Corey's statement in part:

"Yes, I see the public press and people are in sympathy with the labor agitators who are conducting the coal miners' strike."

"Sympathy of the practical kind, like faith, is good when wisely bestowed, and no good when unwisely bestowed, and the effect is the same whether intelligently or ignorantly shown, to-wit:—If the public press and people for want of an intelligent knowledge of the class and conduct of the people,

WILLIAM DIXON.
1885.
(See page 128.)

they are manifesting sympathy for, encourage laziness and lawlessness, the effect will be that industrious law-abiding citizens engaged in their lawful business and legitimate trades are terrorized and prevented from working to provide for their families, the suffering and want following will be just as bad to those industrious miners and their families who are working as if they wanted to work and could not find work to do. Not only so, but vagabondism and indolence is made a virtue, while industry is stamped as criminal and put under the ban of the public press and people sympathizing with vagabondism. This, I say, is the result, whether intended or not, by the people and press lending aid and sympathy to men setting at defiance the laws of God and man; under the pretense of aiding poor men. Now, what are the facts in this strike of coal miners? First, that labor agitators say they are striking against starvation wages and against miners being reduced to slavery.

If these high-sounding expressions were true, it still would not justify their lawless attempts to prevent men from working who are not starving, much less an intelligent public press or people encouraging such lawlessness. But you say they are not lawless. All that is necessary to show the fallacy of such statements is the fact that President Dolan says he will disregard Sheriff Lowry's proclamation, etc. If J. B. Corey was Sheriff, the authority and powers of the Commonwealth would be put to a test instanter. I would give the people an opportunity to show whether they are prepared to have President Dolan and his co-Anarchist's system become the order of society in regulation of business pursuits in our state. Every other class of citizens have the same right to establish their demands according to the Dolan and Debs rule that the coal miners have.

Coal mining for the hours worked pays better than common labor on the railroads or on farms and that is the reason why there are ten miners for every one there is work for; but then this condition of things gives a vagabond class, as in this instance, a plausible excuse to play upon the ignorance of the miners and people to get a living without ever digging a single ton of coal.

My miners working for me yesterday put out between 400 and 500 tons of coal. At the price I am paying per ton, it shows an average of $1.62 for each miner, and yet if there was no excitement, the same men would have mined at least one-half more coal".

One old miner over 50 years old walked three miles to his work and earned over $2 per day during the past five days. So then if it is in the interest of good society to sympathize with vagabondism as against honest industry, I suppose we will have all we can possibly desire of that type of character in our midst. Now, what do you expect from this kind of sympathy? If you succeed in forcing 1,500 miners engaged in supporting their families, to throw down their tools, what have you accomplished except adding that many more to the number of starving people. If there was only one ton of coal for each miner at 50 cents a ton, how many tons will there be for each miner at 69 cents, or if 50 cents a ton gives ten more miners than there is work for, what will 69 cents give? Don't get the idea that I think 69 cents is too high a price for digging coal. I only want to call attention to some hard pan facts, but then I suppose it is a crime to afford men a chance to earn or to work for a living.

Hurrah for vagabondism! Whoop 'er up for all its worth. Hurrah for our ten-thousand-dollars-a-year Sheriff who pusilanimously stands by and sees the dignity of the commonwealth trodden under

foot, and his own proclamation treated with contempt. I will agree to select twenty-five men from among my coal miners, any one of whom would be glad to have the office at one thousand dollars per year, more than double what they earn at mining, and I will put up a bond for double the present sheriff's bond that no labor agitator or Anarchist will trample with impunity upon the dignity of the Commonwealth, as has been done for weeks past under our high salaried officials who are afraid to execute the duties of the office for fear of jeopardizing their big salaries. Reduce these imbeciles and we will have more money to pay our wage earners, and will secure both integrity and efficiency in public office, which boodlerism never did or will secure. In the 36 years that I operated the Braddock and Duquesne Coal Mines, on my co-operative agreement with our miners, I had to contend against a corrupt venal public press, pot-house political demagogues, and labor parasites, composing the coal miners' union officials; creating strife, publishing and circulating all manner of falsehoods; appealing to the malice, jealousy, and hatred of ignorant foreigner's and dishonest competitors, paying their employees in "pluck me" store goods and false weights. Yet against all these obstacles, I made a record in operating coal mines unprecedented in the U. S., that of operating two coal mines each 18 years, employing from 100 to 150 miners without a strike; in which on four different occasions we furnished four railroads; the P. R. R., B. & O. R. R., P. F. W. & C. R. R. and Panhandle R. R., with coal, enabling them to operate and run their trains when they could not have purchased a car of coal west of the Allegheny Mountains. In 1865, when we opened up our mine at Braddock, there were in operation 6 other mines on the P. R. R. running coal and five on the B. & O. R. R. While nine of these coal companies failed and

bankrupted, Corey & Co. paid 6 per cent to its stockholders; and Corey Coal Co. paid all its debts without violating laws of God or man, and at 82 years of age, no business regulation or system of my 50 years affords me greater pleasure to recall than the adoption of our co-operative wage agreement with our Coal Miners.

Chapter 4

I DISCONTINUE COAL BUSINESS.

The New York & Cleveland Gas Coal Company, selling out the Duquesne Mines to the Pittsburgh Coal Company, and Corey Gas Coal selling our mines on the Monongahela River to the River Coal Company, the next five years was spent in settling up my own personal affairs and disposing of several tracts of coal I had purchased. With the above, I close the narrative of my business career, with its allied incidents and reminiscences. In the succeeding chapters, I will relate the most important of my other personal experience, and correspondence, etc.

PART FIFTH
Chapter 1

Miscellaneous Personal Experiences

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunk also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness.

Thou art filled with shame for glory; drink thou also .... The cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto Thee. . .

For the violence of Lebanon shall cover thee, and the spoil of beasts, which made them afraid, because of men's blood, and for the violence of the land, of the city and of all that dwell therein."

Habakkuk 11-15, 16, 17.

My Decisions on Whiskey
Instances of Ruin Wrought by Liquor.

I Refuse to Sell Whiskey and Lose My First Job.

In narrating my boyhood recollections I have mentioned how I lost my first job because I refused to learn the saloon business and sell liquor. It was not until nineteen years later that I realized the full extent of the kindness of that good Providence which gave the fourteen year old boy the courage to say: "My mother would not allow me to sell whiskey", and how often do I praise my Heavenly Father for that courage.

I feel that I should here cite one instance of the ruin wrought by the bar behind which I had refused to serve.

The reader will recall how one of my early duties had been to take care of my employer's children, two of whom were named Robert and George.

One day, about nineteen years afterwards, the son-in-law of my old employer came over to my house and asked me to go to his home and read the Bible and pray with his dying brother-in-law, George, the beautiful little boy baby that I had nursed in 1846. That beautiful young man was dying from the effects of strong drink, the appetite for which he had contracted behind his father's bar, and which I had from a sainted mother's precepts and prayers declined to go behind.

In less than a year, another son-in-law married to his oldest daughter (the eight year old girl in 1846) came to my house saying he wanted me to read and pray with Robert (the boy I used to saddle the pony for). He would not allow the preachers to administer to him the consolations of the Gospel, but said that Mr. Corey might come. I went with him, and I cannot describe my feelings of sadness as I looked into the face of the young may dying from the same cause that had taken his brother. He had also acquired the habit behind the same bar.

My Second Decision on Whiskey.

This was as a pilot on a pair of flat boats loaded with coal for Louisville, Ky. The pilots were instructed to sell the boats at intermediate points if, as sometimes happened, a purchaser would come out in a skiff and offer the price we were instructed to get for the coal. If the boats were sold above Cincinnati, the hands and pilots received

Cincinnati wages and the same rule applied regarding towns above Louisville.

One day I was floating above Petersburg, twenty miles below Cincinnati, when a distiller and two other men came out in a skiff. One of them said: "Is that coal for sale?" I replied: "Yes". He inquired what we asked a bushel and I said: "Nine cents". He asked if we could land the boats at Petersburg and I told him we could, and wanted to know where the boats were to be landed". "At the Distillery Landing". I asked: "Is the coal to be used to make whiskey?" He replying that it was, I told him, "I will not sell you the coal to make whiskey".

Immediately I had three big Kentuckians and fifteen Pittsburgh Irish Coal Boat Hands on my back. The distillery parties were much surprised and indignant that I would outlaw and anathematize their business, and my crew equally surprised that I would compel them to take the time and chances navigating twenty-four hours longer and pay one dollar more fare on deck to get back to where we could sell the boats, and they were entitled to Louisville wages. However, I was master of the situation and no one else had authority to sell, or was capable of landing the boats. I myself would have saved four dollars fare in the cabin. For the next twenty-four hours, the crew, most of whom were Roman Catholics, did not manifest the most harmonious disposition. At Louisville the next day the owner of the coal who was also a Catholic, said to me: "I think you are carrying your temperance sentiments too far", I replied: "Tommy, there are over 300 coal boat pilots. If you want your coal sold to distilleries to make whiskey, you will have to hire some other pilot than J. B. Corey". I afterwards piloted several pairs of boats for him, piloting the last pair he ever sent out.

My Third Trial with Whiskey.

My third stand against liquor was in 1872, while I was President of the Waverly Coal & Coke Company, located at Smithton on the B. & O. R. R.

I went up to the mines one morning. The Superintendent handed me a letter enclosing $35.00 in cash, saying it was from Mr. M., a distiller about a mile below, ordering a car load of coal. Taking out my pencil, I wrote on the back of his letter that, with my convictions of our duty to the community, we could not sell him a car load of coal knowing it was going to be used in making whiskey, and handing it back to the Superintendent told him to return the letter and the money. The next morning I received a note from him, written in the most beautiful handwriting I ever saw, saying: "I am sorry to have put you to the trouble to write that conscientious little letter".

I supposed that would end the matter, but not so. The Treasurer of the Waverly Coal Company and a large Stockholder (a Presbyterian Elder), went to the Freight Agent of the B. &. O. R. R. and had him ask the Distiller for his letter ordering the car load of coal, containing my endorsement on it refusing to sell him coal to be used to make whiskey, and for him to bring it to the monthly meeting of our Board of Directors.

As we were seated around the table, in came the Freight Agent, and as he stepped up to where the Board were seated, he exclaimed: "Is Corey running the Waverly Coal & Coke Company on Free Methodist principles?" Taken by surprise, I did not know what was to follow, when he threw the Distiller's letter down and I saw my writing on the back of it, refusing to sell him the car load of coal. I quickly replied: "Yes, Mr. B., if you call refusing to sell coal to make whiskey 'Free Methodist prin-

ciples, I am running the Waverly Coal & Coke Company on those principles', and as all the stockholders were present, if those principles are not satisfactory they can elect another President, and I will step down and out". The largest Stockholder said: "I guess we can excuse Corey on other grounds". Two others said: "Mr. B., we will stand by Corey". Mr. C., the Treasurer, sung dumb.

A few days afterwards our Superintendent said to me: "M. says he is going to open up his 300 acres of coal adjoining the Waverly Coal Company's coal, and break up the damn company". I replied: "Mr. M. will know more about the coal business that he knows about the whiskey business by the time he carries out his threat". M. sank a shaft and opened up the coal under his own farm, involving himself in debt.

Result of his Whiskey Selling.

One Sunday afternoon, the Division Boss on the B. & O. R. R. and his track men took it into their heads to go to the Distillery and "Tank up". There is a saying that when whiskey is in, wit is out. The Distiller had three young daughters who were standing at their front gate, when the drunken party passing them, the Division Boss made an indecent proposal to them and they ran into the house crying, telling their father, Mr. M., how they had been insulted. The Distiller, forgetting that it was his "bug juice", sold to them by his clerk, that caused his daughters to be insulted, took down his rifle and blew out the brains of the drunken Division Boss. He was tried for murder, convicted in the second degree, and sent to the Penitentiary for ten years, his farm and coal mines being sold by the Sheriff for his debts.

One morning as I got off the train at Smithton, the Superintendent who handed me the first letter,

ordering the car load of coal, handed me another letter, this time saying: "This is from Miss M., the eldest daughter of Mr. M. who swore he would break up the damned Waverly Coal & Coke Company". I said: "Yes, (I see it is written in the same nice hand that the first was written)". The Superintendent said: "She says their home has been sold; she wants you to let her have one of the class rooms in the Free Methodist Church to teach a pay school, as she is the only support of her aged mother and sisters", (I had built a Free Methodist Church in the center of the town). I told the Superintendent to tell Miss M. that she could have both class rooms if she needed them, and if they were not large enough, she could use the entire church, on one condition—that she teach the children that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor is the greatest evil of the present day". The Superintendent reported that Miss M. accepted the church on these conditions, saying: "The manufacturing of intoxicating liquor had proven the greatest evil that ever befell their family.

Misfortune Follows Two Other Whiskey Sellers.

The first saloon the little town of Port Perry ever had was kept by a man who had been working for my father on the lock and dam. When he started in the business my mother remonstrated with him and he said he only wanted to earn money enough to pay for a farm he had bought. He had ten children, four boys and six girls.

Sequel:

His boys became drunken vagabonds, and his girls went to ruin, he, himself, being a drunkard. He succeeded in paying for his farm and for his saloon stand in Port Perry, dividing up his property with his children. However, today there are

but one of his children living (youngest), but both the farm and saloon passed out of the family's hands, and the few grandchildren living are among the poorest class in the community. He had a brother-in-law who, seeing him accumulating money, started a saloon with the same result, making drunkards of his six sons, only one of whom is living today and he a poor drunken wretch.

Another case in my mind was a young lady relative, who, on the death of her first husband, married a promising young farmer and every one thought she had done well, but, alas, as is often the case, all her friends were doomed to disappointment. In a short time her father came to me and said she and her husband were going to move to Smithton to engage in the saloon business, and asked me to write them to try and persuade them not to think of doing the disgraceful act. I wrote, but to no purpose, and they started the infamous business. Their alluring hopes were also doomed to disappointment. They did not long continue making drunkards of other people's boys before her own bright young son (by her first husband) began to contract the appetite, and she had a drunken sot of her own on her hands. Not only this, but the curse of God on the dirty business did not stop there, for her husband became infatuated with one of her hired girls and eloped with her, leaving his wife with the dirty saloon on her hands, which she soon sold out.

Out of hundreds of similar instances I have known, there has not been one where God's curse did not seem to rest upon the ones who sold the liquor, even though for a time riches and prosperity seemed to first follow them.

A Case Before Squire Campbell.

Shown in my letter to Governor Pennypacker, in May, 1905, of which the following is a part:

I cannot for the life of me, dear Governor, see on what principle President Roosevelt can expect our laboring men's wives to consent to have large families.

A Tilt with Bridget Flanegin.

I had a little experience a few evenings since with a large Irish woman, the mother of a large family. She is one of those fine large specimens of the typical Irish mothers such as only old Ireland can produce. Her husband is also a typical Irishman. He works seven days a week at the mills, while his wife works from 4 o'clock in the morning until 10 and 11 o'clock at night, washing and cooking for a houseful of boarders. I herewith furnish you a cut of this old Irish woman as she appeared at the Squire's office. She wanted to have Pat arrested for giving her a body bating and slandering her character for taking a little pleasure with some of her friends. The old man, himself, she said had been on a jag for a week with his friends, but would not allow his old woman to have a little pleasure with her friends. As I sat and listened to Squire Campbell trying to persuade the old woman to delay having Pat arrested until morning (as he said she would relent when she got sober, her face bleeding from the blows of her husband's fist), I tell you, dear Governor, my total abstinence and prohibition sentiments got a terrible jolt. Another customer requiring the Squire's attention, I thought I would venture to suggest that it was more the fault of the Irish whiskey than her husband that she was suffering from. I made the suggestion in the most delicate way I could think of, when with a look of contempt that only a woman feeling that her own dig-

BRIDGET FLANEGIN.
(See page 140.)

nity and rights were being trampled upon, straightening up, she exclaimed: "Phat are yez talking about? Phat's it your business? I pay for what I drink. I have twelve boarders; I get up at four o'clock in the morning and work until ten and eleven at night and wid yez take from me a drop of the crather the only comfort I have? If yez would mind your own business, sure yez would have enough to do". The next evening "Pat" was up to the "Squire's" and he wanted to bring suit against his wife. He was about as forlorn looking as his wife, and his excuse for his acts were that he was only taking a little pleasure with some friends.

I tell you, dear Governor, as I thought of these poor people having to work seven days a week for wages that yields some of them less than $300 per year, the purchasing power of which is destroyed by these grafters' big salaries, I felt the drink habit, perhaps, after all was not such an unmitigated evil as we Prohibitionists are wont to believe it is, but, dear Governor, be that as it may, every humane patriotic consideration possible to conceive of, would seem to unite in demanding that this abuse of our municipal, State and National Governments in which even our public charities are not safe from these greedy grafters should be uprooted, root and branch. The only way to do it is to begin with the origin of this corrupt state and condition of public affairs. It had its origin in the passage of the infamous salary grab act of 1873.

I will close my experiences with the liquor business by quoting copy of my petition to the Pennsylvania Legislature, as follows:

Braddock, Penna., Feb. 27, 1909.

TO THE HONORABLE,
The House of Representatives, and
The Senate of Pennsylvania:

Greeting:

The undersigned, a law-abiding citizen of the Keystone State, would hereby respectfully pray and petition your honorable body to pass an act prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor, or the shipping of it from other States into the Keystone State.

And I, also as a law-abiding citizen do hereby earnestly protest against the repeal of any law or statute on the statutes of our Commonwealth prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor in any County, City, Town or Township, known as the dry districts.

For which I herewith offer your Honorable body the following reasons:

1st. Is it right to build churches to save men, and at the same time license shops to destroy them?

2nd. Is it right to license men to do that which will make a man drunk, and then punish the man for being drunk?

3rd. Is it right to derive revenue from a traffic which no decent man defends?

4th. Is it right to license a man to make paupers, and then tax sober men to take care of them?

5th. Is it right to license a saloon to teach vice, and then tax people for schools to teach virtue?

6th. Is it right to teach a boy to restrain his passions and then vote to license a place where his worst passions will be inflamed?

7th. Is it right to take care of your own boy, and vote to license that, which ruins your neighbor's boy?

8th. Is it right to preach justice and charity, and then vote to license a thing which robs the widow and orphan of their bread?

Remember, Honorable Sirs, "We can do nothing against truth". I am, dear Sirs,

Very sincerely yours,

J. B. Corey.

Chapter 2

MY CONVERSION.

To conciliate my mother's convictions after I was converted in the absence of the preacher (under a disciplinary rule requiring the class leader to read one of Wesley's Sermons), I took to reading sermons of John Wesley, Adam Clarke and others, in which I have had some wonderful experiences.

On February 28th, 1858, at 9:30 P. M., when the Holy Spirit witnessed with the Blood that I was born of God, I sprang to my feet and ran back to where my partner and schoolmate was sitting, throwing my arms around his neck saying: "Oh, Jack! I feel so good, so good!" A proud, vain, conceited young man, I would not have acted as I did before I was converted if I had been offered the town of Port Perry; in fact, I found fault with a young woman for doing the same thing the night before, saying that she had made a fool of herself. In after years, when back-slidden in heart, I would sometimes be tempted to think there was nothing in the claim of a supernatural work of grace in a real conversion; but, when I would recall my experience on the night I was converted, all my doubts would vanish.

Rev. Hess was the pastor conducting meetings, having three other appointments on the circuit. In announcing his appointment for next Sabbath said: "I will appoint Brother Corey Class Leader and Superintendent of the Sunday School; and to keep him from back-sliding we will put him to work. He will read next Sabbath morning and evening Mr. Wesley's sermons on "The Marks of the New Birth" and "The Use of Money". I started in, and in a

short time had one of the best, if not the best, Sunday School in the Pittsburgh Conference, with over 150 on the roll and an average attendance of 100 every Sabbath. Some of them walked three miles. I, myself, in the cold winter mornings walked over a mile to kindle the fire, and went home for my breakfast and to bring the children of a neighbor, who would not let her children attend school unless I would stop and take them with me, and return them safe home. The Rev. Page Blackburn, when pastor at West Elizabeth, years afterwards baptized eleven children of that family whose father, at the time I took his children with me every Sabbath, was a skeptic on religion, but who on relating to me the fact in Pittsburgh told me with a feeling of pleasure that Brother B. said he never before baptized so many members of one family. My sister, who lives near where they live today says they are my warmest friends in the locality.

Chapter 3

Rev. James G. Sansom.

A Pioneer Preacher of the Pittsburgh Conference M. E. Church.

Uncle Jimmie Sansom, as he was familiarly called by all the early Methodists, the first presiding elder of the Pittsburgh District, was born in a revolutionary fort in 1794. His father fought in the Revolutionary War. His brother was killed in the War of 1812.

After a life spent in spreading the Gospel he died in his 68th year, April, 1861, at his son's home at Webster, Pa., and was buried in the graveyard of the stone church he had dedicated years before, where he sleeps by the side of his wife, whom he loved so dearly.

In Sansom's life were blended as many of the scenes of early American experience as falls to the lot of one man. He combined all those distinguished traits of character for which the American sires were noted. To the strong, healthy, physical power was added a fine personal appearance, which gave a peculiar dignity to him in his chosen profession of the ministry. In that early day the itinerant minister's calling necessitated deeds of heroism and personal sacrifice to which our present day preachers are strangers. Sansom's first circuit extended from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, requiring three months to visit all his appointments. He had to cross the Allegheny Mountains at that day by the Indian paths that were blazed in trees along the way. Frequently he was caught out in the woods where he would shelter under some friendly tree, not even daring to kindle a fire for fear of attracting the enemy.

Uncle Jimmie was pre-eminently a man of one Book. He had no taste for any other. His education was very limited, but was made up in the quality so much needed for a minister of the Gospel, the lack of which (in the writer's judgment) makes many of our more highly educated preachers mere boobies, alongside of Sansom, and accounts for empty pews in all our Protestant Churches today. Sansom meditated day and night upon the Bible. His voice seemed as if it had been especially intended to captivate the ear and heart. If he ever failed in producing the desired effect in preaching he would sing as he only could sing; some favorite hymn and set on fire the enthusiasm of the congregation. His last appointment by the Pittsburgh Conference was intended as an honorary one, being appointed as an assistant to Christ's Church, Pittsburgh, the only church in the Conference that could not find among the three or four hundred preachers in the conference a minister adapted to its peculiar needs, but insisted upon special transfers. Uncle Jimmie Sansom came to his appointment and stayed two or three weeks. I was standing with my wife in my door looking at the people getting off the car which had stopped at the station when my wife said: "There is Uncle Jimmie". I started to assist him in getting off the car, as he was getting feeble with age, and reaching out his hand he said: "Jimmie, I am coming out to stay with you and Lizzie, until I finish writing my book. If I stayed in the City another week I would have died physically, spiritually and eternally". This was the evening Fort Sumpter was fired upon. My wife and I were trying to make a flag when he arrived, but not knowing how to arrange the stars, Sansom, (who had been born under its folds) showed us how to put the stars and stripes in place. Having gotten his consent, I went down to the village (where the people had come from all over the coun-

try to hear the war news), and announced that he would preach in the Port Perry Church morning and evening. This insured a house full of people. The Covenanters came from their own services, which were held a mile away at Turtle Creek, closing at 3:00 P. M., and waited until the evening service began, they having fully three hours to wait and a mile to walk home after our services were over at 9:00 P. M. His honor, Judge Mellon's father had been expelled from the Covenanter Church forty years before for allowing Uncle Jimmie Sansom to preach in an unfinished dwelling he was building. This incident created a strong feeling of friendship between the Judge and Sansom, which made them friends while Sansom lived. I had hoisted my flag Sunday morning over the church. A pro-slavery Democratic seeing the flag waving from the Church dome, asked me if it was a recruiting office. Some of the conscientious members thought I was carrying things too far. I told Sansom when he came that I thought I had made a mistake. He said: "Never mind, I will let you out when through preaching". He said: "I was born in a Revolutionary Fort; my father fought in the Revolutionary War, my oldest brother was killed under General Jackson, in battle of New Orleans, in 1812. My father's body has moulded into dust, my brother's ashes have blown to the winds. That flag has floated on every sea, upon the American vessels, and is respected by all Nations. It has remained for our own American citizens to attempt to pull it down and call it a filthy rag. It is a fit emblem to wave over a Christian Church. I want to see that flag wave over the American nation until the Angel Gabriel, shall pronounce time no more, and when He calls the sleeping Nations from the dead I want my father and brother (who gave their lives for the liberties we have enjoyed), on waking from their graves to be-

hold that flag waving over the American people as a memento to God's long suffering to their children". It is unnecessary to say that when he had finished this peroration the writer, felt relieved. Sansom preached again at night from the text: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold, tried in the fire", etc., Rev. iii:18. This sermon even exceeded the morning discourse. He stayed with the writer and was working upon his biography until Thursday, when he went to Brownsville, Pa, to preach the funeral sermon of a lady whom he had taken into the church 44 years before. He preached the funeral sermon in the morning and preached again in the evening. While preaching in the evening he took sick in the middle of his sermon and had to stop. The next day he took the boat and went to his sons, who were living at the old homestead at Webster, on the Monongahela river a few miles below Brownsville. He died on Thursday, the day he intended to be back at the writer's home. His last words were: "Tell, the brothers of the Pittsburgh Conference I know in whom I have believed".

In 1843, the Rev. Zackariah Coston, a Methodist preacher, owned the Braddocks Field Farm. A camp-meeting was held just above where the writer lives, it being the first camp-meeting that I remember of. Sansom was the presiding elder. He tried to have other preachers on the camp ground to preach the morning sermon. They all declined, and Sansom was compelled to fill the pulpit and preached from the text on Ezekial's vision of the valley of dry bones. It was a remarkable sermon. Captain James Hendrickson, who owned a little packet boat after the Monongahela river was slacked, brought down the people from McKeesport to the camp-meetings. Captain Hendrickson, like all boatmen of that day, was noted for his profanity. I remember when the wind would blow his boat crosswise at the

locks in attempting to enter the lock, he would look up at the skies and curse God. The Captain was in the congregation, and heard this sermon, and it made such an impression upon him that as the people gathered around the spring after the meeting had closed, the Captain said: "I own that boat down at the wharf, and my home in McKeesport, which cost me $5,000. I would be willing to bet it against $500 that J. G. Sansom can beat any man in the world preaching, and I will allow them to take in the lawyers and the doctors. It was said of Captain Hendrickson that while he never made a confession of religion he was never afterwards heard to give way to the use of profanity, and when Sansom in his presiding eldership had occasion to visit McKeesport, the Captain always insisted upon him stopping at his home. My father-in-law was a Baptist. In that early day the Methodists and the Baptists used to have very strong controversies over baptism, and as a rule the Baptists were prejudiced against the Methodists, especially the Methodist preachers. As long as my father-in-law lived, I never heard him in a conversation about preachers in which he would not refer to that sermon, the like of which he never heard before or since.

In 1868, I was fixing up a Christmas tree for my children, my front door bell rang. I went to the door and opened it and a gentleman was standing there, who said: "I have come from Rock Island, Ill. Your brother-in-law requested me to stop and see you". I invited him in. Before coming in he said: "The last day I was in Pennsylvania, 25 years ago this summer, I attended a camp-meeting just above here, and heard a man named Rev. Sansom preach on 'Ezekial's vision of the dry bones' ". "I have never heard a sermon in my life equal that one". I said: "What Church do you belong to?" He said: "I am a Baptist". I said:

"You are the second Baptist I know who has never forgotten that sermon", naming my father-in-law as the other. A year or so after, I was talking to another man, who said: "I remember when I was a boy there was a camp-meeting up there in Lauck's Grove. One Sunday morning as I came to the top of the hill, I heard the sweetest voice I ever heard in my life; I followed the sound of that voice down to the camp meeting. The Rev. James G. Sansom, was preaching from 'Ezekial's vision of the dry bones'. I have never heard such a sermon nor such an effect produced on a congregation since". I replied: "John you are the third Baptist who has never forgotten that sermon". In 1893, one Sabbath morning, I was leading Class Meeting in Wesley Chapel, just below where the camp-meeting was held. One of the oldest of the citizens of Braddock, three-score years ago, a famous old shoe-maker, who made the first shoes some of the oldest citizens of Braddock had worn, and who to the present generation is only known by traditions as Grandpap Fink. The old man, small in stature, head erect, hair white as snow, clean-shaven face, with a black frock coat buttoned tightly across his breast, a bandana handkerchief tied loosely around his neck, cane in hand —a typical old Methodist of 50 years ago—walked up the aisle of Wesley Chapel, North Braddock, and took his seat in the "amen corner", a stranger to all in the house. Who was he, where did he come from? The writer felt that an old-time Methodist in search of old-time Methodism was in our midst. We did not have to sit long, as the sequel proved. The service that morning was an old fashioned Methodist experience meeting—just what the old gentleman was looking for. When he entered we were singing that old hymn of Charles Wesley, the Marseilles of Methodism:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

This awakened in the old man all the fires and emotions of bygone days. The first opportunity found him on his feet with a face radiant with joyful emotion, his voice quivering with age and pent-up delight. He sang out in the sweetest tone: "Oh, glory be to God; Oh, glory be to God". "My soul is thrilled this morning by the singing of that grand old hymn, as it has not been since the morning I attended a camp-meeting just above where this house stands, 50 years ago this summer. I heard Uncle Jimmie Sansom preach a sermon on 'Ezekial's vision of the dry bones'. I have never been in such a meeting since. I was so happy I could not tell whether I was in my body or out of my body. I feel just that way this morning, and I know none but the Saviour could or would make me so happy. I am over 80 years old; this old body is nearly worn out, but my soul blooms with immortal youth, and I shall soon be extenuated from the toils of earth and dwell in my immortal home.

The next Sabbath I was leading class as usual, when another stranger came into the Chapel, walking up the aisle, taking a front seat. We all suspected we had another visitor in search of old-time Methodism.

On the first opportunity he arose and started off his testimony with: "I heard you had an old-fashioned Methodist meeting here and I walked from Wilmerding this hot morning, and I am not disappointed. As I came over the hill, the birds were singing and all nature seemed to be praising God, and when I entered this Chapel and heard the first verse of that old hymn, my mind went back over my

life to the summer of 1843, at a camp-meeting held in the grove above this chapel, where I was born again of the Spirit. At that meeting I fell into a trance (trances were of common occurrence in those days at Methodist and Presbyterian revivals). My redeemed spirit seemed to leave the body and soared away above the sun, moon, and stars, and all the planets, until I reached a beautiful river, where I stood while an angelical-looking person approached with a boat and bid me step in, and conducted me across to the Eden of Love. My beautiful conductor showed me a great white throng, who had washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb. They had come up through great tribulations and were casting their crowns at His feet. After beholding the King in His beauty, my conductor bid me step in a little boat, conducted me back across the river and down to earth again, when I awoke to find it all a dream. I said who could give me such a delightful vision but my Good Heavenly Father. An evil spirit would not if it could. That vision has cheered my soul when in deep sorrow for 50 years, and this morning I am anxiously awaiting the return of that little boat, and my beautiful guard to conduct me home. This was that old veteran and stranger's testimony that morning, given in a way that brought forth the earnest shouts and hearty amens of the old pilgrims present. As he took his seat an old mother in Israel who herself had passed the three-score-and-ten mile post, struck up and sang:

The Way-Worn Traveler.

I saw a way-worn traveler
  In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
  It seemed that he was sad:
His back was ladened heavy,
  His strength was almost gone;

Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

Chorus.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

Chorus:—

The songsters in the arbor,
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
His watchword being "Onward",
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

Chorus:—

I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He's overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud "Hosanna!
Deliverance had come.

Chorus:—

While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,

A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance had come.

We Sang a Hymn Composed on Sansom's Conversion.

Rev. Dr. Hunter, one of the early editors of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, and President of Meadville College, is the author of this hymn; composed on Sansom's relation of his experience. Dr. Hunter said it required very little changing to put it into verse.

1. "There is a spot to me more dear,
Than native vale and mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion;
Darkly the pall of night was thrown,
Around me, faint with terror:
In that dark hour how did my groan,
Ascend for years of error!

3. Sinking and panting for breath,
I knew not what help was near me;
And cried, "Oh! save me Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me".

Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me,
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted Glory! Glory!

4. O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee;
And when from earth I rise to soar,
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven".

This description gives you but a faint idea of that scene. When the old pilgrim first put in his appearance, he was an entire stranger to everyone in the house. His aged appearance and dust-covered clothes, staff in hand (having walked rather than desecrate the Sabbath day by riding on the train), in his testimony he said that he had heard there were some old-time Methodists that worshipped down near where he had attended a camp-meeting 50 years before, and how the birds singing, as he came over the hills, had put his soul in a frame for such a meeting as this. This, with the singing by an old mother in Israel, a song that no one but herself knew, and in which they could only join in singing a chorus, you have a religious scene such as used to make glad the hearts of old Methodists in days gone by, and to which modern Methodists are entire strangers.

It was not necessary to say the old man felt at home and that a scene was witnessed seldom seen on this shore, and that those present felt a little nearer Heaven than ever before. The old pilgrim visited the Class quite frequently for awhile and then stopped. He did not put in an appearance for over

six months, when one morning, as when he made his first trip, he came marching up the aisle as the minister, who had never seen him, was in the middle of his sermon. He looked tired and in a few moments seemed overcome and fell asleep. He had walked from Brushton to Braddock to tell the class that he saw his little boat and his beautiful conductor pushing out from the other shore, to come and bring him to his long-looked-for haven of rest. He began his testimony as he did on his first trip with "Glory be to God". "That old hymn, 'A charge to keep I have', sounds as sweet to my ears this morning as the first time I entered this chapel. I have kept my charge, I have finished my course, I have come to tell you for the last time that I saw my little boat and beautiful conductor start to bring me to that beautiful place he showed me when I was converted in the grove above this chapel in 1843. I did not think I would have the opportunity of ever coming to see you again, but I am here, as happy as mortal can be. I want to meet all you dear friends that have given me such delight, in that beautiful place, to where I expect to go". When he sat down the verse, "We will wait till Jesus comes and we will be gathered home", was sung with a will. This caused the old man to spring to his feet, give one or two joyous expressions, and he fell prostrated upon the floor. He was quickly picked up by two brothers nearby. His appearance was that of a man who, if not passed away, was passing away. He stopped over for the evening service, but did not have anything to say. He had delivered his message. He went back in the morning to his daughters, the little boat and his conductor had arrived, and the old pilgrim, weary of life, stepped in, bid earth adieu, and went to be "forever with the Lord. Amen, so let it be".

Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him we roam,
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

Chapter 4

IMPRESSIONS OF CUBA.

From a Trip Made in 1904.

In December, 1904, my wife and I, with our son-in-law, Will Yost, went to Cuba to visit his 2,300 acre stock farm on which he keeps 2,800 head of cattle. When Will asked us to go and visit his new plantation, I confess it was with some misgiving as to the risk involved, that I consented to go. I had especially in my mind the stories read in our Protestant books about Catholics and the Spanish Inquisition, the furnaces in which Protestants had been burned up, etc., as also the horrible stories in the American newspapers.

I assure you I was not expecting to find a higher state of civilization than I had seen before. The people all seemed to be members of one race, judging from their kindness to each other—Negro Cubans, Spanish Cubans, Indian Cubans. I did not hear an unkind word from any one. I could not see a single instance in the eight days we were there of the bad treatment Protestants received from Roman Catholics, although on the lookout for it. I did not

see a man under the influence of liquor nor smell liquor on a single person's breath. I had at the station and on trains seen large crowds of people waiting to get their turn for tickets, but no disorder or evidence of incivility. I did not see a quarrel, even among the children playing on the streets. There, the little boys play by themselves and the girls by themselves. A young man and his girl do their courting in this way: They have no glass in their windows, the latter being closed up with half-inch round iron which are about three inches apart. This lets light and air into the house. The house fronts on the three foot pavement of a street about ten feet wide. Through the bars the young people do their courting, the young man on the pavement in front of the window, and the young lady inside. When they decide they love each other enough to get married, then the young man is admitted into the house and they finish up their courtship in presence of the mother, but never alone. The result of this is that they do not have any illegitimate children, nor any divorces. There are no locks on their bed room doors, and we were not there a day until my wife felt so safe and at rest that she would go out for a walk leaving her seal skin sack lie around in her room.

I said to Herman Yost, Will's nephew, (who had been there about a year) "Why, Herman, this is as near to heaven as any place I have ever been in". "I have not seen a man under the influence of liquor since I have been in Cuba. I spent two days in Havana sight seeing, and did not see a man under the influence of liquor or smell liquor since I have been in Cuba". Herman replied: "I have been here a year and I have not seen a drunken man, either". I asked: "Can they not get liquor?" and he replied: "I guess they could if they wanted to—I don't know of any law prohibiting it".

Chapter 5

Trip Down the River to New Orleans in 1906.

In the Spring of 1906, taking a desire to revisit the scenes of my early days on the river, and see what changes had taken place, my wife and I took passage on a small stern wheel boat. We found there were no longer the first class passenger boats that used to ply on the river. As the boat stopped along the way to take on freight, it afforded me an excellent chance to see the improvements that had taken place, in which forests had been converted into villages, towns and cities.

Our Granddaughter took the train and overtook us at Point Pleasant. Finding Ma, had all the pleasure she desired from a slow coach of a boat, she and our Granddaughter took a train home from Cincinnati and I continued down the river, stopping at the different places where the old-time coal boatmen disposed of their cargoes. On attempting to find some of my old acquaintances, I found they were all dead or had emigrated South, and I could not find a single one of my old friends of yore.

Remarkable Effect of Sermon I Read on Two Boats.

On Palm Sunday, April, 1906, the clerk of the boat came to me and said: "Are you a preacher?" I said: "No, I am not a preacher nor the son of a preacher. My wife makes me wear a white necktie to preserve my collars and people take me for a preacher". He replied: "We have ten holiness women on board going to Nashville, Tenn., to hold a holiness convention, and they thought you were a preacher and they would like to hold a service". I

said: "Well, I can get them up a service if that is all they want". "What kind of a service will you hold", the clerk asked. I said: "Did you not see that Salvation Army man and wife and lass? I am the man who introduced the Salvation Army into the United States and I will ask them to hold service for you". This they attempted to do, but being recent converts, they started the singing too high and broke down, making a failure of it, and the Captain seemed much displeased. Rising to my feet I said: "I have a copy of Dr. Clark's sermon on 'The Resurrection' and this being Palm Sunday, it will be very appropriate to read it". I then struck up "Jesus Lover of My Soul", the Holiness delegates and passengers immediately taking it up, and I never heard that old hymn sung with more melody and power. By the time the last line of the second verse was finished, there were very few dry eyes. It took me several minutes to get control of my emotions enough to read the sermon. After I had read it, "Rock of Ages" was sung with the same effect, after which we had an old-time Methodist Love Feast, and I don't remember ever enjoying a greater feast of good things.

The interest and results that followed the reading of this sermon to the large number of passengers on board the steamboat, and later on, the steamship en route to New York was quite remarkable, and a literal fulfillment of 1st Cor. 1:27-31.

Besides the delegation of holiness women, among the passengers were persons from New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Columbus, Cincinnati, Louisville, Paducah, Evansville, Nashville, Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Houston, Tex., San Francisco, and Milwaukee. It was not until I arrived home and received from different localities requests for a copy of the sermon that I learned of the remarkable effect it had on those who

heard it, as they were all entire strangers to me. On my return home, May 5th, I found a letter from one of the holiness women (the mother of the clerk and pilot of the steamboat) reading:—

> "I know you will be pleased to learn that the reading of that sermon has resulted in the conversion of both my sons. Will you kindly send me a copy of same?"

The next day I received a letter from a man in San Francisco to the effect that it had resulted in his conversion; and that he had organized two or three holiness bands, also asking me to send him a copy of the sermon.

The following morning, I received still another letter from a traveling salesman, dated Milwaukee, Wis., requesting a copy of the sermon, stating it had been the means of his conversion and that he had started to organize several holiness bands in different parts of the country.

Second Reading of Sermon on Boat Bound for New York.

At New Orleans I decided to return home by way of steamship to New York. The following Sabbath was Easter Sunday, and the same mysterious Providence led to my being asked to conduct services on board ship out on the ocean. I knew no one on the ship, but the Captain saw my white necktie and asked me if I was a preacher. I told him "No!" that I was not a preacher nor the son of a preacher, but an old Methodist Class Leader. He said to me: "Our boat is an Episcopal boat and we are in the habit of holding services on the Sabbath but our Chaplain stopped over in New Orleans." I told him that I could hold the same service for him that I had on the steamboat on the Ohio River the

Sabbath before, and he said he wished I would do so.

Reading this same sermon on board the steamship created no less interest, and eternity alone will reveal all the results. A retired Admiral of the United States Navy and his wife and mother-in-law, were among the passengers on the steamship. At the conclusion of the sermon, the Admiral took me by the hand saying: "Mr. Corey, I have been a sailor on the seas for 55 years, attending religious services every Sabbath, but this is the most interesting service I have ever attended". I received a letter from the Admiral some time afterwards, accompanied by a photograph of himself and wife, which reads as follows:—

> "My wife and mother-in-law talk about nothing but the sermon. Will you please send me a copy of it?"

A multi-millionaire Unitarian of Boston, Mass., also took me by the hand saying: "Mr. Corey, I would give one hundred dollars if my wife could have heard that sermon"—adding that she had gone home by rail to avoid sea-sickness. He came to the hotel where I stayed in New York City and insisted on my letting him get several typewritten copies of the sermon made to take home with him.

I have no doubt that when Adam Clark arises from the dead and takes his place among the glorified, that quite a large number will greet him as the instrument used of God, in their Salvation as the result of his sermon on "The Resurrection". If I had the ear of all our Methodist preachers, I would try to persuade them to try once a quarter for one year the reading of this sermon on the Sabbath morning of their sacramental service, and compare the results with any other year of their ministerial lives.

Chapter 6

MY TRIP TO HOLY LAND IN 1912.

February 6th, 1912. In company with my wife and daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Yost, I left my home in Braddock on the 10:09 P. M. train for East Liberty Station where we took the 10:40 train, Eastern Express, for Philadelphia. Our Granddaughters, Elizabeth L. Weimer, Margaret J. and Rachel Elizabeth Yost, and Grandson, John James Yost, accompanied us to East Liberty and saw us safely aboard the train. Margaret Jane Yost on her way back to school at Bryn Mawr College, accompanied us to Philadelphia, where we arrived on time, February 7th, at 7:00 A. M.

February 7th, 1912. We ate our breakfast at the depot and saw Margaret safely aboard the 8:15 A. M. train for college. Left Philadelphia at 9:00 A. M., arriving at New York, 11:00 A. M. We took our baggage in an automobile direct to the steamship Arabic, taking possession of our staterooms. We then started for the Holland House on Fifth Avenue, where we took rooms for the day. The day was spent in sight-seeing, visiting the M. E. C. Book Rooms, 150 Fifth Avenue, the Mission, and viewed the paintings on the walls and photographs of the eminent Bishops, Preachers, Laymen, and Laywomen who planted Methodism on the Western Continent. None of these impressed us more deeply than Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., the most distinguished editor and ablest writer of the Christian Advocate. At 5:30 P. M. we were on board the ship for a night's sleep before starting on the cruise for Palestine. Tired out, in our beds at 7:35, and sound asleep before 8:00 P. M.

February 8th, 1912. After a good night's rest, we awoke at 4:30 A. M. We lay awake twenty minutes, when Ma tried to get out of her bed. She made many attempts and failed, and I got up to assist her, but she could not get our of the narrow bunk. Minnie then got up and it took both of us all we could do to get her out of bed. She said: "Pa, I think I had better go back home; I can never get in and out of bed". Minnie and I consented. We only had half an hour to get ready for a cab, and she then started home. Promptly at 6:00 A. M. the ship weighed anchor. It is now 9:20 P. M. and we retire to bed, with nothing of note to write. Sea is quite rough and the ship rocks considerably, but no one seasick that I have heard of. The air is cold and chilly.

February 9th, 1912. Awoke at 4:30 A. M. and lay in bed until 6:00 A. M., when I got up and took a walk on deck. The waves were rolling high, with the ship rocking like a cradle, but no sign of seasickness. Waiting for Minnie to go to breakfast. At 10:15 A. M. I received a wireless message saying: "Mother arrived safely home", signed "Mellon". At 10:00 P. M., "I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. For Christ's sake, Amen!"

February 10th, 1912. 2:30 A. M. "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah; I am weak but thou are mighty. Hold me with thy powerful hand". 7:00 A. M., have had breakfast, and lost one of my eye glasses. At 12:00 noon, a delegation of Master Masons call for a meeting at 5:00 P. M. in the library. They may have gotten one of my booklets "Restore the Ancient Land Marks" which I have been distributing on the ship. They had card parties and dancing galore.

We have 65 preachers and not less than 500 laymen on board, but no religious services, as yet. One

woman boasts that she is a Bible Class teacher in a Sunday School in Pennsylvania, but she was a prominent leader in the card parties. I quoted a few texts of scripture to her, to which she replied: "Times have changed since they were written". 10:00 P. M., Now I lay me down to sleep.

February 11th, 1912. Sunday. 6:00 A. M. A good night's sleep. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; Bless His holy Name"— "Make this one of the days of the Son of Man, for Thine own name sake". Religious services are to be held at 10:00 A. M., also this evening, 6:00 P. M.

The sea has been calm all day. We had preaching at 10:00 A. M. At 6:00 P. M., a Lutheran minister preached a very eloquent sermon to a large congregation. 10:00 P. M., Now I lay me down to sleep.

Storm at Sea.

February 12th, 1912. 4:00 A. M. "I will praise Thee; where shall I Thy praise begin?"

We received a wireless message of the approach of a big storm. To appreciate what this meant to 2,000 people, one has to be on board a ship and witness the billows sending waves over the second deck of the ship. Many passengers are seasick, several being bodily hurt by being dashed against walls and falling down stairs from the rocking and learing of the ship. Five were so badly hurt that they were put off at Fulchan in a hospital, where reports say that they died.

After being awake all night, Minnie and I rendering help to those needing it, I lay down on a lounge in my stateroom, the latter being 61 feet above sea level, and fell asleep. The upper sash of my window was lowered to admit the air. I was dreaming I was singing Bishop Heber's old hymn as unctiously as ever I sang it in church. Water

splashing through my window struck me in the face, drenching me from head to feet, wetting the cot on which I lay, and filled water an inch deep on the carpet. I naturally sprang to my feet, when the learing of the ship threw me towards the upper berth and I threw up my hands in time to protect my face. My first conscious thought was that the ship was sinking and it was all up with me. Looking back over my shoulder and seeing no more water pouring threw the window, I knew it was only a splash of a big wave.

Two stewards, stationed in the hall to render assistance to any in need of help, asked me if I was hurt. I said: "No, but I'm good and wet". The man exclaimed: "O, the ship is lost; that wave was 75 feet high". On seeing that they were too much frightened to be able to assist any one, my flat boat experience of never getting scared until the danger was over (it being an adage among the flat boat pilots that if a pilot lost his head, he was sure to lose his boats), I set myself to compose the stewards. I said to them: "I was dreaming that I was singing Bishop Heber's Hymn and had just reached the last verse when the water struck me in the face. Now, I will sing the last verse to you, and struck up "Waft, waft, ye winds the story, and you, ye waters roll, Till, like a sea of Glory, it spreads from pole to pole: Till O'er our ransomed nature, the Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss return to reign". The woman (a Catholic) said: "Oh! Mr. Corey, that is the most beautiful song I ever heard".

They told the other sailors and passengers of my experience, etc., and it spread over the ship. From that on, (when I went ashore to visit the cities on leaving our ship) no one could possibly have received kinder treatment. When I went ashore in the little boat provided to transport us from the ship

to the wharf of the city, the sailors would say: "Here comes the 80 year old 'Fresh Water Tar'. He is always first on board, and first off the boats". An American millionaire passenger spoke up and said: "You praise him for his agility in getting off the boats and climbing the stairs. I will tell you what I admire him for—I admire his intellect. He is an intellectual Giant". Looking at him, and seeing I did not know the large fine looking gentleman, paying me such an undeserved tribute, I spoke up and said: "My friend, this is a case of 'distance lending enchantment'. If you were home among my neighbors where I have lived for the past 72 years, you would learn that they have never discovered that they had an intellectual giant in their midst". He replied: "He was there, all the same". I said to him: "If so, it is a case of a Prophet not being without honor, save in his own country and in his own house".

February 17th, 1912. Our first stop was at City of Funchal, the Capitol of Maderia, a city of 60,000 inhabitants. The city lies on an abrupt slope with mountain peaks towering 5,000 feet high, which are ascended by sleds drawn by oxen, and going down, you slide on sleds guided by two natives. The visit to this island, so seldom seen by American travelers, is of surpassing interest.

February 20th, 1912. Our next stop was at Cadiz, Spain. This is the famous seaport from which Columbus set out on his momentous voyage of discovery. It is a town of 70,000, looking snowy-white, and picturesque; and being almost wholly surrounded by the sea, it is often called the "Spanish Venice". Its high walls and fortifications, its white houses and splendid parks, and the wonderful sea view from the Toree de Vigia, or Public Watch Tower, all tend to give the observers a feeling of being in dreamland.

February 21th, 1912, we reached Seville. Seville is 95 miles from Cadiz by rail and has over 150,000 inhabitants. It is one of the gayest and most charming cities in the world. There are many places of rare interest in Seville, including the Cathedral (one of the handsomest, largest and richest Gothic churches in all Christendom) the Alcazar, the former palace of the Moorish kings with its famous Court of the Maidens and its Hall of the Ambassadors, also the Gibraltar, the oldest and most beautiful landmark in the city, originally a Prayer Tower.

February 22nd, our next stop, we reached Gibraltar. The British Fortress is considered the strongest in the world. It has galleries from two to three miles in length tunneled through the solid rock, with batteries built at all advantageous points up to 1,350 feet above the sea.

February 26th, 1912, was our next stop at Malta, capitol of Algeria, and a favorite winter health resort. Here are seen beautiful specimens of Moorish and Byzantine architecture. There is a mixed population of Arabs, Moors, Turks, Bedouins, Negroes and Maltese.

February 29th, 1912, was our next stop at Malta, where we inspected the Governor's Palace and the Cathedral.

February 28th, 1912, brought us to Athens, the capital and largest city of Greece. We visited the ruins of the temple which is said to be over 2,500 years old. Cathedrals of the finest architecture in the world, and which are over 2,000 years old, are to be seen in this ancient city of Greece.

March 1st, 1912, we reached Constantinople, where we stopped four days. This city is the capital of Ottoman Empire, situated on the Bosphorous, the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora. It contains the Palace of the Sultan, and is noted for its

mosques. Tcheragan Serai, the chief of the imperial palaces, is a building of immense size, of marble, with a luxury and magnificence in its interior decoration and arrangement that are unexcelled in Europe.

It was the week of Mohammed's birthday and all work was suspended for a week, it being their Christmas Holiday. We visited the Mohammedan Temple, said to be 300 years in building and to have cost over $100,000,000. It is a beautiful building, with a dome 105 feet diameter, 184 feet high, and having forty arched windows in the base. I noticed that in the temple, they have a large flowing fountain emptying water into a long basin (similar to an old-time Methodist mourner's bench) in front of which the worshippers kneel and wash out their mouths, as the Mohammedan Church requires that their members wash out their mouth four times during prayers.

On our ship there were 65 preachers and a large number of Elders and Class Leaders. To relieve the monotony, we had religious services every afternoon. Dr. ....., a prominent Presbyterian, had been chosen to have charge of the services on leaving Constantinople, and he announced that instead of a preaching service, we would have a testimony meeting of those who visited the temple so that they could give us the impressions made upon them by the services in the temple, and he stated that five minutes would be allowed each speaker, adding that only those who had attended the Mohammedan services would be allowed to speak, and that the invitation included any Laymen who might wish to give their views of the service.

Taking his place at the table, with watch and wooden mallet, he gave each speaker five minutes to tell his story. A Methodist preacher gave quite an interesting talk, but no one seemed to care to follow

him. After waiting quite awhile, Dr. ..... said: "Is there no Layman who visited the temple that will give the impression the services made upon him?" This gave me the opportunity I had been desiring every day of administering a reproof to the large number of ministers who paraded the deck daily, smoking cigars and cigarettes, and joking and talking more like sportsmen than Ministers of the Gospel.

So, arising, I said: "The flowing fountain where the worshipers wash out their mouths four times during prayers, I think would be a good thing for our Protestant Churches to adopt. Where the Preachers, Elders, and Class Leaders could wash out the dirty filthy tobacco juice in their mouths, before offering prayer to God". The manner of expressing approval of speakers' words was by clapping of hands, but my words were scarcely uttered before there were cries of "Amen!" and the audience sprang to their feet, the ladies making the welkin ring with their approval. It seemed as if everyone wanted to express their approval of the testimony against the filthy habit. It did not appear that they wanted any more testimony and the meeting closed.

One old Western farmer, over 81 years of age, a Bachelor and Agnostic, who became very rich by the discovery of oil on his large tract of land and spends his money traveling, attended the service to relieve the monotony, and was hardly ever without a cigar in his mouth. When asked by a minister: "If he did not want to unite with the Church" he had replied: "I take no stock in the church; the majority of the preachers are hypocrites and ought to be in the Penitentiary". Although an entire stranger he came to me and said: "Mr. Corey, if all the preachers were as honest and outspoken against wrong as you are, I would not be an agnostic. I use and have

used tobacco all my life, but I always felt it was a useless, filthy habit, and I intend to give it up". On leaving the ship, he told me that he had cut it down to one cigar a day.

Trip from Alexandria, Egypt to Cairo.

On a visit from Alexandria, Egypt, to city of Cairo (one of the most beautiful cities I was ever in) we passed through the finest landscapes I think mortal eye ever rested upon. A tourist from the Southern States spoke to me saying: "Is not that the most beautiful scenery you ever witnessed?" I said: "Yes, that excels our fine plantations on the Mississippi River, which I used to think had no equal in the U. S." He replied: "I am a citizen of Nashville, Tenn. I was a soldier in the Confederate Army, and have visited every State in the South. I never saw any landscape that will compare with this". I said: "I am not surprised that the Jews revolted against Moses leading them from such a fine country as this on the promise of leading them to the promised land, and cross over the divided waters into the Holy Land, for I have not seen anything in Palestine to compare with it".

We visited the ruins of the temples and mosques, all of which confirm the Bible Story of the experience of the Israelites and their leader, but the Bible account of the Egyptians and their conflict with the Hebrews is the most reliable to be found anywhere. It tells us that Moses lived 120 years, his faculties of body and mind not being impaired to the last. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. (Deut. 34:7).

From Constantinople we went to the Holy Land.

March 3rd, 1912. Farewell to City of Constantinople and Mohamet's Temple. The passage through the Bosphorous to the Black Sea, and back

past Constantinople has given us quite a variety of scenery. After singing Charles Wesleys favorite hymn "Wrestling Jacob", to young people I retire to my room.

March 4th, 1912. We start this A. M. for Ephesus. The Moon going down behind the hills as we steam into the harbor of Smyrna, presents as grand a sight as we looked upon. 12:00 M., in the City of Ephesus, have seen St. Paul's Jail, the Temple of Diana lying in ruins.

March 5th, 1912. Spent writing letters home.

March 6th, 1912. We start for a six days' drive overland. On Mt. Carmel we stood where Elijah challenged the Bail worshippers to call louder on their god, as he may have gone on a journey, or is asleep.

March 7th, 1912. At Mount Tabor, Nazareth at Valley of Jazareal, Jordan Valley, Sea of Gallilee, Capernaum, Mount Gillead, and Mud Houses, withall a beautiful valley.

March 8th, 1912. Have driven around City of Damascus, saw where St. Paul, was let down in a basket. The house of Judas Iscariot; Annanias, Vast Cemetery, and Mohammed Morgue in which John the Baptist is said to be burried.

March 9th, 1912. Good-bye to City of Damascus. Snow in sight, 4:30 P. M. we cross the sea of Gallilee in yawls. 6:15 P. M. at the Hotel Tiberias.

Sabbath, March 10th, 1912. Attend church, visit Capernaum. 12:00 M. Adieu to Tiberias. We start for Nazareth, pass by where Christ preached his sermons on the Mount. Saw Mary Magdalene's house, also where Christ converted water into wine. Arrived at Nazareth at 6:00 P. M.

Monday, March 11th, 1912. Visit Mary's kitchen, Joseph's Shop. Stone on which Christ ate supper with his disciples. Visited churches of Annunciation, Mount of Transfiguration where they

attempted to throw Christ over the rocky precipice. Arrive at Caifa at 6:00 P. M., after a cold drive. After bidding adieu to the world-wide famous City of Nazareth, we are aboard the ship.

March 12th, 1912. Anchored in Harbor of Joppa. A walk through its filthy streets and swarms of beggars tell the story. 12:30 P. M. off for, and at 5:30 P. M. arrive at the City of Jerusalem. One time the most highly revered city in the world. A drive in a carriage to the American Colony. Here we, for the next two weeks had the best of accommodation and kind treatment, while we spent the time in visiting the scenes of the incarnation life and death and resurrection of Him who came to redeem us from sin and upon whose love the hopes of humanity depend.

March 13th, 1912. Start on our Tour of Palestine and Egypt. We visit Solomon's Temple, Calvary's Mountain, Tomb of Christ, The Church of Prayer where His prayer in 37 different languages adorn the walls, Mount Olivet, Garden of Gethsemana, Pisgah's Mountain where Moses stood Adam's grave, the Spring where David composed the 23rd Psalm, Birth place of Jeremiah, David's Mosque, Solomon's Stables. The Church of the Sepulcher, Flock of lambs with bushy tails; summed up our first day's visit.

March 14th, 1912. 12:00 M. have returned from the most satisfactory tour of my entire trip. A second visit to Mount Olivet; I was in the tomb where Christ was laid after his crucifixion in which man had never been laid; also onto Mount Calvary, on which he was crucified, and saw the stone from under the City for the Temple, also Damascus' Gate, Herod's Gate, and pool of Hezekiah.

March 15th, 1912. We rested up, reading letters from home and answering same.

March 16th, 1912. Visited the City of Bethlehem, saw the manger in which Christ was born; the room in which Joseph was warned to take the young child and His Mother to Egypt; also room in which the Bible was translated into the vulgar language. The well from which David relieved his thirst.

Sabbath, March 17th, 1912. Attended services at the home, 10:00 A. M. 2:30 P. M., Attended Mission Sabbath school in which three races of children are being taught the Christian religion.

Monday, March 18th, 1912. Took a stroll over the City this A. M. and a ride around it on a donkey this P. M. I am to hold an old-time Methodist Love feast this evening, I hope it may prove a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord I find John Wesley Methodism, is more popular in Jerusalem than in Pittsburgh or Braddock.

March 19th, 1912. We bid adieu to Jerusalem, for an excursion into Egypt, passing through the birth place of Samson, stopped at Ebenezer, "The stone of help". Here I will raise my Ebenezer, hitherto by thy help I have come; and I hope by thy good pleasure, I will arrive safe at home. 5,500 miles from home, among strangers, I never sang Ebenezer so sweetly before. Passing through the beautiful plain of Sharon and Ramley, the city of Joseph who buried our Saviour in his own new Tomb, in which man had never been buried. 3:00 P. M. on board ship, on our way to Alexandria, Egypt.

March 20th, 1912. After visiting Alexandria, we take cars for Cairo passing through the most beautiful landscape for 150 miles that mortal eye ever rested on. 9:00 P. M. we are on our way to Luxor, 450 miles from Cairo.

March 21st, 1912. Spent day in visiting the ruins of Temples in Luxor, Egypt. They are simply indescribable. The lives of Kings and Emperors

and Priests, with inscriptions of their lives and reign engraved on statutes extending back 4,000 to 5,000 years ago and only discovered 27 years ago, and they're still excavating in search of others. One statute discovered 3 weeks ago. There are 500 young girls with baskets on their heads carrying away the dirt, which is being removed in search of these ancient relics of past ages. The young girl with a bushel basket of dirt on her head singing as merrily as a May Bird, and you have a scene difficult to describe.

March 22nd, 1912. I spent the forenoon among the tombs of the ancient kings which were quarried out in solid limestone rock, 500 to 1,000 feet below the surface, some of their statutes 200 feet high, one which an earth quake caused to fall weighs 1,000 tons. The inscriptions were made from three to four thousand years before.

I Read a Sermon at Jerusalem.

Saturday, March 23rd, 1912. The day before we left Jerusalem, two preachers called on me, saying: "Mr. Corey, we have been appointed by the preachers on the ship to notify you that you have been chosen to conduct our farewell service and read one of your printed sermons". I replied: "What! Do you mean to tell me that 65 preachers have selected an old John Wesley Layman to read a farewell sermon on leaving the City of Jerusalem? You can say that while I appreciate the high honor paid me, I have given away all of my printed sermons". They replied: "Well, you can get up one that will do", and I told them the time was too short. "Make it short", they said, and I told them, "You can tell them I will do my best, but I have a bad cold; if I break down, I will depend on one of you preachers to read it for me", and they said: "We will not let you stick".

I asked a typewriter at the hotel where I was stopping to write a sermon off for me, but he replied that he did not do any typewriting on Saturday afternoon. Knowing that they do as much writing for 25 cents in Jerusalem as costs $1.00 in the U. S., I said to him: "I am in a hole, unless you help me out; if you will write a farewell sermon off for me, I will pay you one dollar". He consented, and it was about 3:00 P. M. when we got started. I wrote with my pencil from memory and he copied it off, it being 10:00 P. M. when we finished it.

The next day at 4:00 P. M. (Sunday) the services were held in the dining room of the American Colony. After conducting the opening services, I started to cough so badly it was impossible for me to read the sermon. I asked two or three of the preachers to read it for me, but they shook their heads "No". A young lady volunteered to read it for me. I do not think there was one of the 65 preachers, if they had all been present, who could have read the sermon with the effect this young lady did, and I think she will have some stars in her crown from that large congregation of 1,000 to 1,500. After the reading of the sermon, I said we would have a testimony meeting, which would give us all a chance to compare their own experience with what they have heard. While I had not been able to get one of them to read the sermon, before the young lady volunteered, there were from ten to fifteen on the floor to tell how well they were pleased with the sermon. I mention this fact so that no one need to fear to take their stand on the old-time Methodist doctrines and experiences.

After leaving Jerusalem, we visited many other places of interest on our tour, some of the most important places being Alexandria, Naples, Rome, Monte Carlo, England and Ireland, to some of which reference is subsequently made.

The following letter was received from one of my fellow passengers on the Arabic, Dr. Brown, being Rector of Calvary Church at Tarboro, N. C.

Tarboro, N. C., August 17, 1912.

Mr. J. B. Corey,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Brother:—

I have been thinking of you often since my return, and wondering how you stood the trip home. I hope you are well in body and soul, and enjoying the Peace of God. I spent two weeks in England and had may interesting experiences, which I wish I would see you to tell about.

Here is a picture of you on the sight of St. John's church at Ephesus. You recall the circumstances, I suppose.

I am hard at work, and God has blessed me in it in many ways, praise be to Him!

My recollections of you and your true christian faith, and your lifelong testimony to Jesus' love do me good, and help me much, and I am glad to be able to tell you so. Please remember me in your prayers.

Yours in Christ,

Bertram E. Brown.

My regards to your daughter.

ROME.

In the City of Rome, I had the most interesting experience of my trip, meeting two persons who impressed me more than any other people met on my tour. They both seemed (so to speak) to fall in love with me on sight, or imagine I knew a great deal more than I did.

Cardinal Rampollo.

I went to the noted Cathedral in Rome, it being, they claim, the oldest Christian Church in the world, and heard a man give a very fine sermon. As explained below, I have only lately learned that he was Cardinal Rampollo.

After Mass, I wanted to visit the Treasure room, where they keep the robes, vestments, and jewels of former popes. I found that tickets were sold to only a limited number of visitors to the room, at $1.00 each, and when I reached the ticket office, I was told all the tickets had been sold.

I turned away disappointed, and while standing there, the man whom I had heard preach (Cardinal Rampollo) said to me: "Are you a tourist to the Holy Land?" I said I was. "Would you not like to visit the Treasure Room and see the objects in it", he asked. I told him I only had two hours to return to my ship and the tickets were all sold. Taking me by the arm, he said: "Come with me". We entered the room where I had the pleasure of seeing all the robes and jewels from St. Peter down to the present pope, and I never expect to witness such a display of robes and jewels until we enter the Golden City above. Cardinal Rampollo's descriptions and explanations were so edifying, that all the other visitors would leave their own guides and crowd around us.

After spending an hour in the Treasure Room, and on reaching the exit, the Cardinal stopped and said to me: "I want to ask you two or three questions: First, on your tour, what of all you witnessed made the deepest impression on your mind?" Taken by surprise, I said: "Father, on my trip to the Holy Land and in the City of Jerusalem, I was made both glad and sad". He quickly replied: "What of all you saw pleased you most?" I said: "I was de-

lighted in witnessing the footprints of the Saviour and the evidence of his compassion for the poor". "While I was delighted on visiting the famous Cathedrals and Temples, with their walls decorated with most beautiful works of art and Mosaic paintings, yet, it was sad to behold the extreme cases of poverty and misery which the Blessed Christ had come to rescue our poor fallen humanity from".

He said: "It is a sin". I said: "Yes, but His name was called Jesus because He came to save us from our sins". He said: "Yes, but He was rejected and spit upon".

"What were the scenes of poverty which left such a dark impression on your mind?" he asked.

I replied: "I saw 12 or more strong, able-bodied men huddled together in a mud hut, not over 12 feet square, one story high, without windows, and only a door not over three feet wide to enter it, and a small mud hut about six feet square and a small fireplace in which to cook their victuals. I also saw a poor mother in her bare feet and with clothes scarcely covering her nakedness, with a baby about six months old on her breast, and leading another child about two years old on one hand, and a two bushel basket on her head, filled with marketing, for which she received about ten cents, our money, for carrying two or three miles to the residence of the upper crust. This sight, Father, took away the pleasure I had received in visiting the fine Cathedrals of the Moslems with their Mosaic paintings, etc. I could not help thinking that in a measure they might be the cause of it".

The Cardinal quickly and earnestly replied: "They are the cause of it". Taking me by the hand, he pronounced his benediction in Latin which I could not understand. I said: "Father, if we never meet on earth, I hope we will meet in Heaven; you are the kindest stranger I have ever met".

In a large crowd standing at the door a man spoke up and said: "Do you know who that was, who has shown you so much kindness?" I said: "He is the kindest stranger I ever met". He replied: "He came within four votes of being our Pope". "If we had had the deciding of it, he would have been our Pope, although we have a very good one".

I never knew the identity of this kind stranger until December 17, 1913, when I recognized Cardinal Rampollo from a photograph appearing in the Pittsburgh papers giving an account of his death. It is simply impossible for me to express the thoughts and emotions that flitted through my mind. When I first saw his picture in the paper (before reading headlines) I thought he was on a visit to the United States, and I was going to have the opportunity to reciprocate the greatest act of kindness and friendship shown me by an entire stranger while in Rome, and it was with a feeling of sadness I discovered his photograph was the heading of his obituary notice.

Another Acquaintance in Rome.

My other acquaintance was with a man on sight, quite as surprising to me as that of the Cardinal. I went to a news-stand to buy a New York Herald or London Times, but finding all sold out expressed my disappointment. A large, well-dressed gentleman spoke up and said: "Are you an Englishman". I said: "On one side of the house my great-great-great-grandfather was an Englishman; on the other side he was an Irishman, so you see I have a mixture of two bloods coursing in my veins, but they seem to harmonize on political subjects better than the Irish and English do. I am an American, a citizen of the United States". He said: "How do the patriotic, respectable class of the 80,000,000 American people

look upon the personal quarrel between President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt?'' I replied: ''That depends upon what you mean by the words 'Respectable and Patriotic' ''. He said: ''I mean intelligent men and women who regard their honor and good name, and the reputation of their Nation too sacred in the eyes of the civilized world to be disgraced as their disgraceful quarrel is doing''. I said: ''The addition of the word 'intelligent' greatly reduces the number of the jury to pass on your question. If you mean by 'intelligent' the number capable of comprehending the effect upon their good name, etc., your jury will not exceed ten millions. If you mean by 'patriotic', love of country more than spoils, you will reduce it to less than five million. If you add the words 'Upright and honest' and make your inquiry read: 'How do the intelligent, patriotic, upright, respectable American citizens of the United States regard the disgrace being put upon them by salary grabbers, grafters, treasury loots, etc.' the number will be so small that the answer would be that they do not stop to ask what they think, and care less''.

The reporter said: ''I am a gatherer of news. My business is to learn from the public press of the world the opinions of the various Nations of the people in regard to political conditions, social relations and religious sentiment, and formulate them into news so as to represent the characteristics of the people, the public acts of Kings, Presidents, and Rulers are the best index of personal character. My business makes it a necessity for me to familiarize myself with all the leading newspapers in the world. So great is the habit of exaggeration on the part of the public press of the United States, that to quote from them is equivalent to stamping an article as false. Take their figures on statistics on the questions of imports and exports to bolster up that un-

chivalrous sentiment of making other nations and people pay the expense of your own government". I replied: "That is a very strong indictment of the American people in general, and the Public Press. That the mass of the American people, in addition to ignorance have their share of selfishness cannot be denied, but in these respects we have inherited a moral principle of a very ancient origin and quite universal, but the American people or our Public Press is no more avaricious or dishonest than that of other nations". The reporter with "I bid you good-bye, and hope you will get home safely", said: "One thing you Americans had better not let your newspapers pick a quarrel with Japan or China, or you will find you have stirred up a hornet's nest".

I did not ask him what his Nationality was. He looked more like an Englishman, but from the tone and accent of his voice you would have taken him for an American, and his expression of countenance resembled a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

John Wesley's Residence and Church.

Saturday, April 13th, 1912, at London, England, I visited John Wesley's residence which he planned and superintended its building by carrying bricks, etc. Was in the little room in which he spent hours in secret prayer in giving the world the sermons and doctrines which created the greatest revival of religion since the days of the Apostles.

Sunday, April 14th, 1912, I attended morning services in the little church in which he preached three sermons a day, six days a week, first service at 5:00 A. M.

A greater burlesque on John Wesley's Methodism than that service is not possible to conceive.

In order not to be late for services, I went to the church at 9:00 A. M. In the course of a half-

hour the Sunday School began to assemble, and about ten o'clock the organ (which Mr. Wesley said he had no objection to being in a church, provided it was where it could neither be seen or heard, Dr. Adam Carke says he would save the price of the organ) started off with a voluntary. What he played I did not know, nor do I think many of the 150 present understood or felt any interest in it. At the conclusion of the organ performance, although I had been advised that a surprise awaited me, I confess I was not prepared to witness such a travesty on what Mr. Wesley had taught the early Methodist was necessary to get through the straight gate; and as I witnessed the choir of some ten or fifteen young ladies march over the pulpit and take their stand behind the preacher, a feeling of sadness took the place of gladness, which I had had at the prospect of taking part in an old-time Methodist service in the church which Mr. Wesley himself had planned and in which he had preached for a third of a century.

At the close of the service the pastor came down and took me by the hand, saying: "Brother Corey, how did you enjoy the service?" I replied: "Dr. I am disappointed; I stopped over expecting I would enjoy an old-time Methodist service". He said: "Was this not an old-time Methodist service?" I told him: "If it was, all John Wesley's sermons and writings are fables". He let go my hand, saying: "Good-day".

An elderly, finely dressed lady, decorated in latest style, said: "Brother, how did you enjoy the service?" I replied: "I told your pastor I had come expecting the pleasure of enjoying an old-time Methodist meeting". She asked: "Is not this an old-time Methodist meeting?" I said: "Fifty years ago you would not have been allowed to attend a class meeting in this church". "Why not?" said she. I replied: "Have your pastor next Sabbath

read John Wesley's sermon on dress; your discipline, unless you have repealed them, require him to read it once a quarter. You are tenfold worse back-slidden than the M. E. Church in the U. S." She said: "Good-day" and I was allowed to leave without any further interrogations.

"Arabic", Passengers Tender Congratulations on my Eightieth Birthday.

April 27th, 1912, we landed at 12:00 M. in New York Harbor after three months' absence visiting the beautiful cities on my way in and around Palestine. The sweetest sight and most beautiful landscape on the tour was the green hills of my native land; but the sweetest sight of them all, was when I saw my wife and granddaughters on the wharf boat waving us a welcome home—Home, Home, Sweet Home, there is no place so sweet as Home.

While we were returning home, on learning that April 23rd was my eightieth birthday, Mr. William White and Rev. Henry E. Brundage, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., among our tourists, decided to make it one of the most interesting birthdays of my four score years. They took a book among the tourists for their autograph congratulations. I never dreamed before that I had so many friends. A copy of these congratulations is given below.

To
Mr. James B. Corey
on his 80th birthday,
April 23, 1912.

While at sea on board White Star Steamship
"Adriatic".

12 o'clock noon. Latitude 41.06 North. Longitude 41.05 West.

A BOQUET OF GOOD WISHES.

From some of his fellow travelers returning from the cruise of the "Arabic".

"A safe return to your family, and many happy returns of the day are the wishes of your friend,
M. J. Condit".

"With best wishes for your continued good health and congratulations.
Mr. & Mrs. John F. Mail,
Denver, Col."

"My hearty congratulations. May you live long, be prosperous and happy.
Hattie May Condit."

"I congratulate you on this your 80th anniversary of your birth; and above all that you are still permitted to do service for Him whom you love —your Redeemer and King.
Erwin Jennett".

"Each birthday seems an added jewel in your crown of noble manhood.
William H. White,
Fargo, N. D."

"Each year of a hearty old age is often God's certificate of approval that the life has been obedient to his laws. Many certificates are evidently yet coming to you. May you enjoy them all.
Henry E. Brundage,
Pastor, Presbyterian Church.
Washington, D. C."

"Wishing you a birthday happy, calm and bright;
Not a shadow near you, Joy from morn' till night.

L. A. Washburn,
Georgetown, O."

"If through unruffled seas
Toward heaven, we calmly sail;
With grateful hearts, O Lord to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

Sincerely your friend,

Nellie W. Williams."

"May your days be still prolonged, and the latter days be the brightest and the best.

Your friend,

Leighton William".

"Thanks, thanks to thee my worthy friend
For the lesson thou has taught;
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Julia Willits William."

"Now we see through a glass darkly,
but then, face to face;

Is the sentiment, with best wishes for a happy return of the day, of

Matthew Woods."

"May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who in 1854, saved you through His precious Blood, be with you through all the days of your life; and may each anniversary of your birth be brighter and more glorious even unto the end.

Yours for the Master,

Erwin Dennett".

"Congratulations and best wishes to my friend with silvery hair and the young heart. May God give you many years to add to your beautiful life.

Sincerely yours,

Jessie Conaut,
Oak Park, Ill."

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God". I know that when your work is done *you* will enter that "rest". Until then, may you rest in Him.

Sincerely,

M. H. Stine."

"With best wishes for many happy returns of the day.

Sincerely,

Mrs. M. H. Stine."

"Happy is he who can look back over the achievements of a lifetime and know that he has not lived in vain—that he has made the world somewhat better by his presence. Happy is he who can remember the beauty of the sunrise of life with all its promise, and yet look upon the

glories of the evening with the like feeling of admiration which was his in the morning of life, and with a deeper reverance for God and a larger love for his fellow. I account you such a one. A man of four score years who remains young at heart, inspires us all with new energy a larger hope and a stronger faith. May the Father bless and keep you.

Fred W. Hendrichs,
Lazelle P. Hendrichs,
Susa Louise Hendrichs,
Brooklyn, N. Y."

"We never know too much of pleasure,
Though many a happy day has life.
May fate, then, give you fullest measure,
Of every joy and naught of strife.

Wishing you many happy birthdays.

Mildred E. Bowman,
Troy, N. Y."

"May your life be full of sunshine and happiness to the very end. The wish of your friend on the 'Arabic'.

Harriet J. Condit,
Roseland, N. J."

"As the days go on and the years draw nigh
May your life be happy, without tear or sigh.

Hattie May Condit.

"For you, may each succeeding year bring memories of this life, so dear.

Mrs. C. M. Bowman,
Troy, N. Y."

"Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age.

Mary J. Condit,
Roseland, N. J."

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore, will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

Charles Beach Condit."

"I hope the rest of your life may be as bright as your birthday.

Sincerely,
Katharine School,
Lebanon, Pa."

"Glad to know that our friend of eighty years (young) on this Arabic Oriental Cruise can realize the promise true.

To him who has kept in remembrance his Creator the evil days come not, and the years draw nigh in which he says he has no pleasure.

When to him time ceases an eternity of immortality throughout the ages of ages unfolds in all its glory through Jesus Christ, the Redeemer.

Henry M. Winslow,
Jenn W. Winslow,
Brooklyn, N. Y."

"May our friend to whom the shadow of long years extend, have many happy returns of this day, and may the remainder of his life be as cloudless and full of sunshine as our tour taken together with Mr. Clark to the Orient in 1912.

Fanny J. Ridley,
Atlanta, Ga."

"Permit me to tender congratulations on this your natal day. May you have many returns.

J. B. Coakley,
Buffalo, N. Y."

"So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
And just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs.

Grace Miller,
Akron, O."

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not be faint. May health, strength, peace, and happiness attend you until the evening shadows gather and then may it be light with never a night.

Rev. J. H. Hackenberg,
Reading, Pa."

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

Walter J. Baird,
Lebanon, Tenn."

"The love of God which passeth all understanding be with you always, is our mutual wish on this your natal day.

Chas. Francis,
Lillian M. Fitch."

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.

Geo. K. Allen."

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Matt. 6-33.

Henry Harris."

"Your life has been an inspiration to me on the 1912 Arabic Cruise. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace'. Psalms 37-37.

W. D. Gordon,
Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A."

"May fate give you her fullest joy this day, is my birthday wish.

Mrs. K. C. Burr,
Amsterdam, N. Y."

"For other foundations can no man lay, than that it laid which is Jesus Christ.

O. K. Speer, M. D.,
Tamaqua, Pa."

"I have been young and now am old, but I have not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread. Psalm 37-25.

Mrs. J. K. Webster,
The St. Regis,
Cleveland, O."

"Here's to twenty years more of good health and happiness.

N. L. Bailey."

"That you may have many more prosperous and healthful birthdays is the wish of

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Reed,
Hastings, Minn."

"How"—

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. F. Mail,
Denver, Col."

"Wishing you many happy returns of the day, we are,

Yours sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith."

" 'The God will judge the right', Rameses II.

Charles Wright,
Detroit, Mich."

"A good thought often elevates the mind, and may lead to a good action, or a generous resolution.

E. F. Clarke,
Springfield, Mass."

"Best wishes and happiness.

B. C. Maud Speer, M. D.,
Tamaqua, Pa."

"May you live many years to enjoy the remembrance of Cruise 1912.

C. M. Bowman, Troy, N. Y."

"Wishing you many happy returns of the day.

Helen Peters."

"Only a ship's passing acquaintance, but a friend's a friend for a' that. In the eventide there shall be light.

Ida M. Clarke,
Edmonton, Canada."

"Kind wishes and congratulations from

Mrs. J. Clifford Nickels."

"Congratulations on your birthday and the possession of a devoted daughter.

Ella Sprague Bill,
Springfield, Mass."

"Heartiest congratulations from

Mona Windish Sullivan,
Cincinnati, O.
Adele Schwartz,
Hamilton, O."

"Best wishes and congratulations.

Carolyne Lee, Kansas City, Mo."

"May the remainder of your days be filled with sunshine and contentment is the wish of your Arabic friends, cruise of 1912.

W. E. Daniels, M. D.,
Mabel A. Daniels,
Madison, S. D."

"Best wishes for many more happy birthdays.

Hora A. Lee,
Kansas City, Mo."

"May many, many happy years be added to your sum, and late at last—in tenderest love—the beckoning angel come.

Mr. and Mrs. Heber C. Peters."

"With all good wishes for many happy birthdays.

Friedericka C. Rymarzick."

"Wishing you many returns of the day. With very kindest regards and best wishes.

Gilbert T. Rafferty."

"Hoping that you will have many more happy birthdays.

William J. Smith,
34 Grammercy Park,
New York City."

"Lord, keep my memory green—*Dickens.*

S. H. Rhodes."

"Best wishes to one of the best travelers on the 1912 cruise.

T. F. O'Rourke,
Derby Line, Vermont."

"Hearty congratulations from a fellow traveler on the 'Adriatic'.

D. Dillis."

Chapter 7

Experiences with Oath-Bound Secret Societies And Correspondence Regarding Them.

I never belonged but to one oath-bound secret society, and was the cause of its disruption, after eighteen months' experience as the Secretary of the order. It was called "The Temple of Honor", (a more appropriate title would have been "The Temple of Dishonor"). Like all secret orders, it sailed under false colors in appealing to the public for patronage and support, and like Free Masonry, they adopted high sounding titles and phrases to cover up the real deception and fraud underneath them. The Temple of Honor publicly proclaimed that the chief object in the organization of the order was to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

In the Fall of 1852, the only storekeeper in the town of Port Perry, from whom the lodge had rented two rooms in the second story of his store, knowing my temperance sentiments prevailed upon me to apply for membership, which I did; and on the night appointed, I was initiated by what, to me although little past 21 years old, was the most disgusting experience of my life. Had I known what a travesty upon common sense and decency awaited me, no incentive within the power of the little town would have induced me to have consented to the indignity upon my manhood.

I was a young coal boat Pilot, having piloted a pair of boats before I was 18 years old, and published from Pittsburgh to New Orleans as "The Boy Pilot" which brought me to the head of the profession and insured me a trip when there was a rise in

the river. It gave me a standing in the community and naturally made me feel proud, and if I made no mistake my success in life was assured; but when the bandage was removed from my eyes and I saw the class of men I was to associate with, great as was the feeling of indignation at the initiation through which I had passed, my surprise and contempt for the sham which had been perpetrated on me was, if possible, increased, and had I had the courage, I would have then withdrew. The Chief Templar was a renegade Catholic, who as a pilot had been very successful, and yet rarely made a trip that he did not get into trouble from imbibing too much liquor or some other dissolute act. Then there were Coal Operators, along with a number of other Pilots and hands whom I knew had no affinity for me and I had none for them, but they pretended to be delighted that I had joined the lodge.

This one instance of the lack of manly courage, and to stand by the principles that my mother had instilled into my youthful mind, has all my life been a cause of regret. Had I given heed to the prayer of Job 32, 21-22, "Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person; neither let me give flattering titles unto man. For I know not to give flattering titles, in so doing, my Maker would soon take me away". It would have saved me from unpleasant recollections. But while I was trying to formulate a reply to their congratulations, one of the Pilots nominated me for Secretary of the lodge, seconded by one of the Operators. I was fairly carried to the desk and the record book placed in my hands. There were few, if any, of the members capable of acting as their secretary, and I think this perhaps was the cause of their rejoicing over the new addition to their membership.

Neglect of giving heed to another admonition of the Good Book, Romans, 3-8, where Paul resented

the slander of doing evil that good may come whose damnation is just, and the hope of reforming the lodge and have it abolish its silly initiary manner of receiving its members, for the moment caused me to forget taking the obligation, (If such a promise taken in that way, is an obligation) to answer the sign of distress of a brother Templar and prefer him in business to another. I accepted the office of secretary and for eighteen months, once a month, when at home, I performed the duties of the office to the satisfaction of the members.

My disgust with the conduct of the lodge as a reformatory organization increased the more familiar I became with it, especially as I saw that moral principles and integrity of character seemed to be secondary considerations in their associations with each other. Their chief motive was to aid each other in taking advantage of an outsider, regardless of common honesty, and I saw that the principles installed into my mind, that a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches, was looked upon by the majority as not in harmony with the object in organizing the lodge. Another fact which, as the Secretary, I soon learned, increased my disgust with the whole affair. It was that the grand lodge claimed a percentage of all the money received in initiating new members, and they were insisting upon the amount due them, $375.00. I was impatiently waiting for an excuse to resign and withdraw from the lodge, and I did not have to wait long until the golden opportunity arrived.

One of the duties of the coal boat Pilot was the hiring of his own crew of hands. This gave him an influence with the hands on the boats not unlike that of a Captain on a steamboat or ship, which insured obedience to his orders. The wages of the Pilots and hands were so much per trip. Hands received from $18 to $20 to Louisville and $40 to $60 to New

Orleans, while Pilots received $100 to Louisville and $400 to New Orleans. This also gave the pilots an influence with the common laboring men in the town. It was a duty the pilot owed the owner of the boats, as well as his own interests, to hire the best and most capable hands he could get, a good crew of hands being as essential as a good Pilot. I was hiring a crew right in front of the building where our lodge held its meetings, and needed one man to make out our full crew. I was in the act of hiring John M....., whom I knew to be a reliable and experienced boatman, when one of my brothers in the lodge, James Madison L..... threw me the lodge sign, knowing what it meant. I stepped up to him and said: "Mad, (his nickname) you need not throw that sign to me—I will not respect it". I hired John M..... and started out with the boats, making the trip safely.

When I came home I was served with notice that "Mad" brought charges against me for violation of my obligation as a member of the lodge. Tuesday night was the regular meeting night of the lodge, and the rumor that J. B. Corey was to be tried for violating his oath in not respecting Mad L's sign, thrown, when hiring his crew, insured a full attendance of everybody in the lodge, and twice as many others who waited outside the lodge room to hear the result. When the Chief Templar said, "Read the roll" I promptly called off the names to which the word "present" resounded through the hall. When order was restored the Chief Templar then read the charges against me, and asked me if I had any reply to make as to why a Committee should not be appointed to hear the charges. I said: "No, I am guilty of doing what he charges me with, and my only defense is that the obligation is one no honest man ought to take. George Ledlie hired me to pilot the boats and it was my duty, as an honest man, to

employ the best and most experienced crew I could get; besides it was to my own interests, as well, to have the best hands I could get. You, Mr. Chief Templar, know that between Mad L..... and John M..... there is no comparison, and you, yourself, would not hire Mad in preference to John, and no owner or pilot in this lodge would have done different from what I did. I was persuaded to join the lodge on pretense of Temperance, and prohibition of whiskey being manufactured and sold was its main object, but you know that it is neither the object or the desire of the majority of this lodge to prevent either its manufacture or sale, and as the Bible says two cannot walk together, I am here to pay my dues and withdraw". The Chief Templar replied to me: "You are under charges and you cannot withdraw without the consent of the majority of the members; I will put it to a vote and if they consent, you can withdraw". A vote was taken, and the majority insisted that I could not withdraw without receiving the censure of the chair, as I plead "guilty". I did not object to this, went forward, and the Chief Templar pronounced his censure. I then paid balance due and withdrew from the lodge. The others remained at the lodge to decide what they would do in regard to the money due the Grand Lodge. The owners and pilots saw that if the principles on which I was compelled to leave were to prevail, it was not a very desirable association and they persuaded the other members, many of whom, were behind in their dues, voted not to send the money to the Grand Lodge, but take it and go on a grand drunk. This was agreed to on a Tuesday and on Saturday they started in to have a good time. "Whiskey in, Wit is out". There was only one tavern in the town and they started in to clean it out, but the landlord was a Penna. Dutchman, and not being easy to clean out, took an iron poker and broke the Chief Templar's

arm, (the one who had sentenced me four nights before) and the others were only too glad to escape without broken heads. This resulted in the disruption of the Temple of Honor Lodge and the organization of the Good Templars throughout the United States.

The cream in the cocoanut in these secret societies, is the receipts that the Grand Lodge receives for issuing charters. The great hue and cry over corrupt abuse of corporations should result in the exposure of one of, if not the most, corrupt combinations in the U. S., that of the Grand Lodge which arbitrarily takes advantage of the ignorance and duplicity of the masses and enrich themselves by prostituting our civil government to avarice and greed.

Burned my Hands a Second Time on Same Hot Iron.

The reader would think that an experience such as above related should prevent a man of ordinary common sense from burning his hands a second time, but it was only a month or so until the same man who had persuaded me to become a member of the Temple of Honor said to me: "J. B., we are going to organize an Odd Fellows Lodge, and we want you to become one of the charter members". I replied: "No, Mark, no more lodge in mine; you got me to join the Temple of Honor, one of the biggest shams I ever had anything to do with". But after palavering me with the great good they did in helping their members in distress, I consented to be one of the charter members and gave him the $5.00 fee asked. They have this fee yet, which at compound interest amounts to $.....

On going home and telling my wife and her father, and my mother, what I had done, they said:

"Is it possible that you would allow Mark B..... to pull the wool over your eyes a second time?" On thinking it over, I decided I would tell Mark that my wife and family were all opposed to my becoming an Odd Fellow. He told me to go up to the lodge at McKeesport, where he had sent my $5 and tell them I decided not to become a member and secure the $5. I decided I would not play the "baby act" but would let them keep my money. However, on talking it over with several others, we decided to go up and ask them to return our money, which we did. Reaching the hall about an hour before their meeting time, we were standing in front of the building. When the members came, the most of them were coal boatmen, they went on into the lodge, intending to send a committee down to invite us up, and did not even speak to us, evidently because most of them did not have any too much love for me. Therefore, I started up whining about their treating us so shabby, saying I was going to walk home and save my 25 cents on the boat and started for home, the rest following me. When the committee came down and found we had gone, they were indignant and surprised, and sent a committee on the packet boat next morning to learn the reason. We told them they had treated us shabby, as we pretended, and that we had decided we had no desire to unite with such an order. Most of them promised to return for initiation, but two or three besides myself refused and they promised to return our $5, but they still have it. I was only too glad to get out of the hole that a little soft sodder had put me in. Most of those men are dead, some of them more than half a centruy. In after years, frequently pilots and hands on the flat boats would say to me: "J. B., your head was level" or, "J. B., you showed your good sense in not joining the lodge".

I do not recall a single instance of any one ever saying to me that I had made a mistake in not join-

ing the lodge. I recall the miserable failure that the majority of the pilots and hands who became members of the lodge, made, both at Port Perry and McKeesport; also the domestic troubles which befell them and their families, that were attributed to their lodge associations. For all these reasons, therefore, when recalling my own experience I feel as though I had escaped by the skin of my teeth.

My next experience with secret orders was after I was converted and appointed a class leader in the M. E. Church. I soon found out when trying to collect money for the support of the preacher that the majority who failed to pay their quarterage were lodge members who used their dues to lodge as an excuse for not saving money enough to pay the preachers and requested their names to be taken off the class book. I also later learned that a number of the preachers belonged to the lodge.

Free Mason Methodist Preachers.

I will digress here and relate two incidents in my early religious experiences. I had not heard of the murder of Wm. Morgan for revealing the secrets of Free Masonry in 1828, and was ignorant of the diabolical principles that predominate in oath-bound secretism.

The Rev. David Hess, in charge of the Port Perry circuit with its three appointments, held at Port Perry in the winter of 1858, the biggest revival ever held in the little brick meeting house, adding over 100 members to the society. We received our mail once a week. On Saturday morning, I went to the post office for my letters. The first one I opened was from Rev. Dr. Cox, telling me that Rev. Bell of the Central M. E. Church had died, and that he had transferred Brother Hess to fill his appointment; and appointed Rev. Page Blackburn (who had been

on the superanuated list) to preach for us until conference sent him to us. The Post Office being right at the Lock, and Captain B. I. Wood, being one of the stewards and a leading member in our society, I went across and showed him the letter. We both agreed we were being made a cats-paw to pull the rich city's chestnuts out of the fire, but as the time for preaching was 10:30 Sabbath, we decided not to do anything in the matter until we heard Brother B. ..... preach, but I did not have to wait that long, for when I reached our home at Saltsburg, I found Brother B..... at my house with a letter from Dr. C..... relating the above facts, and saying he wanted me to take good care of Brother B....., as he knew we would all be pleased with his appointment. My wife and I were very favorably impressed with him, at family worship morning and evening, I felt sure that Dr. Cox had not treated us as we suspected he had. The news of the change of preacher drew a large congregation who were delighted with the new preacher. He was our preacher for the next two years, in which he grew in favor and affection of the congregation. When Dr. Cox held our quarterly meeting I asked him why he had sent Brother B..... to us and Brother H..... to fill out Brother Hess's term. He replied that he saw the opportunity to do us a good thing and there was not an appointment in his district that interested him as much as the Port Perry circuit. This made the presiding Elder solid. In 1860, Brother W. H. Locke became our preacher and filled the pulpit over a year, when he resigned to accept an appointment as Chaplain in one of the regiments enlisted to defend the City of Washington.

Locke was a bright young man, a good preacher, and being about my own age, we became fast friends. Being a member of the Masonic Order, he took it into his head that I would make a good Mason, and sug-

gested one day that I ought to make application to join the order. I told him that my experience with the Temple of Honor and Odd Fellows had cured me of all desire to belong to a secret order. He replied: "You are a pilot and you know you are caught in storms, and lose your boats and whole crews are drowned. If you were a Mason you could throw a sign to a Captain of a steamboat which would make him bound to come to your rescue". I said: "Brother L....., if he had not humanity to come to the rescue of 20 men whose lives were in peril, he might shut his eyes to the Masonic sign of distress. He then replied: "You had Brother Hess as your pastor and was paying him $300 a year. Brother Bell, pastor of the Central M. E. Church, who received $800 per year died. Brother Blackburn, who had been on superanuated list from sickness was convalescent and applied for an appointment at the session of conference and there being no vacancy, he was entitled to the first one occurring. However, Brother Hess was a Mason, so was Dr. Cox, the Presiding Elder, who makes the appointments during the interim between conferences, and he transferred Brother Hess to the Central where for two years he was paid $800 a year and Brother Blackburn at Port Perry received $300". When Locke told me this, I sprang to my feet and excitedly said: "Brother L..... there is more honor among thieves. We coal boat pilots would not take a pair of boats to which another pilot was entitled, and you preachers pretending to be called to preach the Gospel and that the conference was a big wheel which dropped off the preacher at the point that God intended them to fill; and you Masons manipulate the wheel so that your brother Masons drop off where the big salaries are paid. If those are the facts, no Freemason will rake in any more of my money in the future". By this time we were both as excited

as our stock of grace warranted. My wife called down from the head of the stairs, saying: "Did you know it was bed time? Mrs. Locke and I are not going to sit up and listen to you wrangling about secret orders". We started up for our beds without stopping to say our prayers and slept too long for family worship the next morning. After breakfast Brother and Sister L..... started for home, it being the last meal they ever ate in our house. In a few months he received his appointment and I do not remember ever seeing him again, but I had learned the truth about Dr. Cox's appointing Brother Hess to fill Brother Bell's appointment, which ever after, shook my faith in the Divine call to preach, and the M. E. C. conference dropping off preachers at stations he designated them to fill.

My next tilt with Masonic preachers was over the following article, published in the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, July 25, 1864, protesting against laying corner stones of M. E. Churches with Masonic ceremonies.

Laying Corner Stones of Churches With Masonic Ceremonies.

Is it right to have Masons officiate at the laying of the corner-stones of our churches? Is it best, is it fitting? It cannot be. I was reading not long since, Brick Pomeroy, in the LaCrosse Democrat, on the late general conference, a low, abusive, wretched article. Yet Brick Pomeroy is a good Master Mason, to whom the preacher must play the second fiddle in laying the corner-stones of new churches where the Masonic Order officiates. Now this is a specimen Brick for some of our progressive preachers, who may need some good Freemason to lay corner-stones of churches with the imposing ceremony of this knightly order. A good brother in the church told me the other day, if I wished to know

what Masonry is, to get the LaCrosse Democrat, and read it. I suppose, Brick, having established his credit as an authority on Masonry, has concluded to try it on Methodism. I know there is no accounting of taste; but the fellow-shipping of Methodist preachers with such a specimen Brick, as Brick Pomeroy in an order combining so many excellencies as to take the precedence of the Church of Christ (as we have learned it) in laying the foundations of his temples, is so misty that nothing short of an article from the editor calling out some of these progressive divines in its defense will ever clear up the mystery. I wish some good Freemason preacher would explain this point. The seeming inconsistency to my mind is, if Masonry is better than Methodism, why not embrace it directly and preach it directly to the people? If it is not as good, why substitute it for Methodism? If, as they profess, they were called of God to preach his Gospel to poor sinners, through which channel were they commissioned to convey the glad tidings? Is not the substituting of the ceremonies of the Freemasons, or those of any other midnight clan for the services of Methodism, as we have learned them, on the part of the persons professing to have received this divine call to preach, the most conclusive evidence that he was mistaken in his being called, yea, is it not more; is it not an unpardonable fraud on the church?

Now a word or two upon this divine call. What is implied by it? If an individual has a claim on me, and he takes my note or promise to pay for his claim, I understand him to have confidence in my ability, as well as my honesty, to pay. If he requires an endorser, I understand at once that he has doubts either in my ability or integrity, one or both. Now in reference to the call—of which we hear so much—what is it? On the one part, God calls the man to go into all the world and preach the Gospel,

with the promise: "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world". On the other hand, the man accepts the call and begins to preach the Gospel of Christ, proclaiming to all around that "Godliness is profitable unto all things; having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come". "But", says the Mason preacher (for actions speak louder than words) "I must have an endorser. To make the first part of the promise good, I must have Freemason written upon the back of it". Is not this the measure of your faith, Mr. Mason preacher? If not, why not execute the divine call through one or the other of the channels? On this point, I raise the question. I never gave a dollar to the support of the Church but what I intended to be applied to the discharging of the claim the claimant had upon God. In making good his promise as to "the life that now is"; or in other words, God, in the use of human instrumentalities, claims at our hands the support of his chosen servants; and in contributing to the support of the ministry, I so understand it. And now, if, in honoring these drafts, I have paid any with the endorsements above, I have no hesitancy in pronouncing them a forgery, as I don't believe God would accept the service of so faithless and unbelieving a servant. And in the future, any money extracted from me under the pretense of extending the Gospel, to be applied to the payment of any one having the endorsement aforesaid, will be a clear case of false pretense as I will never pay it, if I am aware of it.

This being the measure of my faith in the divine call in these cases, I simply make this personal allusion in order to make plain the point, I wish to get out, viz.: That in contributing to the support of the ministry, it is done, with the understanding and under the impression that the man is called of God, and that he has taken God for his support; and we

but obey his requirements in yielding the support or claim of his servants which duty requires. But we should guard against imposters, or wolves in sheep's clothing; the best possible evidence of which is a claim with the above endorsement. Now, I wish to enter my protest against the high-handed outrage of involving a church or society, without their consent, to the support of principles and sentiments that are revolting to the sense and honor of every intelligent and honest person. And I call upon every lover of our church to resent every such innovation in our economy, and to discountenance this most doubtful practice, on the part of our ministers, and laity, of uniting with secret societies, where nothing more than some dark oath is required to hold them together, and where they must necessarily recognize such a vile person as Brick Pomeroy, as hale fellow and good brother. No, Mr. Mason preacher, if Masonry has more claims and greater inducements than the church, then embrace it; but leave us, who prefer the church, to the peaceful, quiet, enjoyment of the old ship of Zion. We want no Mason planks, spars, or wheels; no Mason captains, pilots, chambermaids or cooks; no Mason life boats or life preservers. Having taken passage in the "Old Ship", with our noble captain, we expect to out-weather every storm, carry safely home all our passengers; when we get into port, we neither want to divide costs, profits, or praise. So, if you are willing, we will each paddle our own canoe.

P. S. Being at that time a pilot on the Ohio River, will account for the boatman's phrases and figures of speech.

This resulted in my withdrawing from the Methodist Episcopal Church in which, so to speak, I had been born and raised, and becoming a strong anti-Mason and now at 82 years of age, looking as it

were into the grave, I do not regret the stand I took on this, to me the sum of all villiany. Having earnestly read the Bible through 21 times, one chapter each day (as follows: St. James Version 8 times, New Version, the same chapter 4 times, two other versions, same chapter same day, in all 21 times and one of my readings was with Dr. Adam Clark's comments on each chapter), and with no unkind feeling towards any member of the Masonic Order, nor envy or jealousy of the members of any, I cannot possibly see how any man can possibly hope to escape the great day of His wrath except by Godly sorrows and heart-felt repentance and confession and repentance of the sin.

And of all the "isms" by which the Devil allures men and women from the straight and narrow path leading to heaven, oath-bound secret "ism" is his most successful "ism".

My article on laying "Corner-Stones of Churches with Masonic Ceremonies" was subsequently re-published in "The Free Methodist" of March 19th, 1884, and in the March 26th, 1885, issue of the same paper I published the following article in explanation of having written the article:

"I continue the subject of my after experience, and the workings of oath-bound secret orders, and their influence in the church. At the time I wrote this article, I have no recollection of ever seeing anything on the subject of secret societies. I had never heard of the Morgan affair and the anti-Masonic excitement of 1826-8, resulting therefrom, nor of President Finney's book. A United Presbyterian preacher on hearing of my article in the Advocate and the stir it made among some M. E. Preachers, asked me if I had read Morgan's book on Masonry. I told him I had not. He referred me to U. P. book store and advised me to get it, which I did. I also bought a copy of all the different books they had on

secret societies, and was surprised to see the excitement and interest that had been occasioned by Masonry and Anti-Masonry, and no mention of it in many of the secular or religious papers. I had read of Knights of the Golden Circle, and kindred orders of a political nature, as being instrumental in bringing about the rebellion of the southern states, and the Ku Klux, Cross-bones, etc., of the slaveholders, but I had seen nothing in regard to Masonry and Odd Fellowship.

I had not heard of the Free Methodist Church Organization. Occasionally some writer in the Pittsburgh Advocate would refer to the Nazarite movement in the Genesee Conferenc, which led me to think there were some crazy fanatics in the State of New York that ought to be in a lunatic asylum. In fact, I knew nothing of the workings or horrible oaths and death penalties of Freemasonry, and cared less.

The occasion of my writing the article was the indignation I felt on reading a vile, slanderous, abusive article published by Brick Pomeroy in the La-Crosse Democrat, and copied into the secular press, in which Brick had described the General Conference of the M. E. Church in session at Chicago, as an assembly of adulterers and libertines, and warned the citizens of Chicago to guard their wives and daughters from coming in contact with these clerical lecherous villians, and other such vile epithets. I was returning from General Conference (where I had gone as a visitor) to see old Peter Cartwright, and to hear Morley Punshon, fraternal delegate from England, preach. On my way home, a Pittsburgh paper fell into my hands on the train, that had copied this vile article, and also had notice of Brick Pomeroy's being presented by Master Masons at St. Louis with Past Master Mason jewels. This, and a Pittsburgh Conference preacher by name of J. J.

McIllyar, laying the corner-stone of one of our churches with Masonic ceremonies, was the immediate cause of this article. I handed it to Dr. S. H. Nesbit, Editor of the Advocate, who, in reading it, said if I had sent it to him to General Conference he would have had them pass resolutions condemning the innovation of Masonry into our church services. But when this article stirred the fraternity and they poured in on him their replies, and I wanted to reply again, he came to me saying: "I know you are right, but if we allow the controversy to go on, it will stir up strife and possibly cause a movement similar to the Nazarite movement in the Genessee Conference". He then told me Masonry was the starting cause of that trouble, etc.

Not having had very strong convictions on the subject, and those which I had formed were more from my observation of the influence of Odd Fellows and secret temperance societies on our members and young converts who were allured into this order, I took his advice and dropped the matter, as I supposed. But this was not to be. I had incurred displeasure of the mystic order, and good brethren in the church and ministers who heretofore manifested so much love for me, and who I never dreamed of being Masons, much less had intended to offend, became estranged and cool towards me. Three years after the writing of the article a preacher whom I did not know, except by the Conference reports, came on to the circuit to take (as a friend afterwards told me another Mason preacher told him) "the kinks out of me". On learning this, I asked the same preacher if he had so told this man, and he admitted that he did, and when cornered up, gave as a reason the writing of this same article. This may seem incredible and childish, but yet it is true.

Let this suffice for an excuse for the republishing of the article. And if you will allow the space,

I will try and show wherein God caused the wrath of men to praise Him, etc. and how, what at the time seemed to me to be the greatest trial and calamity of my life, turned out to be the greatest blessing".

As of probable interest, I will now quote my various correspondence upon the subject of secret societies.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29th, 1905.

Hon. John Weaver,
Mayor, Philadelphia, Pa. ,

My Dear Sir:—

You will please find a copy of letter and extracts from letters of one of the ablest Presidents, and wisest political economists this country has ever produced. I mailed a copy to Mrs. Roosevelt, Hon. Elihu Root, Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary Wilson and Postmaster General Cortelyou. My object in sending these copies to Mrs. Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet was: First, to call the President's attention to the most prominent source and cause of all these corrupt grafts and scandals which are disgracing the American people in the eyes of the civilized world. Second, to even up with "Teddy", for the great outrage he perpetrated on the American people in publicly advising young men to become members of the Masonic Order. Third, I am in hopes of awakening the American people to the most prominent cause and means of all these public scandals that are disgracing our nation and people in the eyes of the whole world. Now, dear Mayor Weaver, it would take up too much of your own time for you to attempt to read these letters and extracts; but if you will have the North American publish them, I think you will strike the thieves plundering our municipal, State and National Governments right between the eyes. As I call to mind

the names of the men in the past who have robbed our public treasuries, in every instance they were members of the Masonic order, and I venture the assertion that you will find that the grafters you are contending with are members of this order. You need not hope "to bring a clean thing out of an unclean", nor "do anything against truth". All human experiences demonstrate that "What we sow we shall reap". I am, dear sir,

Yours respectfully,
J. B. Corey.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 27th, 1905.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:—

You will pardon this trespass on your time and patience. I recently read in your city newspapers an account of your being elected to the Vice Presidency of the Mothers' National Association, and that the object of the association is to elevate our American mothers' influence upon the manhood and womanhood of our nation. It occurred to me that in view of the manifest need of a higher standard both of the manhood and womanhood of our nation, as is evidenced in the great increase of crime and divorces, no more worthy objects or associations could appeal to the first lady of the land for encouragement and assistance. The increase of divorces alone, that of 780 per cent, to 170 per cent of increase of population, or 800,000, to 69 on Canada in 32 years, would seem to call upon the mothers of our nations to arise and ask why this degenerate state and condition of American man and womanhood. Why, dear Mrs. Roosevelt, in one day last week there was presented in our Allegheny County courts petitions for 14 divorces or one-fifth as many as

were divorced in Canada in 32 years. I see it stated that in New York there is one divorce in every 32 marriages; in Pennsylvania, one in every 22 marriages; in some of the Western States, one in every six marriages. That a higher state of manhood and womanhood is needed requires no argument to prove, and that no other influence offers stronger hopes than that of good mothers, I think is equally true. But from an experience of over 52 years as a husband and that also of father and grandfather, I am fully persuaded that a mother's influence begins, and continues, as a wife upon her husband and the father of her children. I assure you that my own experience and observation convince me that many a good mother's efforts and influence have been rendered nugatory through the bad precept and example of the husband and father.

As I read of the organization of the Mothers' National Association, I felt an inward desire to aid so worthy an association. In reflecting upon the subject, the various hindrances and difficulties your association would encounter presented themselves to my mind; none seem to be greater than those of degenerate husbands and fathers. In dwelling upon the numerous evil tendencies of bad husbands and fathers, aside from the unregenerate human nature, there are some prominent and leading evils in our social and political system that greatly increase the degenerate habits of husbands and fathers in our land. The most prominent and popular evil habit of men, and which I think will greatly add to the difficulties of the Mothers' National Association is that of oath-bound secret societies. That you may be able to fully realize the magnitude of this great evil and may not attribute the statement to an old man in his dotage, I mail you a book published by one of your husband's most illustrious predecessors, His Excellency, John Quincy Adams, whom I do not

think had a superior, if an equal, in the White House. I hope you will find time to read what President Adams says about the evil and degenerate influence of Freemasonry upon the manhood of our people. I also send you a book entitled "Freemasonry", illustrated by Rev. Charles Blanchard, one of the noblest, purest of Christian ministers this nation ever had. But you, yourself, if you stop to consider, cannot fail to see the degrading effects such blood-curdling, barbarous oaths must have upon young men. Take that of a man swearing under no less penalty than that of having his throat cut from ear to ear, etc., that he will not take part in initiating a madman, hermaphrodite, or woman, placing his mother, sister, wife, or daughter upon the same level as that of an idiot, or hermaphrodite, or that of a Master Mason swearing that he will not commit adultery or prostitute Master Mason's mother, sister, wife, or daughter, he knowing them to be such, etc. Well, I send you a copy of a reply to a Masonic friend who attacked me, in which you will see how far that oath restrains their evil passions. I feel sure that any intelligent mother would not like to see her own son or daughter become subject to such degrading influences, and I call your National Mothers' Association to this one man-degrading influence as one of the greatest evils crying for reform in our nation today. I am, dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

With sincere respect,

J. B. Corey.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 26th, 1905.

Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Sir:—

Will you permit a citizen of Pennsylvania to thank you for the great service you rendered the

citizens of the Keystone State by the aid given His Honor, Mayor Weaver. It would be impossible, dear Mr. Root, to exaggerate the importance of your most timely service and advice to the people of Pennsylvania, in particular, and to the American people in general. I enclose you a copy of a letter to Mrs. Theodore W. Birney and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, President and Vice-President respectively, of the American Mothers' National Association, with extracts of letters from one of President Roosevelt's most illustrious predecessors, His Excellency, John Quincy Adams. You will notice, Mr. Root, that President Adams in his controversy with Colonel Stone, very clearly predicted the corrupt state and condition of things which are disgracing the American people in the eyes of the civilized world today. I most earnestly hope you will be able to call President Roosevelt's attentoin to the necessity of going down to the very root of all these public scandals, and how hopeless will be the effort to secure any real reform while the public offices are filled with men who are bound under penalties of having their throats cut from ear to ear, to answer a brother's cry of distress. I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully,
J. B. Corey.

J. B. Corey to Private Dalzell.
Open Letter.

Private Dalzell,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Sir:—

I read with interest your letter in today's Dispatch, taking issue with His Honor, Judge Taft, Secretary of War, on the degeneracy of our American jury system. If you will permit a layman to suggest, I will venture to say that both you and Judge Taft are right as to the condition of our legal af-

fairs in our courts of justice, but I am also of the opinion that you are both off as to the best remedy for the evils complained of. This, I think, arises from a wrong diagnosis of the case.

I unhesitatingly affirm it is a case of degeneracy of the whole people—or, in the language of "Holy Writ", it is a case of "Like people, like Priest". This being true, the only possible hope of reforming the evil lies in the regeneration of the people. This with the experience of the past ages, leaves us a forlorn hope; but, as I take it, the most that you and Judge Taft expect or hope to accomplish is to limit the effect of the evil conditions by which our social, political and moral relations are surrounded. That is, put off the evil day as long as possible.

If I were to make a suggestion as to the best way of reforming the abuses of which you and Judge Taft complain in our legal proceedings or law courts, I would call your attention to the prophecy of one of President Roosevelt's predecessors, President John Quincy Adams, who predicted this very state of things of which you and Judge Taft complain. President John Adams asks this question, "What must be the effect upon our courts and juries when the oath-bound Masonic criminal in the box throws the grand hailing sign of distress, or gives the wink to the Freemason Judge on the bench, who has sworn to have his throat cut from ear to ear if he does not go the length of his cable tow to answer his criminal brother's cry of distress?" And yet President Roosevelt recommends all our young men to become Freemasons.

Now, dear Private Dalzell, what we sow, we shall also reap. We can do nothing against the truth; but for truth, I am, dear sir,

Respectfully yours,

J. B. Corey.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 3.

McKeesport, Pa., July 15, 1905.

Hon. J. B. Corey,
Braddock, Pa.

Dear sir:—

I notice in the press an article over your signature wherein you quote President Polk, deceased President of our beloved country, in trying to establish the fact that jury corruption was due in a great measure to the Masonic fraternity. I feel it my duty as a member of Accacia No. 444, to tell you that you do not know what you are talking about and that no sensible man would fix his signature to such rot.

Yours respectfully,
John G. Wilson.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 18th, 1905.

Mr. John G. Wilson,
McKeesport, Pa.

My dear sir:—

I have received your letter of the 15th. You address me as Hon. J. B. Corey. I am not aware of having done anything to entitle me to that title unless it is what little I have tried to do in way of preventing the evils to our beloved country from oath-bound secretism. I suppose you refer to a recent article of mine published in the Pittsburgh Dispatch, commenting on articles of the Hon. Judge Taft, Secretary of War, and Private Dalzell of Washington City, opposing Judge Taft's proposal to abolish the jury system, the Hon. Secretary of War insisting that the frequent and almost universal miscarriage of Justice of the jury system, has proved it is a miserable failure, and should be abolished. (This, you see, Mr. Wilson, is very high authority, and it is not very complimentary to our modern American citizens, is it?) Private Dalzell, in combating Judge

Taft's ideas of doing away with our jury system, says it would destroy the very foundation upon which Abraham Lincoln's Government of, by and for the people rests, and would restore the divine rights of kings or autocracy and imperialism, etc. Private Dalzell says that the miscarriage of justice is as often attributable to the Judge on the bench as it is to the Jury in the box.

In my article in the Dispatch, I call Judge Taft's and Private Dalzell's attention to what I consider the real cause of the prevalent and universal miscarriage of justice, and I quoted from a letter from one of President Roosevelt's most illustrious predecessors. His Excellency, John Quincy Adams, whose eight years in the Presidential chair was distinguished by as high order of brilliant statesmanship and patriotism as any of his predecessors or successors that have sat in the Presidential chair.

President Adams predicted that very state of things which Judge Taft complains of and Private Dalzell admits, and gave the American people the most natural reasons, and only logical conclusions, upon which he bases his prediction, when he asked Colonel Stone (to whom he was writing) "What must be the effect of the wink of the Freemason prisoner in the box to the oath-bound Judge upon the bench?"

I suppose, Mr. Wilson, this is what you refer to, as I never used President Polk's name in writing upon the subject of Freemasonry. I do not think from reading, and knowledge of our Nation's history, we ever had an abler President, if his equal, as a statesman and jurist than President John Quincy Adams. In this controversy with Colonel William Stone he convicts Freemasonry with nine of the highest crimes known to our civil laws, beginning with conspiracy and ending with the abduction and murder of William Morgan of Batavia, N. Y. His

Excellency, John Quincy Adams, gives in his letters to William Stone, the only natural and logical results of secret, oath-bound fraternities, who have bonded together to secure rights and privileges to which they are not entitled, and it's no use for Judge Taft or President Roosevelt to complain of miscarriage of justice and grafts while we have men bound together by such inhuman, barbarous oaths as that which Freemasonry imposes upon its members, to have their throats cut from ear to ear, their tongues pulled out by the roots, etc., if they do not go to the length of their cable tows to answer a brother Mason's cry of distress. I send you a few quotations from some other letters of President Adams. I think you will see it is not such rot as you would have us believe. What do they take such barbarous oaths for, anyway?

Quotations from letters from John Quincy Adams on Freemasonry:

Letters to Hon. Levi Lincoln, Governor of Massachusetts.

Washington City, Feb. 1, 1832.

Dear sir:—

My anti-Masonry has cooled down a little, while objects less important but more urgent absorb my time and attention, etc. But if I had right of person or property pending in court of justice with an Entered Apprentice or a Knight Templar for my Adversary, I should much disincline to see any man sworn upon my jury who had been present at the murder and resurrection of "Hiram Abiff", and still more to any one who should have crawled upon all fours from under the living arch. In other words, I do hold as disqualified for an impartial juror, at least between a Mason and anti-Mason anyone who has taken the Masonic oaths and adheres to them; not excepting the 1,200 Certifiers themselves,

and I have perfect confidence in their integrity; but I would challenge them as jurors between me and the Master Mason; who made oath that he had been present with me at a lodge in Pittsfield, or between me and the Master Mason, who had the impudence to vouch for my Father as being a patron of Masonry. I have said that I share in no anti-Masonic prescription, if such there be, and repeat the assurance, nor will I press the name of him who attempted to induce in your mind a different belief. I have no doubt he was acting under Masonic law faithfully as the brethren of the Royal Arch; who Morganized the bottom of the Niagra River.

"Aguosco fratem",
John Quincy Adams.

Extract of letter written Colonel William L. Stone.

Quincy, August 29th, 1832.

Long, and I fear tedious, as you found my last letter, I was compelled by a reluctance at making it longer to compress the observations in it upon the intrinsic nature of the Masonic oaths, obligations, and penalties, etc. I had said Freemasonry was vicious in its first step; the initiation oath, obligation and penalty of the entered apprentice. To sutain this, I assigned five reasons. Because they were: first, contrary to the law of the land; second, in violation of the positive precepts of Jesus Christ; third, a pledge to keep undefined secrets, the swearer being ignorant of; fourth, a pledge to the death penalty for violation of the oath; fifth, a pledge to a mode of death, cruel and unusual, unfit for utterance from human lips; to go to the length of his cable tow to answer the grand hailing sign of distress of a brother Mason.

Yours truly,
John Quincy Adams.

Extract of letter to William L. Stone.

Quincy, Sept. 10th, 1832.

Dear sir:—

The second objection to the promise of the Entered Apprentice is its universality. The candidate swears that he will never reveal, always conceal, any of the arts, parts or points of the mysteries of Freemasonry, to any person under the canopy of Heaven. This promise like the administration of the oath is in its term contrary to the laws of the land. The laws of this and every civilized country make it the duty of every citizen to testify to the whole truth of facts. No witness called before a court of justice can refuse to answer any question put to him by the court. This principle becomes more glaringly obvious when applied to the Masonic brother's oath never to reveal, and always to conceal, the secrets of a brother Mason, under no less penalty than to have his throat cut from ear to ear.

Yours truly,

John Quincy Adams.

Now, Mr. Wilson, does that read like rot, that a sensible man should be ashamed of? I certainly would be ashamed to have it said that I belonged to a cut-throat institution, that a man of President Adams' wisdom and patriotism had written up so clearly as he has done, this cut-throat institution. Masons boast that masonry control all our municipal State and National Governments; and yet, there never was such a disgraceful and corrupt condition of public affairs in the civilized world as is in the United States today. President Adams and others opposing it caused over 2,000 lodges to disband, throw up their organizations; and for 25 years or more they did not dare to have their meeting places known. Now, Mr. Wilson, are you not ashamed?

Another extract from letter to Colonel William L. Stone, Sept. 10th, 1832: "The simple question—I take it to be this: I suppose a Freemason to be summoned before a judicial tribunal. Is or is he not bound to answer any question put to him by their authority? If he is, can he keep his Masonic oath of secrecy? And of what avail are the Masonic obligations? If his Masonic oath of secrecy is paramount and supersedes the laws of the land with regard to the mysteries of the craft, where is the principle that restores the supremacy of the law of the land? By that oath the Master Mason promises to keep the secrets of a brother Mason as securely and inviolably as if they were locked up in his own breast, murder and treason not excepted. That is excepting two specific enumerated crimes. Why these exceptions?" asked Mr. Adams. Had I been told Mr. Stone, Mr. Wilson, I would have answered thus: President Adams, these are the same as those; when the Master Mason swears he will not knowingly violate the chastity or prostitute a Master Mason's mother, sister, wife, or daughter, knowing them to be such. Would not that have answered his question, don't you think? And yet, Mr. Wilson, a gentleman whose word will be taken anywhere or place where he is acquainted, told me the other day that there are two women, well known prostitutes, one the proprietress of a house of ill fame, that were schoolmates of his, children of a father and mother who stood high in the wealthier classes, the father himself being a Freemason, and belonged to the same lodge in this city in which the two lecherous libertines who prostituted both his daughters at the age of 15 and 18 years, on the same night, at a noted pleasure resort to which they had induced the young girls to go. The father, who himself had not been free from such acts, condoned these brutal acts of a brother Master Mason in consideration of some

financial assistance in time of a business trouble. This, I suppose might be called respecting the Masonic brother's cry of distress. Again President Adams asked: "Have I proved that the Entered Apprentice's oath is a breach of law, human and divine? That is, its promise is defined, unlawful and nugatory? That its penalties are barbarous, inhuman, murderous, in its terms and in its least obnoxious sense null and void. If so, my task is done. The first step in Masonry is a false step. The Entered Apprentice's obligation is a crime, and, like all vicious usuages, should be abolished.

Yours truly,

John Quincy Adams.

Now, Mr. Wilson, compare that advice of John Quincy Adams with that of the recent advice of Teddy Roosevelt, advising all the young men of the United States to become members of the Freemasons, swearing to have their throats cut from ear to ear if they do not keep their Brother Mason's oath as secret as their own. Is it any wonder that we are afraid to open the morning newspapers for fear of reading some of the most disgraceful slanders that ever disgraced the history of the civilized world? Now, Mr. Wilson, read this list of peccadilloes, and if you can get some paper to give it to their readers I will furnish you with some other extracts from John Quincy Adams and other patriots that left honorable records for us to imitate.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

J. B. Corey.

Chapter 8

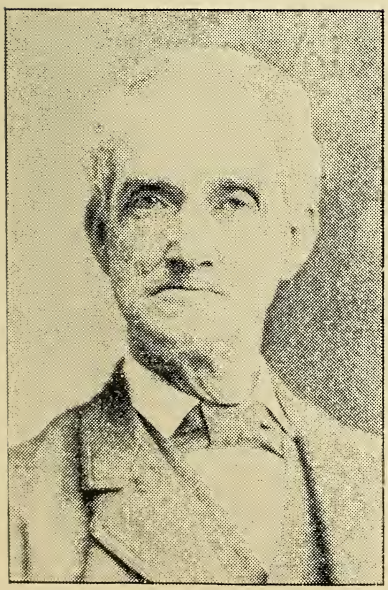
SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE HON. THOMAS MELLON.

(By James Henry Seymour).

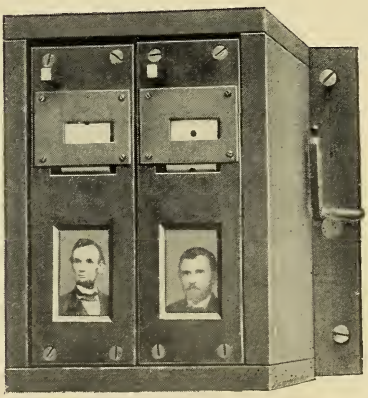
Among the noble and successful men who have given character and influence to the bar of Western Pennsylvania, Judge Thomas Mellon of Pittsburgh, has a right to a prominent place among the distinguished jurists. During the last decade and a half, he has given his attention to his own personal matters of business, but for thirty years of the best portion of his life, he could be found at the bar or on the bench; doing one man's full and loyal duty; and again, each day a new hold on the confidence and respect of the public. As a lawyer, he had few peers within the circuit of his work; as a Judge, he was just, learned, and able; and as a man, he ever lived uprightly, and with marked loyalty to every personal and public relation in life.

Judge Mellon was of Scotch Irish descent, came of a family that has long been held in honor and esteem, and has given many useful men and women to the world and many examples of the highest worth. The genealogical tree, of which he was one of the latest and most worthy productions, finds its earliest roots in a period over two hundred years back, or shortly after the massacre of the Protestant by the Catholics in Ireland in 1641. Archibald Mellon, who sold his ancestral home and emigrated to the United States in 1816, died at his home in Unity, Westmoreland County, September 5th,

HON. THOS. MELLON AND WIFE.
1885.
(See pages 81, 226.)



THEODORE WOOD,
School Teacher.
1905.



ELECTRIC VOTING MACHINE.
(See page 329.)

1835, beloved by all who had fallen in the range of his acquaintance. His son, Andrew Mellon, was born on February 7th, 1785, and married Rebecca Wauchob, in 1812, a descendant of a noted and honorable Holland family, and is the Grandmother of A. W. Mellon, President of the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, Pa. As a wife, she was a helpmate in all the qualities indicated by that forcible term; and as a mother, she was all that tenderness, and self-sacrifice could make her. Her strong common sense made her a valuable adviser even in the most important affairs. She had a philosophy of her own by which she guaged everything that transpired, and believed in the wisdom of desiring neither poverty nor riches; but struggling for wealth and competence as affording independence. She shunned extremes, and approved the middle course in life. She survived her husband eleven years and died May 9th, 1868, in the 79th year of her age.

Hon. Thomas Mellon, the oldest child of this worthy couple was born February 3rd, 1813, at Camp Hill cottage, on his father's farm lower Castleton parish of Cappaigh, County of Tyrone, Ireland. When he was five years old his parents decided to follow the fortunes of the majority of their family, who had already emigrated to America. They landed at St. John, New Brunswick, and as England at this time was in no friendly mood towards the United States and would clear no ships except to ports in her own domain, the voyage occupied twelve weeks, and on landing, they reshipped on a coasting vessel to Baltimore, which they reached October 1st, 1818. After a couple of days there, the father chartered a Conestoga wagon, and team, and the last stage of their journey was commenced. At night they halted and slept in the wagon; their meals were cooked at fires built by the roadside; and, finally arriving at the homes of their relatives in

Greensburg, Westmoreland County, Pa. In April they moved to a farm of their own, purchased in Franklin Township, and felt they had indeed found a welcome home in the new land across the sea. In this home, Hon. Thomas Mellon passed the next fifteen years of his life, covering the period of youth, and taking him up to the door of manhood of which he made such noble use. It was in the home training that were implanted in his nature those root principles of right and duty, tenacity of purpose, patient industry, and perseverance in well-doing which have accompanied him through life. His work at times was severe; and there were not many luxuries to be had in those early days, but he was strong and his heart pure, his mind clear and active, and his hope of the future strong and well defined. He had courage and faith in himself, and his youth was full of brightness, even if it was full of soil. He was put to the plough when only twelve years of age, but such was the bent of his mind, and his thirst for knowledge, that even at that tender age he was reading Shakespeare, which he had found in pamphlet form belonging to an uncle. When he was 14 years old, a dilapadated copy of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography fell into his hands. It delighted him with a wider view of life, inspired him with new ambition, started his thoughts in new channels. He read the book again and again, and hope grew strong in his heart, that the path upward to usefulness that enabled one poor and friendless boy's feet to ascend the ladder of fame might be open to others of his like. The older he grew, the more he studied and read, the less affection did he feel for the farmer's life. He aspired to an education better than his school facilities afforded, and in this desire, he had his mother's encouragement and helpful suggestions. The father was strong in the belief that a farmer's life was the best and truest

to which men could aspire, opposed his purpose of entering a profession, but the determination of the son was so strong that even this barrier was finally worn away. In the summer of 1834, after a preparatory course, he entered the Western University and with diligence made marked progress from the start, but his father often needed his assistance on the farm, and in the summer months he frequently would walk home from the city, 11 miles, between sundown and midnight to be ready for the harvest field the next day. Receiving his diploma, in the fall of 1837, he entered the office of Hon. Charles Shaler, ex-Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and began a diligent course of legal study, accepted a position in the Prothonotary's office. The light and training he received there were of the greatest possible use in his profession and gave him an insight into the law that nothing else could have afforded. He passed a credible examination, and was admitted to practice law December 15th, 1838. He had now entered on the serious labor of life; well equipped in education and principles, and armed with a strong and earnest purpose, he opened a law office in Pittsburgh in June, 1839, and almost from the first received a satisfactory share of the legal business then being done. His first office was located on Fifth Street, today Fifth Avenue and Market Alley. He has written a description of the situation of the lawyers and their offices in Pittsburgh in those early days, and I take the liberty of quoting it as a bit of interesting local history. "Fifth Avenue was not then a business street; mine was the first law office opened on it. The law offices were chiefly on the west side of the Diamond, behind the Court House. A few on 4th Street between Market and Wood. It was before the Court House was removed to Grants Hill. As yet, a part of the lawyer Ross' apple orchard rather out of town. The old Court House

stood where the Diamond Market house stands on west side of Market Street. The young lawyer made his way rapidly and the business and profits of the first year exceeded his most sanguine expectations. But his friends were not surprised at his advance, as they knew he possessed all the qualities demanded in his profession. His judgment was sound, he was of an earnest, cautious and pains-taking disposition. He already had much experience in the methods and practice in the courts. These qualities won success, and in a short time, he found himself with all he could do, and with a fair start in a financial way. On August 22, 1843, Mr. Mellon took an important step in life but one he never had reason to regret, and that was fruitful of happiness and content. This was his marriage to Miss Sarah J. Negley, a daughter of one of the oldest families in Western Pennsylvania. To their union a number of children have been born, and several of the sons are among the most substantial business men of the City of Pittsburgh, among which are J. R., A. W., and R. B., the principle stockholders and officers of the Mellon National Bank, the largest and most successful National Bank in the Iron City. In addition to controlling interests in the leading Trust Companies, in 1859, he was elected assistant Judge of the Common Pleas Court, having equal authority with the present Judge. Judge Mellon, while on the bench, was such as might have been expected of a man of his character and training. He worked hard and tried to administer justice as it had been revealed to him. The course he pursued as Judge can perhaps be described in a better way than an extract or so from a speech he delivered at the Monongahela House in November, 1878, at a banquet tendered Judge Daniel Agnew on his retirement from the bench of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. The toast to which Judge Mellon was to respond

was "The Judiciary of Allegheny County" and in course of his remarks he fully described by implication some of the principles that guided his course while on the bench. Among other things he said: "There is no office of greater importance to the well being of society than that of the County Judge. The rights of person and property of every citizen are depending on its proper administration. Shining qualities are not essential but no human attainments are beyond its requirements. In the Supreme Court, the Judge has to deliberate with undivided attention to the law of the case; but the Judge of the lower Court must shoot on the wing as he is expected to bag two different flocks with the same shot. He must include both the law and facts and couple them together in their true relations as they arise in the shifting panorama of the trial. All judicial experience proves that justice cannot be judicially administered by tossing the evidence to the jury as a farmer would a bundle of hay to his cattle to be devoured indiscriminately, weeds and all; and although the law and the evidence may be explained ever so clearly, the Judge will find it frequently incumbent on him to grant a new trial to prevent injustice * * * * * * *.

Success in the discharge of these varied duties requires not only a knowledge of the law, practical experience at the bar, but also a large stock of common sense and an intimate knowledge of the springs of human action. Such varied good qualities in a Judge can, of course, be found only in degree; but according to the degree, so will be his qualifications for the office * * * * * * Judge Mellon's private interests had grown to such a point that he decided toward the end of his term of office that under no circumstances would he accept a re-nomination of the office. In 1849, he became largely interested in the coal business on the Pennsylvania Canal in

Tarentum, Allegheny County. In 1859, he became a silent partner in the firm of J. B. Corey & Co. engaged in shipping coal to the southern markets via Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers. He also was interested in a large furnace property in West Virginia, in addition to being interested with his sons in the real estate business under title of Mellon Brothers. He decided that he would engage in the banking business and purchased a lot on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street and on January 1st, 1870, the present banking house of the Mellon Bank was ready and the bank of T. Mellon & Sons opened up and started a successful career. He also interested himself in the various banks and other financial institutions of Pittsburgh, and invested largely in coal lands on the lines of the various Railroads entering into the City, constructing some of the most extensive coal mines in operation; and through these lines of business activity and many others, Judge Mellon was as his sons are today, one of the potent commercial and financial forces that are working together to make The Iron City the great mart it is today. Great as was his interest in the business welfare of his adopted city, he, nevertheless, without sounding a trumpet in the synagogue and on the streets, took a deep interest in the moral and social welfare of his friends and neighbors and fellow citizens. To his co-partners in any of the various businesses in which he was interested, he, in case of adversity wherever the man proved himself worthy of his confidence made personal sacrifices to prevent loss. In this, I write from my own personal experience as a silent partner of the J. B. Corey & Co. When the Southern States seceded and confiscated our coal lying at New Orleans, bankrupting our company fifty thousand dollars worse than nothing, as things looked having a large amount of notes falling due and no money to meet them, I called on

the Judge and said to him, I am not able to pay my share of what we owe; if you will take my share of the property and pay the notes as they fall due, I will give you my notes for ten thousand dollars in ten annual payments. He replied: "I will take care of the notes; you take care of the mine and stock; they will need coal and it may turn out better than you expect". I took his advice, and the result was, we recovered our coal confiscated by the confederates at New Orleans, and the great increase in the price of coal along with the sale of our coal mine and personal property, when we dissolved our co-partnership in 1864, we had over two hundred thousand dollars to divide equally between the five co-partners. But that which has been of even greater financial benefit to me was friendship for and confidence in each other, of him and his sons in the business relations maintained during the past 55 years, by which I have been enabled to add to the dividends of Coal and Bank stocks. But pleasant as has been these business relations, that which affords me the greatest pleasure in 1914, as my eyes grow dim and my ears grow dull of hearing, in recalling the pleasant relations of my old and best friend is the recollection of his confidence in my integrity, and friendship by which I had the pleasure of making him weekly and monthly visits during his declining years, when he was shut in from the active pursuits of his early life. The seeming pleasure it gave him when I used to sing Psalms and hymns for him, making melody in our hearts to the Lord. It stirs my emotions as I recall my last visit when we stood on our feet and sang the 23rd Psalm. He, with delight, said: "Is not that beautiful?" I little thought that would be the last time I would see my oldest and best friend alive. But a day or two after, he closed his eyes on earth, as I firmly believe, to

open them in heaven, (Amen, so let it be). On his 95th birthday, February 3rd, 1908, where I hope I shall, in the near future, meet him.

In that sunbright clime, unhurt by sorrow, undimmed by time,
Where amid all things that is fair are given,
The home of the blessed and its name in heaven,
The name of that sunbright clime.

APPENDIX

— of —

Miscellaneous Events, Correspondence, Opinions, Etc.

TOBACCO.

My Views and Observations.

My personal experience and observations on the use and effects of Tobacco have been so forcible that I have always felt it my duty to lend all the influence in my power against this filthy and pernicious habit.

In view of the great reputation of James J. Jeffries, a former heavy-weight Champion Boxer of the World, I will quote below my correspondence with him showing the deleterious effect of tobacco, particularly because it is pretty well known that the cause of his failure to defeat the pugilist, Jack Johnson, was his inability to regain his strength and nerve, due to tobacco.

(My letter to Mr. Jeffries, March 8, 1909).

"If you will pardon me (an entire stranger who was never in sympathy with prize fighting) for taking this liberty, I will suggest you have it in your power to atone in a great measure for the manifest and great moral evil, your profession exerts upon

the young men of the civilized world in general, and of your own nation in particular.

I acknowledge that in athletic training, that there are some good physical benefits that counteract to some extent the evil effects resulting from prize fighting, but I think you will admit that the evil effects are greater than any, or all, the good that results from the profession.

If you will allow me, I will say that if you take advantage of the opportunity, you have it in your power to render the young men of our own country a greater good than had ever been rendered them by any and all of the prize fighters that have ever entered the American ring. Not only so, but you can deliver with your right hand a 'Solar Plexus' to the greatest physical and social curse to which our American Boys are addicted—the Tobacco habit.

The filthy tobacco habit which is destroying the manhood and leading to other vices, our young men and boys, has been increased of late one hundred fold from reading, as they ride in cars, painted on board fences, pig pens, cow stables, outhouses, whiskey saloons, and tobacco dives, such disgusting advertisements as 'Judge Taft smokes 5 cent Cigars' or 'Smoke Judge Taft', '5 cent tobies', etc., using the prestige of the President of the United States to allure young men and boys to engage in this filthy habit. What a spectacle for Jehovah, Angels and Men! The man that is not ashamed of such an unpatriotic display of vileness is only capable of 'Strategy, Treason and Spoils'.

I do not think that any man since we were a nation ever had the opportunity to deliver a great physical and moral evil, the body blows that Jim Jeffries has of dealing to this filthy tobacco habit. Not only so, but you can do it without even being suspected of giving this great curse, a solar plexus

under the fifth rib. If, Mr. Jeffries, you will say to the newspaper reporters that your greatest trouble will be, which you know it is, to get in shape to wrest the Champion's belt from the Negro, will be to get the nicotine out of your blood, which has been secreted there from the filthy tobacco habit, and also add that a man who expects or desires to be a Champion Athlete, wants to let tobacco alone in every shape.

I hope, Mr. Jeffries, that you will favorably consider this suggestion and render our American Boys the greatest possible good anyone has rendered them and counteract the filthy example set them by 'Bill Taft'. Please consider this private and confidential. I have written this myself on the typewriter. I will be 77 years old if I live to the 23rd of next month.

I am, dear sir,

Sincerely yours,

J. B. Corey."

Mr. Jeffries' Reply of March 16, 1909.

"Answering yours of March 6th, will state that I am sincerely in sympathy with your efforts on the subject of the use of tobacco, and any time, or in any way, that you can suggest that I can be of service in advising young men to avoid this habit, I will be pleased to do so. I always mention it in articles that I write for papers.

With best wishes for yourself and again expressing my sympathy with your idea, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Jas. J. Jeffries."

As of possible further interest I will give below an extract from an address delivered to the General Class Meeting in the United Evangelical Church, Braddock, Pa., September 14th, 1913:

> "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh, and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." II. Cor. 7-1.

I do not think that there is a candid man in this house but will admit that it has been and is demonstrated, that the use of tobacco is a filthy habit, and a dangerous, useless, expensive habit, involving the health of the user of the weed. It will not be denied that prominent professors of all our churches indulge in it—chewing tobacco, defiling pavements, station houses, railroad and street cars, blowing their smoke into the faces of other persons, especially ladies, to whom it is very offensive; and other acts of incivility which no Christian man would be guilty of. Now as to its being a filthy habit, I will give you the testimony of one or two Christian ministers, who are regarded as not only the highest authority on religious questions, but by long evangelistic experience in preaching the Gospel and rescuing the perishing, knew whereof they were testifying. Before naming them let me quote from even a higher authority. "Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished, but the seed of the righteous be delivered".

The Methodist Episcopal Church and all its branches, The Wesleyan Methodist, Free Methodist, etc., and the churches of the Evangelical Association, all have established rules that no one can be licensed to preach unless he promises to have nothing to do with tobacco in any form. I have not had an opportunity to get authoritive statistics from many of the churches, but I am sure that a test

would show that true Christianity and cleanliness—Christian purity—go hand in hand in most of them, and that people generally have more respect for, and confidence in, Ministers who do not use tobacco. The steam railroads, says Rev. Sewell, are obliged to pen off the tobacco users from the clean people in smoking cars.'' In the electric cars, which run past my home, a partition is run across the front end so that the smokers can be set off by themselves; otherwise, the company would lose much cash, because clean folk would seek other conveyance.'' Mr. Alfred L. Sewell, Editor of the ''Little Corporal' for more than 60 years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Editor from whose article in the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, above quotations are taken, says: ''Tobacco is an Indian weed; it was the devil that sowed the seed.''

There is a great ''howl in Denmark'' over the cost of living today; E. R. Langworthy, in the Minnesota Spring Valley says this country spends annually $1,200,000,000 for tobacco, $400,000,000 are used for pipes, that 7,500,000,000 cigars are smoked annually, and over 11,000,000,000 cigarettes. Think of it! I have been doing a little figuring. Suppose the cigars averaged four inches in length and the cigarettes two inches, the cigars and cigarettes smoked annually by the people would extend about 820,707 miles or enough to encircle our globe more than 32 times; the money spent annually would build over 200,000 homes at $1,000 a piece, and figuring five persons for each house would build homes for 6,000,000 people.

D. L. Moody was once asked: ''Can a man be a Christian and use tobacco?'' His answer was: ''Yes, he can be a dirty Christian''.

The great evangelist, Billy Sunday, when asked the same question in South Bend recently quoted Mr. Moody's reply.

"Whoever heard of a dirty Christian? You might as well talk of clean sinners. A man cannot keep saved and use tobacco in any form. Church members may and do smoke, professing Christians do, but none who are really walking in the footsteps of Jesus do. It is about time that preachers drew the line closely where it belongs. A man that is using tobacco is not a fit candidate for sanctification".

H. R. Hastings, in the "Safe Guard" asks and answers the question: "Is it a sin to use tobacco?" Why not? Using tobacco is an expensive and wasteful habit; tobacco costing more than bread; and is not needless waste a sin? What right have Christian men to waste the Lord's money in useless and expensive indulgence? What right have they to burn up that which might feed and clothe the poor? The use of tobacco is certainly needless; for many do without it and are none the worse. Many who once used it have abandoned it to their great advantage, and the civilized world got on comfortably without tobacco from the time of the creation down to the discovery of America, when white men learned the nasty habit from the naked savage, giving them in return the devil's firewater to ruin them body and soul.

Tobacco using is an unhealthy practice. Thousands are doubtless in their graves today who might have been alive and well if they had let this poisonous drug alone. Another writer says that it is admitted that tobacco is the cause of eighty diseases, that kill 20,000 annually. It also creates an appetite for liquor. There is now and then a dyspeptic old glutton who thinks that tobacco does him good, and that he cannot digest his food without it; just as there are men who think that they can do without strong drink, but if such men were put on short allowance for a little while and made to earn the

little they eat, their stomachs would soon take care of a reasonable amount of food without the aid of this narcotic.

Tobacco, like other narcotics, holds men with a grasp which they do not anticipate or realize. Any healthful article of food can be dispensed with without inconvenience. It is the case with all unnatural appetites. They become tyrants and drive their slaves headlong to ruin.

Farewell Sermon Read by Request in City of Jerusalem, April 7th, 1912.

"Follow peace with All Men and Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord".

To disarm your fears and allay the thought that Brother Corey, like all novices in preaching, selects one of the most profound subjects and important doctrines in the Bible, you will permit me to say, while I am not a preacher, nor the son of a preacher, the thoughts which I propose to read upon the text quoted are not the product of my own brain and research; but in addition to being the teaching of Him who spake as never man spake, and His inspired Apostles, they are also the testimony and experience of some of the most eminent scholars, teachers, ministers, laymen, and holy men and women, the history of the Christian Church has given to the world.

My reasons for selecting this subject in addition to those given in the text are these: Having received from you this high tribute of respect, you will appreciate my desire to reciprocate your kindness by rendering you the best possible service in

my power. The object of religious services like these is to aid each other in acquiring a knowledge of what the Bible teaches is necessary for us "To read our titles clear to mansions in the skies". To lead into and build each other up in our religious experience. It seems to me that I could not do better than to call attention to what Jesus says in His sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God". And without which the Apostle says: "No man shall see the Lord". Here we have not only the strongest possible doctrinal truth of the necessity of holiness that can be given, but also in the testimony and experience of the holy men and women, whose pure lives, peaceful and triumphant deaths, give to the history of the Christian Church its strongest claims upon the confidence of the world. The only stronger testimony that any individual can have is the divine impartation or baptism of the Holy Spirit on their own hearts, witnessing to their own conscience that they have become heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ to an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled and fadeth not away. Confirming in their individual experience all the benefits of the promises in the atoning Blood of Jesus Christ.

John Wesley admonishes Methodists to take heed to doctrine; to take heed to experience; to take heed to discipline. He says, to give heed to doctrine and neglect experience is to become antinomain. To give heed to experience and neglect doctrine is to become enthusiasts. To give heed to doctrine and experience and neglect discipline is to leave a highly cultivated garden to the wild bear of the woods. The Apostle says: "Having these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God".

The doctrine of Holiness is the theme of our text. You will permit me to say that the history of the Christian Church does not furnish an instance of any great revival of religion that has ever taken place in the world in which the doctrine of holiness has not been the preacher's most prominent theme. Salvation from sin, and entire sanctification wherever preached is always accompanied with a revival of religion that has left its mark on this sin-cursed earth. It was the promulgation of this Bible doctrine that enabled Jonathan Edwards to plant Presbyterianism solidly on this continent over one hundred years ago. John Wesley said: "That God raised up the Methodist to spread abroad scripture holiness". I am afraid it will have to be admitted that both in doctrine and experience, we latter day Methodists fall far short of the high ideal that our recognized founder in his sermons and his Brother Charles in his hymns, assign as the reason for God raising up the Methodist Church over one hundred years ago. It was the preaching of this same doctrine of salvation from all sin that gave to Charles G. Finney's labors such wonderful success. It was also the secret of the power that enabled the late D. L. Moody to leave his mark upon the history of the Christian Church. These eminent ministers are all sleeping in their graves, but their works do follow them and their names continue to grow brighter and brighter, leaving us an example that "Obedience is better than sacrifice". God has ever had His true witnesses, both in the old and new dispensations. The tendency of the church has ever been to backslide from the standard set up in God's Holy Word; that has in all past history of the Church been its one great weakness. It has not been the Jews alone who have cried: "Away with Him, give us Barrabbas". The epidemic of crime and wickedness seen everywhere would seem to indicate that we are in

the last days and that perilous times are upon us. What the world needs; what the church needs; is a revival of the old-time doctrines which ever have given it its greatest influence and power in the earth.

It is not a spectacular christianity, consisting of fine cathedrals and $300,000 churches, but a revival of the Gospel of Holiness that changes the hearts and lives of men and women, we need today. Mr. Wesley warned the Methodists against building fine churches. He said fine churches necessitated rich men, and that when rich men became a necessity, farewell to spirituality.

The Why and How of Depravity in the Regenerate Man.

Rev. Coffee says an investigation of the status of man before and after conversion will assist us in understanding why and how it is original sin remains in the heart of the regenerate man. Let us inquire what is the spiritual condition of man in sin? The scriptures teach us that he is dead spiritually. The Apostle Paul describes men as living alienated from the life of God. The Apostle John teaches the same thought. "We know we have passed from death to life". The Saviour describes the conversion of a man passing from death unto life in John 5:xiv. It is clear from the scriptures that a man in sin is spiritually dead. Spiritual death is the universal inheritance of the race. Being dead, his spiritual faculties by which he approaches God and spiritual things, are asleep. In this condition sin has permeated his soul, and entire being. He is described as follows: The whole head is sick; the whole heart is faint; from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head there is no soundness in him. Let us now inquire what is requisite to con-

stitute a man, a new creature in Christ. He needs new spiritual life. This is the reason he needs to be born again. His birth by nature is a moral failure. In that spiritual life was not transmitted, he must be born of God, the generative source of all spiritual life. We must come into Union with the Son of God. He that hath the Son, hath life; he must feel the Spirit's power; the soul must become dominant instead of the flesh. A new heart is a requisite. The will and affections must be changed and set in the right direction. "The things I once loved I now hate, and the things I once hated I now love". In a word, he must be made a new creature in Christ Jesus; a new moral character is the result. And while all this has taken place in the soul being, there has been but a reconstruction, not a re-creation. The soul taint has not been removed, but remains and so far has not been dealt with. The incoming of life has quickened the faculties. The soul now quickens to new desires, new appetites, and new spiritual passions are enkindled. In all this experience a new creature has been born. The soul awakens, sees her prostitution to the dominance of the flesh, and has arisen to a sense of its own importance; but the soul has not been wholly renewed in the image of Him who created it, nor cleansed from the taints of sin. Hence the necessity of the orthodox second work of grace or entire sanctification.

But to the text: "Follow peace with all men and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord".

A writer in the "Evangelical Messenger" says: "One phase of holiness is that it is a real and conscious power by whomsoever experienced. It is power in action conducting to man's highest well-being, and to God's glory. Holiness is not intended to be so much ornamental as diffusive, and in every

way possible effective in accomplishing good. The Bible lays great stress upon holiness and so should the church as a body, and each minister and Christian in particular. There is something peculiarly fascinating about the subject of holiness when properly presented. The bulk of Christians love to hear sermons on the subject. It reveals some noted privileges and blessings under the economy of grace if properly directed and controlled. Holiness and power are inseparable. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you".

1. "Holiness is divine power. As holiness is not self-evolved but divinely inwrought, even so that the power that goes with the realization of holiness is divine in its nature, operations and effects. Holiness is a gift from God, even so is the power inseparable connected with holiness a gift from God. We are to be holy even as He is holy. Of course, not in the same degree, but in essence and effectiveness. God's power is commensurate with His holiness the christian power is in ratio to the degree of holiness he possesses. The results of this holiness power are often divine. This was demonstrated on the day of Penticost. Peter was vacillating prior to his experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost in Pentecost fullness".

2. "This is power for victory. That minister in Germany uttered a tremendous truth when he declared in a paper which he read before a body of ministers 'The Holy Ghost knows no difficulties'. If that is so, then sermons and a true Christian life should be well nigh overwhelming and conclusively convincing, leading to glorious and Pentecostal victories. The victory to be achieved is first individual, then collective. As our discipline so forcibly puts it. 'We have complete victory over sin, both inwardly and outwardly'. It is a complete personal victory over sin and selfishness which is the very

quintessence of sin. It gives the individual the mastery over the onslaughts of the devil and evil disposed men. Then it gives power to win men to Christ, and thus it becomes instrumentally helpful to others in gaining the victory''.

3. ''This is power for service. Service in the church, in the family, in the community, in the state, in the nation, social, industrial, financial, and political. This is an age that calls for, and demands concentrated and heroic service. Paul says: 'The love of Christ constraineth us'. Holiness intensifies action, and stimulates service, so genuine holiness will be a strong impulse in the direction of manifold and divinely guided service. Holiness in action is love at white heat. This will provoke good works. It will, yea must, eventuate in God honoring, and man benefiting fruitfulness. Holiness is power and endurance. 'We are to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ'. This holiness power is what sustained the pious Payson in his life of continuous suffering, the poet Milton in his blindness, as also the blind poetess Fannie Crosby, and the charming singer Sankey, and many other departed, and some still living personalties among the heroic soldiers of the cross''.

4. ''Holiness power is for self-denial. There are strange and divergant views among Christian people as to what really constitutes self denial. Real self denial will cost the individual something. It will be a privation for the sake of others, it may be to bear a heavy cross for Christ's sake, and for the advancement of his kingdom. This is exemplified in Paton, the almost life long missionary, having been denied the privileges, blessings, and associations of kindred institutions of his native land. The same spirit of self denial is exhibited by our missionaries in foreign lands as also by our workers

at home. Holiness supplies the needed grace and strength. It upheld Polycapus when lying in a damp cell, his freedom having been offered to him on condition that he recant his faith in Christ; he replied: 'Eighty and six years he has been my best and truest friend, why should I now, in my old age forsake him? I will remain in this cell until the moss grows over my eye brows, rather than recant my faith in Christ' ".

Dr. Adam Clarke, the greatest Biblical commentator Methodism ever gave to the Church, having no superior if an equal, comments as follows on the text: "Cultivate as far as you can a good understanding both with the Jew and Gentiles, pursue peace with the same care, attention, and diligence as beasts do their game; follow it through all places; trace it through all winding circumstances, and have it with all men, if you can with a safe conscience and holiness; that state of continual sanctification, that life of purity and detachment from the world, and all is lusts without which detachment, and sanctity no man shall see the Lord. Shall never enjoy His presence in the world of blessedness. To see God is a Hebrew phrase; to enjoy Him; and without holiness of heart and life this is impossible. No soul can be fit for heaven that has not suitable dispositions for the place. It will hardly be possible to harmonize Dr. Clarke's doctrine with that type of religious sentiment that finds more pleasure in eucher parties than the class or prayer meeting; in attending theaters, and the ball rooms; having these promises; says Paul: "Let us cleanse ourselves, etc." Dr. Clarke says that the Apostle means, from drunkenness, fornication, adultery, and all such sins as are done immediately against the body; and filthiness of the spirit; all impure desires, unholy thoughts, and polluting imaginations. If we avoid and abhor evil inclinations, and turn our eyes from

beholding vanity, incentives to evil being thus lessened, there will be less danger of our falling into outward sin. If we avoid all outward occasions of sinning, evil propensities will certainly be lessened. All this is our work under the common aids of the grace of God. We may turn away our eyes and ears from evil, or we may indulge both in what will infallibly beget evil desires, and tempers in the soul, and under the same influence we may avoid every act of iniquity, for even Satan himself cannot by any power he has, constrain us to commit uncleanness, robbery, drunkenness, murder, etc. These are things in which both the soul and body must consent. But still the withholding the eye, the ear, the hand, and body in general from sights, reports and acts of evil, will not purify a fallen spirit. It is the grace of Christ alone, powerfully applied for this very purpose that can purify the conscience, and heart from dead works. But if we do not withhold the food by which the man of sin is nourished and supported, we cannot expect God to purify our hearts. While we are striving against sin, we may expect the Spirit of God to purify us by His inspiration from all unrighteousness, so that we may perfectly love, and magnify our maker. How can those expect God to purify their hearts who are continually indulging their eyes, ears, and hands in what is forbidden, and tends to increase, and bring into action all the evil propensities of the soul? Perfecting holiness. Getting the whole mind of Christ brought into the soul. This is the object of a genuine christian pursuit. The means of accomplishing this, are, first; resisting and avoiding sin in all its inviting and seducing forms. Second, setting the fear of God before our eyes, that we may dread His displeasure, and abhor whatever might excite it, and whatever might provoke him to withhold his manna from our mouth. We see therefore that there is a

strong and orthodox sense in which we may cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and thus perfect holiness in the fear of God. If those latter day saints, who are so much opposed to the doctrine of holiness, will carefully weigh D. C.'s reasons, and arguments, they may see that they rest upon the strong foundation of scripture and common sense, and that they may not be so much inclined to "remove the ancient landmarks which our Fathers have set". The beloved disciple, St. John, in his first epistle 2-1 says: "My little children, I write unto you that ye sin not". This is the language of the whole scripture, of every dispensation, ordinance, institution, doctrine, and word of God. Sin not, do not run into ruin. Live not so as to promote your own misery; be happy, for it is the will of God that ye should be so. Be holy. Holiness and happiness are inseparable. Sin and misery are equally so. The Apostle Paul certainly makes the experience of holiness the sole condition upon which any man or woman shall see God. Jesus Christ in His sermon on the Mount says: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God". A principal part of the Jewish religion consisted in outward washings and cleansings. On this ground they expected to see God and to enjoy eternal glory. But Christ here shows that this purification of heart from all vile affections and desires, is the one thing needful. He whose soul is not delivered from all sin through the blood of the covenant can have no scriptural hope of ever being with God. In the 48th verse we read: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect". God himself is the grand law, soul giver, and only pattern of the perfection which He recommends to His children. The words are every emphatic. "Ye shall be therefore perfect—Ye shall be filled with the spirit of that God whose name is Mercy, and whose nature is

Love''. God has many imitators of his power, independence, justice, etc., but few of his love, condescension and kindness. He calls himself Love to teach us that in this consists the perfection the attainment of which he has made both our duty and privilege, for these words of our Lord include both a command and promise. Can we be saved from sin in this world is an important question to which this text gives a satisfactory answer. ''Ye shall be perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect''. ''As in His infinite nature, there is no sin, nothing but goodness and love, so in your finite nature, there shall be no sin, for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus shall make you free from the law of sin and death''. Romans 8:2. God shall live in, fill and rule your heart, and in what he fills and influences Satan nor sin can have no part.

These quotations to which I might *ad-infinitum* are the foundation principles upon which John and Charles Wesley and Mary Fletcher, and other Holy men and women, under the special blessings of God were instrumental in the great revival of the Eighteenth Century which resulted in the organizing and giving to the world the Methodist Church. Let me now give the testimony of three of the followers of those holy men and women who today are contending for the faith once delivered to the Methodist saints.

Brother W. G. McVey on some of the many hindrances of his work says: ''Mistaken conceptions of inherent depravity misleads persons seeking for this great blessing. Inherent or inbred depravity is more talked of than understood. Many preachers in efforts to clearly define the necessity of entire sanctification mystify their hearers instead of clarifying their subject. I have seen holiness preachers give a blackboard exercise working a simple example of subtraction and then, as they supposed, anal-

ogically tell their congregation that entire sanctification was a process of subtraction. Again, I have seen a glass of mud and water used, the water presumably representing the soul after regeneration, and the mud in the bottom of the glass the sediment of sin remaining until entire sanctification. Such teaching and such illustrations are erroneous and misleading". The soul is not a bucket into which may be poured so much grace, leaving a sediment of depravity which may be stirred upon provocation, producing what some, using their peculiar terminology, are pleased to call a condition of "riling up". The process of sanctification is not, and cannot be, in this sense a process of subtraction. What then is it? We must first understand the nature of inherent depravity before the fact of entire sanctification can be made intelligible. Depravity is a propensity to sin. It is not sin in itself until the remedy for its correction is rejected; hence, we are not responsible for its being. It is natural and inborn. In justification, the actual transgressions (sins in act) are forgiven, and the inclination produced by the sins in act are corrected. What then remains? The inborn propensity to self-gratification; the innate proneness to sin; the bent to wrong doing; hence, the justified soul may well express itself. "Prone to wander, Lord I feel it", and Charles Wesley correctly sings: "Take away our bent to sinning". Moreover this view of depravity is the only one consonant with the doctrine of inherited corruption. With the definition before us, we can now understand the process and nature of entire sanctification. It is a process of rectification of soul tendencies. These natural inclinations and propensities of the soul are under the baptism of the Holy Spirit directly and positively changed away from sin and self to holiness and God, so that the soul with all its powers, faculties, desires, tendencies, and affections finds its rest,

satisfaction, and joy in the center of the divine will.

If we would further the cause of scriptural holiness we must exercise care as to statement, definition, and illustration. Let us in doctrine show incorruptness, gravity, sound, speech that cannot be condemned.

Sister Laura A. Sill, whose clear definite experience entitles her testimony to our earnest consideration, says: "Of all the soul qualities of which the Christian experience is composed, I know of few, if any, more valuable and necessary than endurance".

Some time ago, I heard a new convert say I cannot understand the doctrine of holiness. The Bible says: "He that shall endure unto the end the same shall be saved". And it also says: "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Sanctified people claim they have such an easy time, and nothing troubles them, and they don't have to endure anything. Now, I can't reconcile the two. Who are the people that endure? I fear the same question is in the minds of many new converts. The sanctified people have something so much better to speak of than their trials and temptations that they don't worry very much about them. They feel that it will glorify the Lord more to tell of their joys, triumphs, and victories, yet I fear this is sometimes misleading to new converts. They somehow get the impression that the experience of entire sanctification will bring them into a place where it is all joy, and everythng is easy, and where no trouble can come upon them. This is a very mistaken idea, and all christians who think this, are almost sure to go down when testings and trials come to them, as they do to all. We never get to such a high place, spiritually, that we will never have to endure things as long as we are in the probationary state; even Jesus had to endure. It is written of Him: "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, de-

spising the shame and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God". And the Word tells us to "Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds". How often we would faint in our minds if we did not consider Him. The Apostle James says: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation". Anyone who has been assailed by the power of darkness so that it has seemed blacker around the soul than the darkest night that ever was when the heart has felt as heavy as lead so that it seemed impossible to lift it in prayer, knows there is something to endure. Though the same Apostle says: "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations". I believe it must mean when we have passed through the temptation, and have obtained victory, though in the darkest temptation, when faith claims the victory, there is something that sustains us which some might call joy, but I prefer to call it endurance. The Psalmist says: "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of God in the land of the living". (Psalm 27:13). He looked right over and beyond the trials and temptations and believed that God was going to deliver him, and he kept his soul from fainting, which is only another way of saying it helped him to endure it. Another thing we have to endure is the chastening of the Lord. The best of us are so slow often times to learn the lessons. He is trying to teach, and we make so many mistakes, that He has to occasionally apply the rod of correction. Hence we are told: "If we endure chastening God dealeth with you as with sons". And further on in the chapter it says: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceful fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby". Sometimes the chastisement comes through physical

pain, and though we may be so yielded to the will of God in the matter, that there is no murmur or complaint, and we may even feel blest in our souls at the time, that the sufferings of the body are simply endured, not enjoyed. Or the suffering may be mental or spiritual. But whichever it is, it is only after we see "The peaceful fruits of righteousness", which it has worked in us, that we are enabled to "Count it all joy". Trouble must be endured. I once heard some one say: "A Christian has trials but no troubles if he is where he ought to be". "He will cast his troubles on the Lord". Is this so? Can we get to such a place that nothing however grievous, will make the heart feel trouble? Let the sanctified mother answer, whose son comes reeling home from the saloon night after night, or perhaps is confined behind prison bars, or the mother whose daughter is an inmate of a brothel, given over to a life of sin and shame, or asked one who has some dearly loved one who commits suicide or becomes hopelessly insane. How wonderfully the grace of God can sustain those on whom even such troubles fall, so they can go through life and endure. But can such troubles be so entirely cast on the Lord that they become as though they were not, and never again trouble the heart while on earth? I cannot think so. Entire Sanctification never was designed to make stoics out of us, so that we cannot feel. Though it kills out the hyper-sensitiveness in us, so that our feelings are not easily hurt, we still have the capacity for enjoyment and suffering left, and there are still things to endure, else it would not have been told us in that beautiful love chapter, "Love endureth all things". What an admirable quality of soul, endurance is! Yet it is so silent and obscure that it is often lost sight of, and the other virtues exalted above it. But of what use would it be to have a heart filled with love, peace, joy, and all

the other graces of the Spirit, and not endure to the end? Here and there all over the world is an obscure saint whose life is made up of patience and endurance which scarcely anyone but the Lord takes note of. Herein is one of its beauties. It is not a showy gift of grace that people see and admire, and if it were asked who are the most spiritual members of your church, most people would point to those who often get blest and go leaping, shouting, skipping, and jumping over the house.

I have nothing to say against these demonstrations of the spirit. Running, leaping, dancing, shouting, crying, laughing and singing, are all scriptural and I always love to see the saints get blest that way. But there was a deep Amen in the soul of the writer to a testimony she heard in a camp meeting recently. A sister said: "I do not measure my religion by how high I can jump, or how loud I can shout, though I often do both, but I measure it by what I can endure". Then she went on to tell how the Lord had helped her to endure months of suffering and to hold on when she didn't feel any special blessing in her soul. Ah! that is the truest test after all. Though I think no one would claim that endurance may not go with these demonstrations also, and often does. It is a wonderful thing to get where God can trust us, where He can look down into our hearts and see that no matter what He permits to come upon us, that our souls will not give way, that we will not be shaken from the foundation, but that we will endure and remain steadfast to the end. He could trust Abraham, Job, and Paul, and many others both of the Old and New Testament saints, and their examples are left on record for our help and encouragement. All who will, can get to such a place. Has there ever been a Christian since the days of Paul who has not been inspired and strengthened by His words: "None of these things

move me". He had come to the abiding place. When people get there, they need not be overthrown though all the powers of darkness be arrayed against them. They can ask the triumphant question as Paul did—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" And if need, they can also say with him: "For I am now ready to be offered". Moses endured as seeing the invisible. That is all the way we can endure some things. If we get our eyes off Jesus, "The author and finisher of our faith" onto the hard things of life, we will go down. But if we keep hid away in the cleft of the rock and only view things in Him, they look small and we are enabled to endure. We need often to pray: "Lord help us to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ".

We will now give the testimony of Rev. M. L. Schooly on another phase of this experience, and will close with what the beloved John says in his first Epistle 3-x. Maturing holiness. By maturing holiness we mean constantly increasing conformity to the image of Jesus Christ. Complete holiness having the internal marks, first, the absence of depravity, and second, being filled with all the fullness of God is not maturity. It is the great advancement over initial holiness or conversion. Among the manifestation of maturing are: Great quietness of spirit and rapturous communion with God in the midst of adverse environment. I saw a mature saint once at an annual conference, in a roomful of people who were visiting, laughing, and having a good time together, sitting serenely quiet, her face lighted with glory, speaking pleasantly when addressed, but evidently communing with God as really as though in secret prayer. It made a lasting impression upon my mind. Another manifestation of it is, as Upham puts it, "Union with God in His providence". The peace of a mature saint is undis-

turbed by those sudden adverse providences which throw the immature into consternation. Adverse providences are sure to come suddenly into every life, but there is a place of "calm and undisturbed repose, this side of death. The greatest lessons in life to be learned only in yoke-fellowship with Jesus are meekness and lowliness. These qualities were exhibited by Him in their superlative degree, meekness during all His mock trials by "Opening not His mouth" and lowliness in the awful hour of bloody sweat in Gethsemane when He prayed: "Father if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt". Human nature and especially carnality, is always on the defensive. This is manifested particularly when one's reputation is at stake, and under false accusation. Meekness is the quality that keeps one from it. It is a mark of great strength, and shines forth conspicuously in the mature saint. Lowliness is absolute, unalterable fidelity to the Father's will. It has it firmly settled that His ways are always best, and seeks nothing else even when, to human sight, it seems that His will is being thwarted and His cause sure to suffer. How much we will need to learn this lesson none but God can tell. Joseph had to learn it in the long years of Egyptian bondage, which all the time became more and more severe. It must have seemed to him that his fair, youthful dreams, prophetic though they were, were never coming true. To us, who read back to it, it seems so like God. All men must learn under adverse circumstances to "rule their own spirits". He who truly does this, emerges suddenly as Joseph did, into a service surpassing his fondest dreams. Will some of us ever learn this? Moses was forty years learning it in the "Desert College of Arabia". Others have spent forty years in the school of adversity and have not apparently begun to learn it yet. You and I are in

the "School of Christ", and it is our unwillingness to learn these two lessons, in the only way they can be learned, by "taking His yoke upon us and learning of Him", while winning others into reconciliation to God, that makes our lives so evidently and fearfully immature. God is very patient. He knows how blind we are, so slow to learn, so quick to forget the lessons already taught us. He is gently and persistently, in His own way, operating in our lives. Had we taken patiently the apparently adverse providences of God, and "spelled our disappointments with an "H" (His appointments), we should have been much farther on. Have not the hardest trials been by far the greatest blessings that have come into our lives? Have not we grown more in grace under them, than when on the mountain top of blessing? And had we meekly submitted and not struggled to avoid "the things that seemed to harm us", how much more mature we all might have been. It is true there are "many adversaries". Paul says: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities (a compact organization of individuals), against the rulers of the darkness of this world (beings of princely kin, not common folk), against wicked spirits in the heavenlies (spirit being in vast numbers having their headquarters above the earth"). But we can each hasten our own maturity by never letting go the thought that in all He permits to come upon us He seeks the highest good of each that is consistent with the highest good of all. Much of the time that is wasted in trying to bring "the other fellow" to time could be much more profitably spent in learning these lessons from Jesus Until one can rule his own spirit, he is not in proper shape to succeed in ruling with a rod of iron his fellow man. If the time spent by so many in back biting their neighbors, and especially their brethren and sisters in the church were spent in confessing

their own faults and getting others to help them pray through to victory, there would be more manifestations of Christian maturity in the world than now. In conclusion, let us hear what the Beloved Disciple said on the subject.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it does not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure. Whosoever commiteth sin transgresseth the law; for sin is a transgression of the law. And ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins; and in Him is no sin. Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him, neither known Him.

Little children let no man deceive you. He that doeth righteousness is righteous even as He is righteous. He that commiteth sin is of the devil for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose, the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in Him and he cannot sin because he is born of God. In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil; whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his neighbor.

Plunged in the gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace,
Beheld our helpless grief,

He saw, and O! amazing love,
He flew to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyul haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O! for His love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Copy of Letter to England's Premier, W. E. Gladstone, consoling him on his death bed.

Pittsburgh, Penna.,
March 29th, 1898.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone,
Hawarden, England.

My Dear Sir:

It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and pleasure that I venture to offer you my earnest and sincere sympathy in this your severest trials and afflictions incident to mortal life. As we realize your career is so near its ending; that the parting is so near, a feeling of sympathy tinged with sorrow creeps over our senses. But this momentary grief is chased away by the more pleasing reflection that through the gracious wisdom, mercy and kindness of Him who endowed you with so many good gifts, en-

abling you to fill up those four score and eight years with a life so resplendent with noble ambitions; so rich and transcendant in illustrious acts and deeds; so beautifully illuminated with a sublime and transparent faith in Him who has conquered death, hell and the grave as to enable you to meet this last great enemy of our race, with the exultant shout: "O! death where is thy sting?, O! grave where is thy victory?"

May the great head of the church triumphant who is able to keep that which thou hast committed into his hands vouchsafe to you the consolations of His Grace and Spirit, is the earnest prayer of your friend and admirer.

I am, with great respect,

Sincerely yours,

J. B. Corey.

Letter of Hon. Thomas Mellon, December 31, 1900, and my Reply to Same.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
December 31, 1900.

Mr. J. B. Corey:

I have no friend outside of my own family whom I regard so highly as you, always sincere and true.

I have looked over the papers you sent me Saturday. I am old and well stricken in years, but have hope for a future life. I believe in God and believe He is greater and better than He is usually preached or prayed to. I should not address Him, as he or him, for I regard Him as the Infinite cause of all in this and all other Worlds, and that His beliefs and ways are infinitely greater than our

thoughts and ways, that we get in that regard are but glimpses of feeble rays.

Mr. Corey can you believe in Adam's fall, or do you believe that the wise and learned of modern times are right in disregarding the story of Adam's fall at all, of the age of which it was written. I do not say it was, because I do not know it was, and what can we reason but from what we know, as I have always believed to be a principle.

Now if Adam's fall is mythical, of course there is no foundation for the redemption of sinners, on the modern plan, this with ("that in Adam's fall we sinned all") is very beautiful and comforting, and we feel of Adam and of his eating an apple of the wrong tree in the orchard certainly deserves a stronger proof than it has yet obtained, and that so trifling a mistake should have such momentously degrading effect, is rather terrible. Do not mistake me as inclined to disbelief in religion. No! not against religion, no, but, mistakes or untruths in religion if any are found to exist should be eradicated by all religious men. If anything should be pure and eradicated of all mistakes or errors, it is religion.

I would not bother you with this kind of stuff, but know that what I get from you will be the truth as you understand it. In this life I have arrived at the outlet gate, and have no better friend than you to tell me where I am to go, when let out.

Some of my wise and pious friends have suggested to me that all such doubts are answered by faith alone, "Well", but if the doubts are real, faith alone would be very inadequate support, it would be as if I came to a bridge in my journey through life that was so decayed and rotten that it must certainly break down if the weight of myself and team is placed upon it, and I should be told that it was certainly a safe crossing, if I should believe in it and trust to faith alone, I could cross it in safety.

I do not disbelieve in any alleged fact or doctrine however absurd or unreasonable, unless I know it to be untrue, and therefore I do not say that any Bible doctrine is untrue, all that I can say is, that I do not know whether it is true or not. I believe in God and that God is good, I trust in Him. That there is a God all nature affords full evidence, real evidence, satisfactory to the senses and mental faculties which God has supplied me with.

Your sincere Old Friend,
(Signed) Thomas Mellon,
per Helbling.

Pittsburgh, January 7th, 1901.

Hon. Thomas Mellon,
East End, City.

My most highly esteemed Friend and Benefactor:

It does seem to me that you never tire in placing me under debts of gratitude, which I can never repay. Your most kind and tender letter of the 31st December inst. reached me at my home on Saturday last, and I beg to assure you that it is simply impossible for me to formulate into sentences words that will express the gratitude, and pleasure the kind words have awakened in my breast; and as the chain of most pleasing reflection; extending over a period of forty-three years flitted through my memory to the day when our first acquaintance began, and I was introduced to you by an act of kindness, which has seemed to characterize your every act from that day to the present, and has impressed me of your being actuated by a kindness of heart, and nobility of mind, seldom met with in the daily walks of life; and to me, personally, you have been my warmest hearted friend, and benefactor, and I assure that there is nothing that will

add to your comfort and pleasure in your declining years that I would not most gladly do. In a word, my one greatest desire is to prove myself worthy of so good a friend, and you will here permit me to add, that a shade of sadness passed through my mind, as I could plainly notice in the writing of your signature, to your letter, that your right hand gives strong proof of your statement that you are nearing the outlet of which you speak.

I will now attempt to answer some of the religious doubts or questions propounded to me; and here permit me to say, were it not for the strong faith I have in your friendship, knowing as I do your superior knowledge, and research into, and upon all questions, social, religious, and political, over those of my own, and that you will make all due allowance for my weakness, and lack of knowledge, or even to aid you in reaching a conclusion upon such a momentous question; but from your having written me upon the same subject in several former letters, and you having said to me that my letters afforded you pleasure, I will try and present my views in as concise a manner as I possibly can, hoping, if I do no more, I will afford you the pleasure of seeing I have endeavored to reciprocate your many kindnesses to me.

First: You ask me if I believe the story that "in Adam's fall we sinned all". I answer, I unhesitatingly believe the Bible story of Adam's fall, including the eating of the apple off the wrong tree; and if my dear friend will bear with me, I will add that that strongest argument of the wise and learned skeptics; namely, that of ridicule, does not for one moment shake my faith, or weigh against the Bible statement of Eve tempting her husband to disobey God, their Creator. Now, dear Judge, you will permit me to say that the pivotal fact upon which the story of man's fall rests, was his obe-

dience, not the manner of it. This, I think your logical mind will see at a glance. The origin of sin into the world, and by sin the passing of death upon all mankind, is wholly the result of Adam's disobedience; and it is a matter of such little moment, whether the disobedience of Adam was manifested by the eating of an apple off the wrong tree, or not, and that the wise and learned skeptics have never been able to offer a stronger argument than ridicule is of itself strong proof in favor of the divine inspiration of the Bible. This my learned friend will admit; viz., that ridicule is no argument. Let me ask you this question? Has not the experience of the world demonstrated this truth, that from the smallest things in nature and grace we have the root principle or seed that produces the greatest results, and also that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. God the Creator, having placed men upon the earth, had the right to test His creature, in any way His infinite wisdom deemed best; but my letter will become too long if I follow a line of reasoning such as I offer you here, and besides, I cannot banish the thought that any argument I am likely to offer, you, yourself, have already thought them out, and I am like that of a little child attempting to instruct its teacher. But I will ply you with some Scripture texts, which after all, afford the only real light upon the question; if these are discarded there remains nothing stronger to be given, and right here let me dispose of these wise-acres, these learned and wise skeptics, who are only wise in their own conceit, and who take issue with divine inspiration or the Holy Bible, viz., resting my plea upon the Bible statements, I do not overlook the fact that with those who doubt the fact of the Bible being the divinely inspired word of God, my arguments and proof will have no weight. This being true, it remains for us to fall back upon the only other possible evidence or

test any man under the power and dominion of sin can offer, or the soul-damning, sin-being that of unbelief—can have; viz., that of proving by his or her own personal experience whether the statements of the Bible are true or not, and you will admit that this is the more reasonable, and rational appeal to our intelligence upon such a momentous subject; that is, when we come to want to find out in the economy of grace whether God is able and willing to save us from our sins, and the inherited penalty of Adam's transgression of God's law, we must meet the conditions; viz., that of repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. We can then by stepping out on the promises, and getting under the blood, demonstrate and know for ourselves that His words are true. This is the divinely revealed plan of salvation, and no other will fill the bill; and right here is where to all the wise and learned skeptics the plan of redemption, through Christ's death and atonement for sins, becomes a stumbling block. But, nevertheless, my dear friend, "To the law and the testimony, if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them". You will remember that the Blessed Christ thanked His Father that these truths were hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes. The Apostle Paul says "not many wise men after the flesh are called, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence. And, I, Brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to

know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and His crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, and my speech, and my preaching, was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. How be it we speak wisdom among them that are perfect, yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought; but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden mystery, which God ordained before the world unto our glory, which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory. But as it is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit. For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man, which is in him even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God. Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God, which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teaches, but which the Holy Ghost teaches comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto Him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judges all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct Him, but we have the mind of Christ".

Now, my dear friend, let me ask you if you, yourself learned in the law, having been a judge and

expounder of our civil law, who was, and always have been such a stickler for first principles, and that of testing any doctrine by giving it a fair trial before confirming it, does not the Apostle in these texts which I have quoted offer every intelligent and thinking person, the only possible rule that can be given, by which to prove the doctrine of salvation from sin. You nor I do not need any proof of the fact of sin, that men are sinners, yea that we ourselves are poor undone and helpless sinners, and what we need is to be shown and made known to us, how we may escape from the wages of sin, which is death; and if not saved from them, is death eternal. Now, my dear friend, is it possible for fallen men and women to have a more reasonable, and wise plan offered to them, to escape the penalty of sin, than that which God offers in his sacred word. Jesus says: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Come taste and see that the Lord is good". This we see is the divinely ordained plan for saving sinners from their sins, and let me ask you, are not the testimony of those who have accepted the offers of mercy, and have proven that His promises are true, a thousand fold more reliable evidence than the ridicule, and vaporings of professedly wise, and learned skeptics, who only have a theory and not an experimental knowledge of the facts to give us? Is not the testimony of the learned scholars, like that of the Wesleys, and others who have experienced the transforming power of God in their own hearts and lives, and who exclaim what we have felt and seen, with confidence we tell, and publish to the sons of men the signs infallible, a more reliable testimony to rest upon. Jesus says. "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life". The wise-acres of His day, the Pharisees, accused Him of bearing record

of Himself, saying His record was not true. Jesus answered: "Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true, for I know whence I came and whither I go. Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man, and yet if I judge, my judgment is true; for I am not alone, for I and the Father which sent me are one. It is also written in your law that the testimony of two men is true. I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me". Then said they unto Him: "Where is thy Father?" Jesus answered: "Ye have neither known me nor my Father. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also".

Now, Judge, I submit that if in view of the momentous interests we have at stake, and the terrible consequences involved in rejecting the testimony of Jesus Christ concerning the atonement He has provided, is it wise for men and women to hazard their eternal interest on the mere conjectures of professedly wise, and learned skeptics, when we ourselves can demonstrate the truth, by meeting the conditions laid down by the all wise Creator and Saviour, in His revealed and written Word? You speak of faith in Christ's atonement under the figure of an "old bridge so decayed and rotten that it must certainly break down if the weight of myself and teams are placed upon it, and I should be told that it was certainly a safe crossing if I should believe in it, and trust to faith alone I should cross it in safety". Now, dear Judge, allow me to say, your pen portraiture, or figure of speech, while a good pen picture of our modern, worldly conformed, christianity; that type of religious professors that find their chief delight in worldly folly, such as theatre-going, card playing, dancing, base and foot ball crazes, and such like travesties upon the Christ life, which I heard you, more than thirty years ago, (as we sat eating our dinner at George Reineman's res-

taurant), style as being a burlesque on the self-denial and self-negation of Christ, and still, I think you will admit it in nó wise represents the Christian faith, or applies to the faith once delivered to the Saints. No, No, dear Judge, there are no rotten timbers, or unsound wood in the faith that works by love, and purifies the heart. I freely admit that it is not strange that you, and intelligent man like you, turn away in disgust from such popular delusions, as characterizes the mass of professing christians today. But that intelligent men like yourself should neglect the faith once delivered to the Saints because of such manifest inconsistencies on the part of dead formal Christless professions, exemplified by the twice Dead, and plucked up by the roots, of our back-slidden Protestant professors and preachers, is surprising. But Judge you should remember that men never counterfeit a bogus coin. There must be a genuine article on which to base the hope of the counterfeit currency. But "Cui, bono", I must not weary you with repetition of scriptural or unscriptural phrases. I am certain I can add nothing to your stock of knowledge on this or any other question. Christ is the great Teacher. He spake as never man spake. He laid down as the basis, and as the foundation principle of the Christian hope, the necessity of the new birth. He said to Nicodemus: "Marvel not, I said ye must be born again". No reasoning, no argument, no philosophy, can possibly supplement the new birth, or give any man or woman a knowledge of, or an experience in, by which they can comprehend the Christ life until Christ has been formed within their hearts, the hope of eternal glory, by a saving faith obtained, and granted on condition of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, and also having the witness of the Holy Spirit with their spirits, that

they are born of God; then, and not until then, can they with Charles Wesley sing:

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, abba, Father cry.

Then and not till then can we know of the doctrine whether it be true or no. This I declare unto you, not only on the authority of the written Word, but from an experimental knowledge extending over the period of our personal acquaintance of forty-three years.

On the first Saturday evening of February, 1858, a few weeks after I saw you in your office on Wylie avenue, I, myself, at an old time Methodist altar, in a little brick meeting house in Port Perry, under a deep conviction of my sins, and of my need of the merits of the atonement of Jesus Christ, I cried unto the Lord and he heard my cry, and he took me out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay of unbelief, sin and misery. The spirit answering to the blood, told me that I was born of God, and from that day until the present, dear Judge, I never have had any doubts about the truth of the inspired Word of God; and while I have not been as steadfast in the faith, and have not witnessed as good a confession as I should have done, still I trace to the divine impartation of His great love wherewith He loves me, and a measure of the Holy Spirit given to me, what little I have accomplished in life. I attribute among the many great kindnesses I have received from you, and your sons, along with that of others, as among the divine blessings I have received at the hands of my Heavenly Father. I thank Him for enabling me to order my walk and

conversation, so as to retain the confidence for these many years of such a noble friend as you have been to me, and if in this long, and possibly the last letter I shall write you, I shall give expression to a word or thought that shall in the least contribute in aiding you in laying hold upon the hope set before us in the Gospel, so that you shall have no need to cross over that old, rickety, rotten bridge in order to find the haven of rest, but shall even now by faith "enter into the rest prepared for the people of God". (We who do believe have entered into rest) and have a Heaven to go to Heaven in; then I shall feel I have attained my one great desire of having done my life-long friend the greatest possible return for his many acts of kindness to me.

Let me give you the experience of an old Methodist minister, which you will remember as the man for which your father was sessioned, in the old Covenanter Church, for allowing him to preach in an unfinished tenement house your father was building. He was familiarly known and called "Uncle Jimmy Sansom" by us Methodists. The Rev. Dr. Hunter, the Methodist poet, puts Sansom's story of his conversion into verse. Dr. Hunter said that under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, Sansom's relating of his conversion at a camp meeting required but little changing of the words to set it up in verse:

There is a spot to me more dear,
  Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear,
  Spring's grateful from it's fountain;
'Tis not where kindred ties abound,
  Although that were almost Heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
  And felt my sins forgiven.

Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
  Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
  Beneath the waves' commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
  Around me faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
  Ascend for years of error!

Sinking and panting as if for breath,
  I knew not help was near me;
And cried, Oh Lord save me from death;
  Immortal Jesus hear me.
Then quick as thought I felt Him mine;
  My Saviour stood before me,
I saw His brightness around me shine,
  And shouted, Glory, Glory.

Oh, Sacred Hour, Oh, Hallowed spot,
  Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
  My heart will linger around thee;
And when from earth I rise to soar,
  Up to my home in Heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more;
  To where I was first forgiven.

And now may Heaven's richest blessings continue to rest upon my aged friend, and his dear companion while your stay is prolonged upon the earth, and Heaven's eternal bliss await your entrance upon the great eternity beyond the shores of time, the outlet upon which you are now standing. I am sincerely and always your friend.

(Signed) J. B. COREY.

Rear Admiral Forsyth of U. S. Navy's Letter.

48 West Lincoln St.,
Shamokin, Penna.,
June 14th, 1907.

My dear sir:

My wife and I have been off on a little trip and have just returned to find the splendid likeness of you, that you have so kindly sent me. All think it an excellent picture of you. I add it with great pleasure to my collection of friends and thank you for sending it.

Yours very truly,
Jas. M. Forsyth,
U. S. Navy.

J. B. Corey, Esq.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Shamokin, Pa.,
May 13th, 1907.

Dear Mr. Corey:

Your letter received. My wife has been having the regular "spring house cleaning" and found some photographs of herself, which were taken just a year after I married her and she says I can send one with her compliments to Mrs. Corey. It was a perfect likeness of her when taken and is still very good. If we ever come to Pittsburgh I shall let you know and would be glad to see you should you visit this town.

Yours truly,
Jas. M. Forsyth,
U. S. Navy.

J. B. Corey, Esq.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

48 West Lincoln St.,
Shamokin, Pa.,
July 8th, 1907.

My dear Mr. Corey:

I am much obliged for the picture of your good wife. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Helfenstein, has taken it into her special care.

I was also pleased to get the papers. "High Tide" gives a good idea of how things went in the days gone by. I myself, was stationed at the Navy Yard, Washington, in Sept., Oct. and November, 1861; under instruction, and saw President Lincoln quite often, you see we have been near to each other and did not know it. I was much interested in your anecdotes of our great President, who is to me the greatest American that ever lived.

With kind regard, I am,

Yours truly.

Jas. M. Forsyth,
Rear Admiral,
U. S. Navy.

J. B. Corey, Esq.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

48 West Lincoln Street,
Shamokin, Penna.
May 8th, 1907.

My dear Mr. Corey:

Your letter to me, after wandering around a bit; fell into hands of some naval officer at the New York Navy Yard, who knew my home address and sent it to me here. I don't know how you got the idea I was a New Yorker. Ever since I landed in Philadelphia, as a boy, in 1853; that city has been my home, as far as a sailor can have a home, and since my second marriage, in 1903, I have made my

REAR ADMIRAL FORSYTH.
U. S. Navy.
1906.
(See page 275.)

WIFE OF ADMIRAL FORSYTH.
U. S. Navy.
1906.
(See page 275.)

home in this town with my wife's people. I remember you very well and our talks about the coal business at New Orleans. You are mistaken about my *commanding* one of the ships of Commodore Farragut's fleet when he captured New Orleans, April 24, 26, 1862. I was only a youngster 20 years of age, and serving as a *junior* volunteer officer on board the Gunboat Wissahickon (No. 4) one of Farragut's fleets, Commander Albert N. Smith. My rank was that of Acting Master's Mate. I am glad that we got there just in time to save that coal for you and so enable you to weather financial storm. I remember your Sunday service on board the "Comus" and my wife and mother-in-law often refer to it. I send you a photo of myself. If you notice a change, it is because I have shaved off my "goatee" and may look strange in uniform. My wife regrets that she has not one to send to Mrs. Corey. With kind regards and wishing you both many more years, I am,

Yours truly,
Jas. M. Forsyth,
Rear Admiral,
U. S. Navy.

J. B. Corey, Esq.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

King George V. on Titanic Disaster.

Buckingham Palace.

The Private Secretary has received The King's commands to thank Mr. J. B. Corey for the kind expressions conveyed in his communication of the 15th ulto.

March 2nd, 1911.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
Executive Chamber
Lansing

Big Rapids, Michigan, Jan. 11, 1914.

My dear sir:

I have your letter of January 5th. In the Copper Country the bone of contention is the recognition of the Western Federation of Miners. Both sides are equally stubborn in regard to the one bone. I have read with care your co-operative agreement. I shall read it several times more. I wish to say that I am personally grateful to you for sending me this agreement. Just at this time I am pausing for certain events to take place that are inevitable. Every day I am doing some wiring in the last hope that the great industrial dispute in the Copper Country may end speedily.

Gratefully yours,
Woodbridge N. Ferris,
Governor.

J. B. Corey,
Braddock, Pa.
WNF-NB

Wm. H. White & McCullough Lumber Co.
General Office, Fargo, N. D.

Fargo, N. D., July 18th, 1912.

Dear Bro. Corey:

I was very glad to hear from you, and in your own hand writing. Some time I will try to see you. I don't know when, but you did me a great deal of good when we were together. Please remember me kindly to your daughter. Some time I hope to meet her again.

Sincerely yours,
Wm. H. White.

Letter of Rev. Rabbi Levy and my reply to same.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 24, 1902.

Mr. J. B. Corey,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear sir:

In reply to your communication which awaited me on my return from the East, I beg to state that I regret my inability to be present at Wesley Chapel on Sunday or Wednesday evening of this week.

I feel very sorry indeed that you should be disturbed by my imputation of the insincerity of converted Jews, but if you knew this class of people as well as I do, you would not be at all surprised at the position I have taken. I believe that I am rendering every sincere Christian a distinct service when I wrote as I did through my paper. I do not think I am ungenerous, nor do I impugn the motives of men who are honest and whose lives give evidence of their honesty. I am amazed that any thinking Christian should be blinded by the palpable self-seeking of those who leave Judaism for Christianity, though in this case, as in others, none are so blind as those who will not see. My contention is fair and should be convincing to reasonable people; Preach "Christ and him crucified" to the Jews without bribe, without favors, without social gain and see how many converts to Christianity you will get!

Motives are for God to judge, but the presumption of insincerity will always be held against those who leave the struggling minority to join the ranks of the majority. I am very familiar with the methods of the missionaries. I know the work they have conducted for years in London, in Palestine Place; I know how they have met the refugees from Continental Europe, as they land in free countries; I know the tempting baits offered to innocent chil-

dren and I know the awards made to those who prosecute this work with ardor. The Christians who contribute for missionary efforts among the Jews are guilty of insulting the intelligence and the religious feelings of many of those who are devout followers of "Moses and the Prophets", as Jesus himself was, as well as being guilty of sustaining, generally speaking, people, who by personal experience with large numbers of them, I have discovered to be of the tribe of Goldberg in England and Warszawiak in New York. I cite here two isolated cases, but my experience has been considerable with this class of people. I am not building a theory on an exception. I have met in my life a number of so-called "converts" to Christianity. I have attended some of them, at their request, on their death-bed, and I know whereof I speak when I say I can cite cases in which the greatest perfidy and scurrility have been practiced by them.

I am no more sweeping in my denunciation of this class of people than was the gentle Nazarene in his indignant outcry recorded in Matthew xxiii. of which a very spiritual Christian says "that terrible invective has never been equaled in severity in any known human speech". You certainly justify Jesus in his wholesale and indiscriminating denunciation; and while I make no pretence, in any respect, to the character of the Nazarene, and while I feel for this Jew of Nazareth great reverence, (as I have always stated both privately and publicly) I think I have not been harsher in my judgment of those who, I feel, should be condemned, than was he of those against whom he launched his condemnation.

In the economy of religion and in God's wonderful providence, it seems wisely ordained that there should be division of opinion. I cheerfully admit the necessity of varying views and I feel that great good must come from different methods of reason-

ing honestly pursued. To my mind nothing could be better than that each sect should first perfect the members attached to its own branch of thought. It were well first to have all Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., etc., upright, honest, God-fearing, spiritually-minded men and women, and that the members of these various denominations should get their members to lead the "Christ"-life. When they have succeeded in that it will be time enough for them to look to the ways of others. You have no doubt heard of "the mote and the beam". There are hosts of Non-Jewish people in this country, without God, without religion, without knowledge of the Bible, upon whom it might be well to exert some uplifting influence; and while I make no claim that the Jews are perfect, I feel that they can be left to be cared for by their own as I think the various sects ought to look after their own. To me as a free born Englishman and a free citizen of America, it seems the height of unwarranted impertinence for people to interfere in the religious beliefs of their neighbors. I care not how noble be the motive, such action, to my mind, savors of unpardonable Pharisaism. If souls have to be saved, it were well to begin at home first, and when Christians are *true* Christians, and when they can point to the conversion of the Christian world to Christianity, it will be time enough for them to speak of going outside of Christian ranks. The ends do not sanctify the means, according to my ethical standard, but if you must convert someone, begin by converting nominal Christians; the Jews, having a religion of their own which was and is satisfying to them, can be left alone.

I cannot tell you how deeply I regret the need of having to write in this tone, especially as I have met so many people who, I believe, are genuinely Christian, and who have expressed to me their opin-

ion that the whole conversion movement is a farce and most reprehensible in their sight. I have met so many sweet and pure people, members of the Christian Church, that I regret very much to find those whose characteristics should be sweet humility, lowliness and righteousness, presuming to undertake a work, which no one would condemn more bitterly than the Nazarene himself.

The remarks you make about myself I pass over in that spirit of brotherly forgiveness which I have been taught as a Jew to practice. From my childhood I have offered daily the prayer at the close of "The Eighteen Benedictions", in which I have asked for divine help to answer the slanderer by forgiving him, and the maligner by asking for him the pardon of God. This is why I made no reference to the article which you published in the Braddock paper after my address in Carnegie Hall. I was informed that you had purchased the space in the paper to publish the article and that you had prompted a converted Jew to challenge me on the evening that I spoke. Of course I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but such was my information from private sources. You may remember that I did not even raise my voice in protest against what I felt was an act on the part of one, calling himself a Christian, who appeared to me to resort to methods which are not exactly what I believe the Nazarene would have followed. For your private information, I would tell you now, and now only because this is a *personal* communication, that I am not at all hurt by the fact that you disapprove of the size of my salary. My people here pay me what they do for reasons best known to themselves. I have never asked for a position in my life. Every pulpit I have occupied has been filled by myself in response to an invitation, and I have resolved never, under any circumstances, to "apply" for a pulpit. In the

future, as in the past, wherever I shall teach, I shall do so in response to the call of my people and not because I seek any other place than the sphere in which I find myself. I graduated from my college an orthodox Jew, son of an orthodox minister of the Jewish faith, and for some years I was an orthodox Rabbi in England. I outgrew, as I felt, the restrictions imposed by orthodoxy and found myself out of sympathy with the *forms* of my father's faith. At that time I was earning the equivalent of more than $4,000 a year. I left England and came to America in response to a call from a congregation in Sacramento, California. I gave up my home, my country, my friends, my family and although married but eight months, my young wife and I came to this country to teach what I felt was a better view of my faith, sympathizing as I did with the Prophets of Israel rather than with the formalists. You can never know, and even if you are possessed of a lively imagination, you can little understand, the sacrifices I brought for my conviction's sake, besides resigning a most successful rabbinate and what was conceded to be by all who knew me, the certainty of a brilliant future in England, and accepting a position for $1,800 a year. This is many years ago and I am where I am in response to my people's wishes, not as the result of my self-seeking. I never raised a finger, and never by hint or allusion, sought to leave any position I occupied. I have always been with the minority of the minority and expect to so remain till the end. I have told you this not because I am especially interested in standing well with you, nor because I care to defend myself, but simply because having brought the charge of self-seeking against others, you bring it against me. You are at liberty to make your own deductions, and I claim for myself an equal degree of liberty to make mine. I stand exactly in the position to-day

where I did when I wrote the article to which you take exception, not varying one whit in my belief that I am doing society a service in exposing those whom I believe are totally unworthy of serious consideration after the large experience I have had with the class of people against whom I now, as in the past, lodge my protest. You may think me illiberal and I am sorry for it. As soon as the gospel of the Nazarene is preached, as soon as all favors, bribes, rewards are withdrawn from the organized system of conversion methods, as soon as I find Christianity has converted the morally submerged portion of Christian society, to whom it of right should apply, you will find that I shall not speak as I have spoken. The burden of my whole plea and plaint is: Take care of those who come legitimately within the scope of Christian thought and save them first. This done we may be able to say: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord".

Yours truly,

J. Leonard Levy.

Rev. Rabbi Levy,

Dear sir:

Your seven-page letter was duly received. My motive in addressing you the short note which you answered at such great length was only to remind you that men fully your equal mentally and morally who had lived in our community for years were entitled to the same respectful consideration that your short tenure in our midst entitled you to. When I read your cruel, unjust public attack upon men whose reputation and character as Hebrew converts rested upon as solid foundation as your own, I felt led to write you my feeble protest against your illiberal and uncalled for attack upon the motives and principles of men and women who had as good

a right to change their religious opinions and follow their religious convictions, as you had to change your opinions and follow your convictions.

Now, Dr. Levy, surely you cannot reconcile your cruel abuse of Jewish converts with your statement that it was wise in divine providence that there should be a diversity of opinion on religious questons and dogmas, for, when a Gentile or Jewish convert differs with you as to his or her religious convictions, you feel called to sit in judgment upon them, anathematizing them as sordid hypocrites, etc. Might I not properly exclaim: "On what meat doth this Hebrew Caesar feed!" or "who made thee a judge of other man's motives?" But I am opposed to three men piling on one, even if their cause is just, and as Dr. Chalmers, a Gentile, and Rev. A. R. Kuldell a Jewish convert, have both replied to your editorial in a much more able and masterly manner than I am capable of doing, I will not attempt to answer some of your illogical attacks upon Christian doctrine and practice, but content myself by repudiating some of your personal insinuations and charges of sordid motives, such as bribing Hebrew converts, etc.

As my own knowledge of missionary efforts to the Jews is limited to our Hebrew Mission in Pittsburgh, I shall endeavor to show that your charges against the Pittsburgh Jewish converts or their Christian friends has no foundation in truth, and if I do it will go a long way towards proving that your charges against other Hebrew converts and missions are also groundless.

My knowledge and interest in the conversion of the Jews began with my going down to Dixmont hospital to see Maurice Ruben, which resulted in my instigating proceedings to have him liberated. The incidents which followed are all so well known that I will not reiterate them, but will call your attention

to a few facts which clearly refute your charges of bribery, and that the Jewish converts accept Christ for the money there is in it. When Mr. Ruben was brought before His Honor, Judge White, he pronounced it the greatest outrage upon an innocent man that had come before him in his thirty years experience, and told the doctors who lent themselves to the crime that they all ought to be sent to the penitentiary. Forgetting the admonition of your Jew and my Saviour, to "do good to them that despitefully use you", I thought I saw a good opportunity to even up and teach the rich Jew, Charles Ruben a lesson. I set myself to have Maurice Ruben bring suit against his brother and the doctors for a big bill of damages, to which he at first gave his consent, and attorney Wm. Yost prepared the papers necessary, when to my utter disappointment and the disgust of Mr. Yost, Maurice Ruben came to my office and said: "I cannot consent to go ahead with the suit against Charles. What he did, he did through love for me as his brother, and I would have had him sent to Dixmont had be been converted while I was in my Jewish blindness". Now, I think, you must admit that if Maurice Ruben's motive was to make money, he threw away as good a chance as he is ever likely to have. I am certain (and I think Mr. Yost felt sure that he had as good a prospect for a fat fee as lawyers usually have), if Maurice had not interfered, Charles Ruben may have retired from business as he has done, but the credit side of the ledger would not have shown as big a balance.

I admit, my dear sir, that I was little less disappointed when Brother Ruben refused to accept either of his brother's offers to give up his call to preach and go back to the store at a salary of $2,500 per year, or accept an advance of $5,000 to start himself in business, both of which offers were declined in my presence in my office, as also was his

declination three years later to become united with his family on condition that he gave up his call to preach and returned to business. But I assure you we are all glad today that he was able to stand the test, and I do not believe his noble little Christian wife would for one moment consider the three large Jewish stores of our city if offered them on condition that she and her husband would give up their faith in Christ. His brother himself has told me that he is proud of Maurice, and is glad that he is successful in his labors. Both Mr. Yost and myself are glad he had more of the Christ spirit than we had, and I am ashamed of how very little Christian sympathy and love I showed him the first three years of the Christ-life, when brother and sister, wife and children, all had forsaken him; and yet I think he will tell you that I showed him more aid and kindness than all the sweet-scented Christians (so-called) in this locality.

Now, Dr. Levy, here is one instance, whether you will admit it or not, where a Jewish convert did accept the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. His brother thought him insane, hireling doctors pronounced him insane, but an able and experienced Jurist declared him to be a saner man than his persecutors.

Again, in reply to your statement that you are not hurt at my disapproval of the size of your salary, allow me to say that I do not disapprove of the size of your salary at all. In ringing the changes on your $8,500 salary, my object was to force home on your mind the illogical absurdity of your cruel accusation against Hebrew converts whom you charged with giving up the faith of their fathers for the money that was in it, when you yourself say you have out-grown orthodox Judaism and have turned away from the traditions of the elders, and in so doing you have improved both your social and financial

interest over one hundred per cent (from a salary of $4,000 to $8,500 per year). In calling attention to your charges of sordid motives against apostate Jews, I only intended to remind you that an apostate rabbi with such great advancement of his financial interest, is liable to be suspected of becoming a reform Jew for the money there is in it. No, no, Dr. Levy, I am not ignorant of what the Bible and all human experience proves to be true, that the preaching of an emasculated theology, the holding of truth in unrighteousness, always commands a higher salary and pays better socially than an adherence to truth. All the prophets and apostles unite in declaring that both Jews and Gentiles turn away their ears from the truth to fables, and heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears.

In reference to the 23rd chapter of Matthew, which gives the Nazarene's strong denunciation of Phariseeism—if you will read that chapter carefully you will see that it was not to the poor fisherman, his disciples and missionaries to Jew and Gentile, that the Nazarene directed His denunciations, but to those who sat in Moses' seat—the rabbis. He told them to call no man "rabbi", comparing them to whited sepulchres. You will have to read that chapter more carefully. You will find nothing in it justifying your intolerant spirit.

Let me call your attention to one or two things you overlook in your complaint against efforts to convert the Jews. First, your Nazarene claimed that He came unto His own, and His own received Him not; second, in commissioning His disciples to preach His gospel, He told them to begin at Jerusalem. Paul, who sat at the feet of Gamaliel and profited in the Jews' religion above many of his equals, declared that his gospel was "to the Jew first". This you will see, answers your objections to missionary efforts among the Jews, especially

with reference to all persons who acknowledge their allegiance to Christ. Then, in regard to your complaint of unwise acts and un-Christlike spirit of missionaries, I would say that if these complaints are true, they only hold against the unfaithful missionary or those who have a zeal not according to knowledge. You know men never counterfeit a worthless bank-note or bogus coin. That there are so many counterfeit or anti-semitic Christians is the strongest proof of true christianity. You can see the effect of this anti-christian spirit in the many Roumanian Jews driven from home and seeking shelter in this country. My office of late has been like an employment agency, and not only so, but I am called to relieve the pressing needs of some of these poor wanderers. Now, Dr. Levy, for fear of being suspicioned of taking advantage of their necessities to induce them to accept Christ, I am willing to enter into an arrangement of this kind with you and your wealthy Reform Jews. I will send these Jews seeking employment and aid to you and your friends and let you assist them, and we will take our chances of converting them after they learn our American language and customs. You see I am willing that you should have my share of the reward your Nazarene Jew promises to all who feed, clothe and visit the distressed and needy.

One more thought and I am done. I think you overlook the fact that cause and effect always follow. Intolerance is a very prominent trait in human nature both among Jews and Gentiles. This intolerant spirit among Jews manifested towards Christ in causing him to be crucified, perhaps more than all else, has brought down upon the defenceless head of the Jews all the intolerant bigotry they have had to endure for the past 1,900 years. The common idea among Gentiles is that the only way to deal with a Jew is to allow him to go so far and no far-

ther. Your letter to me, and your article in the Pittsburgh *Post* manifests this trait to such a degree that nothing but the Christ-spirit saves you from the natural effect.

I close with this one suggestion. If Reform Judaism has nothing better to offer a man of your ability than the vaporings of German rationalism and infidelity, or French agnosticism, then your $8,500 salary is a poor compensation for the sacrifice you are making upon the altar of Baal. I hope this letter controversy may lead you to see the dark veil of Jewish unbelief lying upon your heart, and like St. Paul and Brother Ruben, you may hear a voice saying: "It is I, Jesus of Nazareth; why persecutest thou me?" Dr. Levy, is it not hard for you to kick against the pricks? Surely conscience must prick you when pretending to reverence and eulogize the greatest imposter that ever trod the earth. If Jesus is not the Christ of God, second person in the Trinity, the promised Messiah to the Jews, I am astonished that your wealthy congregation do not call you down. The hypocrisy is so transparent to every intelligent man and woman; and all you gain in the way of flattery from hollow-hearted, backslidden preachers will never compensate you for the wounds you are giving your own conscience.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Very sincerely yours,

J. B. COREY.

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Easter Sermons, prepared by J. B. Corey from Extracts of Sermons of John and Charles Wesley and Dr. Adam Clark.

Dr. Adam Clark's Comments on 15th Chapter 1st Corinthians.

Dr. Adam Clark, in his commentary, says:

It appears from this chapter that there were some false apostles at Corinth who denied the Resurrection. In consequence of which St. Paul discusses the questions it contains as follows:

First—Whether there be a resurrection of the dead? (Verses 1-35.)

Second—What will be the nature of the resurrection bodies? (Verses 35-51.)

Third—What will become of those found alive when the last trumpet shall sound? Verses 51-57.)

First—He proves the resurrection from verses 1 to 4.

Second—From eye-witnesses, from verses 5 to 12. In the second place he proves the resurrection by the absurdity of the contrary doctrine.

First—If the dead rise not, Christ is not risen. (Verse 13.)

Second—The apostles must be false witnesses who attest this resurrection. (Verse 15.)

Third—The faith of the Corinthians must be vain who believe it (Verses 16-17.)

Fourth—All the believers who have died in the faith of Christ perished if Christ be not risen. (Verses 18.)

Fifth—Believers in Christ are in a more miserable state than others if there be no resurrection. (Verse 19).

Sixth—Those who are baptized in the faith that Christ died for them and arose again are deceived. (Verse 29.)

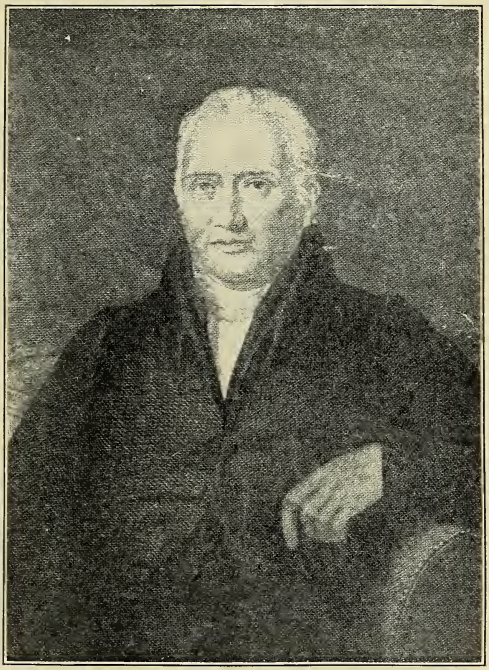
Seventh—The Apostles, and Christians in general, who suffer persecution on the ground that, after suffering awhile here, they shall have a glorious resurrection, are acting a foolish and unprofitable part. (Verse 32.)

For He Shall Save His People from Their Sins.

The Apostle in Verse One says: "The Gospel which I preach unto you is contained in Christ dying for our sins, being buried and rising the third day for our justification."

Second—By which also ye are saved; that is, ye are now in a saveable state; and are saved from Gentileism and from your former sins; if you keep this in memory, your future salvation, or being finally brought to glory, will now depend on your faithfulness to God and the grace which ye have received.

Verse Third—For I delivered unto you, first of all, that which I also received, as the chief things are matters of greatest importance, and fundamental truths. That which I received by revelation from God himself and not from man. That Christ died for our sins. The death of Jesus Christ as a vicarious sacrifice for sin is among the things that are of chief importance, and is the essential Gospel scheme of salvation according to the Scriptures. The sinner who was an heir to all God's curses has, through the sacrifice of Jesus, a claim on the mercy of the Most High and a right to be saved; even Justice itself gives salvation to the vilest who take refuge in this atonement; for Justice has nothing to grant nor heaven to give which the blood of the Son of God has not merited. It is not said anywhere in the Scriptures, in express terms, that Christ should



DR. ADAM CLARK.
(See page 291.)

JOHN WESLEY, M.A.
BORN JUNE 17, 1703: DIED MARCH 2, 1791.
CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.
BORN DECEMBER 18 1708: DIED MARCH 29 1788.
"THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US."
"I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH."

WESLEY'S MEMORIAL IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

rise on the third day; but it is fully implied in the foreshadowing of that event, as in the case of Jonah, who came out of the belly of the fish on the third day; but particularly in the case of Isaac, for as his being brought to Mt. Moriah, bound and laid on the wood in order to be sacrificed, pointed to the death of Christ, so his being brought alive on the third day from the Mount was a figure of His resurrection, which two Gospels, having been written at the time Paul wrote this Epistle, properly called Sacred Scriptures. And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve; after that He was seen of five hundred brethren at once; five hundred persons saw him at one time.

"What a remarkable testimony," says Dr. Clarke, "this is to the truth of our Lord's resurrection." After that He was seen of James. Then of all the Apostles. And, last of all, was seen of me also, as one born out of due time. For I am the least of the Apostles that am not meet to be called an Apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God; but, by the Grace of God, I am what I am; God by His mere grace and good will has called me to be an Apostle; nor have I been unfaithful to the Divine call. I have labored more abundantly than they all. The Apostle not only clearly establishes the doctrine of the resurrection, but also gives the clearest proofs of his own call to the Apostleship or ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Therefore, whether it was I or they, so we preach and so ye believe; all the Apostles of Christ agree in the same doctrines and preach the same thing; and as we preached so ye believed, having received from us the Apostolic faith that Jesus died for our sins, and rose again from the dead for our justification; and that His resurrection is pledge and proof of our resurrection; and whoever teaches contrary to this does not preach the true Apostolic doctrine.

Dr. Adam Clarke says: "The absolute necessity of a divine revelation is sufficiently established. If God be the whole foundation of light and truth, all knowledge must be derived from Him. The spirit of man may know the things of man, but the spirit of God He alone knows, and teaches the things of God. How unspeakably we are indebted to God for giving us a revelation of His will and His works. Who then are they who cry out the Bible is a fable? The use of revelation and a pious study of it was the grand means of producing the greatest kings, the most enlightened statesmen, the most accomplished poets, and the most holy and useful men and women that ever adorned the world."

The Poet Most Beautifully Expressed This Hope.

He says:

"The Christian's hope is a glorious hope,
A hope through Jesus given,
A hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven."

The Primitive Apostles.

Dr. Clarke further says that Paul was the last of the primitive Apostles. The primitive Apostles were those who had seen Christ, and got their call to the Apostate immediately from Jesus. Paul says: "Now if it be preached that He arose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?" That there were some false prophets or teachers among them who were endeavoring to incorporate Mosaic rites and ceremonies with the Christians, worship and even to blend Sadduceism with the whole, appear pretty evident. To confute this false teaching the Apostle wrote this chapter: "If there be no resurrection of the dead,

then Christ is not risen. And if Christ is not risen, then our preaching is vain, and your faith is also vain". Dr. Clarke says: "There seems to have been some at Corinth who, though they denied the resurrection of the dead, admitted that Christ had risen." The Apostle's argument goes therefore to state if Christ was raised from the dead, mankind may be raised; and if mankind cannot be raised, then the body of Christ was never raised, and our belief in a false doctrine is useless, void and unprofitable. But could *five hundred persons* agree in this imposition? And if they did, is it possible that some one living at the time would not have discovered the deception, when he could have no interest in keeping the secret and might greatly promote his peculiar interest by making the discovery? Such a case never occurred, and never can occur. The testimony of Christ's resurrection is incontrovertibly true. If Christ has not risen from the dead, there is no proof that He has not been justly put to death. If He has not been raised from the dead, there is a presumption that He has been put to death justly; and if so, consequently He has made no atonement, and ye are in your sins under power of guilt and condemnation. All this reasoning goes to prove that at Corinth, even among the false teachers, the innocency of our Lord was allowed, and that the reality of His resurrection was not questioned. The Apostle further says: "Then they which are fallen asleep in Christ have perished. All those who, either by martyrdom or natural death, have departed in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ are perished. Their hope was without foundation, and their faith had not reason and truth for its object, and their bodies are dissolved in the earth, finally decomposed, notwithstanding the promise of Christ to such that He would raise them up at the last day". "If in this life only", says the

Apostle, "we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable". If in this life we have no other hope and confidence but in Christ, (and He still is dead and not risen), we are more to be pitied than all men; we are sadly deceived; we have denied ourselves; and have been denied by others; have mortified ourselves and been persecuted by others. But then Christ is risen from the dead, and became the first fruits of them that slept. His resurrection has been clearly demonstrated; and our resurrection necessarily follows. As sure as the first fruits are proof that there will be a harvest, so surely the resurrection of Christ is proof of our own resurrection. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. Mortality came by Adam; immortality by Christ Jesus, our Lord. But every man in his own order. First Christ in His order rose from the dead; second, them that are Christ's, all His Apostles, martyrs, confessors and faithful followers; third, then cometh the end, when the whole mass shall be raised in the twinkling of an eye; for we are told all shall stand before Him to be judged for the deeds done here in the body.

Death Shall be Destroyed.

The last enemy, Death, shall be destroyed. But death cannot be destroyed by there simply being no further dead. Death can only be destroyed and annihilated by a general resurrection. Therefore, the fact that death shall be destroyed assures the fact that there shall be a general resurrection; and this is proof, also, that after the resurrection there shall be no more death among them that are saved. The doctrine of the resurrection of our Lord was a grand doctrine among the Apostles; they considered and preached this as the demonstration and

proof of the Gospel. The multitudes who embraced Christianity became converts on the evidence of His resurrection, which was considered the pledge and proof of the resurrection of all believers of Christ to the possession of the same glory into which He had entered.

Baptism an Emblem of Death.

The baptism which they received they considered as an emblem of their natural death and resurrection. This doctrine St. Paul most pointedly preaches (Romans 6:3, 4, 5): Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death. Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead, even so we also walk in newness of life, for if we had been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall also be in the likeness of His resurrection. It is evident from this that all who died in the faith of Christ died in the faith of the resurrection, and therefore cheerfully gave up their lives unto death. As they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had in heaven a better and enduring substance, many of the followers of Christ sealed the truth with their blood. They were therefore baptized in reference to this martyrdom. Jesus asked his disciples: "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of? etc. Can you go through my sufferings?" They say unto Him, "We are able". He saith unto them, "Ye shall indeed drink of my cup. Ye shall bear part of the afflictions of the Gospel." The Apostle says: "So I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straightened until it be accomplished?" The sum of the Apostle's reasoning appears to be this: If there be no resurrection of the dead, those who in becoming Christians expose themselves to all manner of pri-

vations, crosses, sufferings and violent death can have no compensation to induce them to expose themselves to such misery. But as they receive baptism as an emblem of death, so they receive it as an emblem of a resurrection into eternal life.

A Vital Question.

"There are many questions", says Dr. Clarke, "connected with the doctrine of the resurrection I could not introduce here without writing a book instead of short notes on long chapters. One remark I cannot help making. The doctrine of the resurrection appears to have been thought of much more importance among the primitive Christians than it is at the present age. How is this? The Apostles were continually insisting on it, and exciting the followers of God to diligence, obedience and cheerfulness through it. But their successors in the present day seldom mention it. So the Apostles preached, and so the primitive Christians believed; so we preach, and so our hearers believe".

The Blessed Hope and Glorious Appearing.

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ (Titus 2:13).

There is something grand and soul inspiring about this text of Scripture, but we must have the upward gaze to realize it. The hope which we look for is the "blessed" appearing of the Saviour Whose name, Jesus, was proclaimed by the angel, because "He shall save His people from their sins". Hallelujah. This hope was cherished by the primitive Church for the first three centuries. For this they looked, waited, and prayed; for this they strove, that by any means they might attain unto "the first resurrection", and be counted worthy to

stand before the Son of Man. They were not satisfied with obeying the call "from darkness to light", "and from the power of Satan unto God", nor the call of holiness. But, "forgetting the things" that were behind, they pressed toward the mark of their high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Not only did they "count all things but loss for this hope", but they literally "suffered the loss of all things," that they might win Christ. It was not a matter of Christ winning them; this had been done at their conversion, and they were "accepted in the Beloved." They wanted to win Christ as a Bride would win a Bridegroom. They were espoused to one husband, and waited mid trials and temptations.

That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ, Whom, having not seen, ye love; in Whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory (1 Peter).

A Purifying Hope.

Although he tarried, they were exhorted to "Gird up the loins of their mind, be sober and hope to the end, for the grace that was to be brought to them at the revelation of Jesus Christ" (Verse 12). This hope is blessed, and those who have it are blessed, and must be holy to share in the glory of the same and have part in the first resurrection (Rev. 20:6). This hope is an incentive to holiness and purity. St. John, the Divine, declared when Christ appeared we should be like Him. "For we shall see Him as He is". "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure" (1 John 3:3). This hope is a lively hope. Peter declared "that we are begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from

the dead'' (1 Peter 1:3). This hope is to ''an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, and is reserved in heaven, ready to be revealed at the last time''. This hope, says Paul, is based on the resurrection. ''If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable'' (1 Cor. 15:19). ''And if Christ be not raised your faith is vain'' (Verse 17).

But he assures us ''that Christ is risen, and become the first fruits of them that slept'' (Verse 20). Why should we then sorrow as those having no hope? ''For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him'' (1 Thess. 4:14). This takes place at the coming of Jesus. ''For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be ever with the Lord'' (1 Thess. 4:16, 17).

Here the righteous dead are raised, and the holy living changed. This is the mystery that Paul was explaining in 1 Cor. 15:51 when he said: ''Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trump shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed''. The change will be the same as took place in Christ, Who was the first fruit of the resurrection (or of them that slept) from corruptible to incorruptible, and in the case of Enoch from mortal to immortality (Verse 53). Then and not until then will be brought to pass the saying that is written, ''Death is swallowed up in victory''. Then will the victors be able to say, ''O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy

victory?'' Truly this hope is blessed, and would that all of God's children might realize it. To this end we join the great Apostle in his spirit-enlightened prayer that ''the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give you the spirit of wisdom, and revelation in the knowledge of Him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us, who believe according to the working of His mighty power, in which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead'' (Eph. 1:17-20).

You are aware that this teaching will seem ''like a cunningly devised fable to all those who have not the ''eyes of their understanding enlightened'', and ''who have not taken heed to the sure word of prophecy, until the day-dawn, and the day-star has arisen in their hearts'' (2 Peter 1:19).

The Three Appearings.

So much for the blessed hope. Let us now consider the ''Glorious'' appearing. The first feature that calls our attention is that the appearing is to be glorious. In the 9th chapter of Hebrews, verses 24, 26 and 28, we see three appearings of Jesus clearly pictured. His first appearance, in verse 26, was not a glorious appearing, but one of humiliation. ''He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.'' We get a picture of this appearing in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. ''He had no form nor comliness'', and was not beautiful in appearance, but was a ''Root out of dry ground''. ''He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and we hid, as it were, our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not.''

He was stricken, smitten, afflicted, wounded and bruised, and bore chastisement for our sake. Although He was Lord of all, He humbled Himself, and "Became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

The next appearing (Hebrew 9:24) was in heaven, now there to appear in the presence of God for us. We get a picture of His entrance there in the 24th Psalm, when the everlasting doors were lifted up, to welcome and receive the conqueror of earth's greatest battle. We think of Him coming on the scene of action—taking His stand on the same battle-ground where the first man Adam fell, and there, single handed, against the combined forces of earth and hell, that were martialed against Him in battle array, He fought the fierce battle to a finish, and proved Himself more than a match for all His foes. Conquering man's last enemy and purchasing an eternal redemption for us, He arose triumphant over death, hell and the grave. "Ascended up on high, leading captivity captive". Was it any wonder that the hosts of heaven would cry out? "Lift up your heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty in battle" (Psalm 24:7, 8).

Jesus took His place at the Father's right hand, on the throne of grace, and is there to appear in the presence of God for all mankind (Jew and Gentile alike). Having broken down the middle wall or partition that was between us (Jews and Gentiles), and abolished in the flesh the enmity. "For to make in Himself of twain one new man". "And that He might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross". "For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto God in one body by the cross unto the Father" (Eph. 2:15, 16, 18).

His Coming Again.

Jesus is coming again; but while He tarries the Spirit is calling a people, from among the Jews and Gentiles, to be ready for the advent. In the 15th chapter of Acts, the 14th and 15th verses, we find: "How that God at first did visit the Gentiles to take out of them a people for His name". And to this agreed the words of the prophets, "After this He shall return". From among the Jews also there is a remnant being gathered out according to the election of grace, gathered, to share in the same Glory (Romans 11:15).

St. Peter says: "For we have not followed cunningly-devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; but were eye witnesses of His majesty" (2 Peter 1:16). As a good brother says, "These words were written by the Apostle Peter towards the close of his life, when he felt the time of his departure was at hand. He had fought many hard battles since the night he witnessed the Transfiguration on the Holy Mount. He is now warning the Church to keep their faith in Christ. As a proof that Jesus was the son of God, he first mentions the incident on the Mount. No doubt this was a great event in Peter's life, and the voice that he heard from heaven confirmed the reality of his belief, that Jesus was the Divine Son of God. In the 19th verse of this chapter he sets aside, as it were, this experience, and says that "we have also a more sure word of Prophecy", viz., the Scriptures, "whereunto ye do well that ye take heed as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." Peter knew that if his hearers rested their faith in what he had seen, instead of the inspired word of God, it would be easy for some one to tell them that he had

been dreaming, or else that the story of the Transfiguration was a "myth". But Peter takes his words from the Scriptures and tells his hearers that they are not of private interpretation, but easily understood, and that if the people take heed thereto the "day star" will arise in their hearts. In other words, if his hearers put their trust in God's word and believe in Jesus with their whole heart, the whole course of their lives will be changed. To use the words of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free".

The Errors of the Day.

The popular churches of this day actually portray the Gospel as a fable. They claim to believe that the Bible is God's word and law, but that in many things it cannot be realized in this life. For instance, if a person should become convicted of his sins and sinful life, and should enter one of these latter-day places of worship seeking relief and expecting to receive help, he would be greatly disappointed. The advice he would receive would be to join the society and come under its influence. The people would tell him that it is impossible for him to live a life free from sin; that they themselves commit sin every day—in word, thought, and deed—and not until one died would he be free from sin. How would one to whom this doctrine was taught feel, having previously read the words of Jesus—"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God, and whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin?" Imagine his disappointment after such an interview, for he still feels that load of sin bearing him down. He would feel much as did Ponce de Leon when, after searching for the fountain of youth, where he might bathe and have his youth return to him again, he found the story of

such a fountain to be but an Indian fable. They claim that they are the followers of the lowly Jesus, yet they deny that His teachings can effect their lives. Therefore their religion does not do anything for them; they fare no better spiritually than the heathen, except that their worship is more civilized and human, than that of the heathen. They deny that we can be saved from sin in this present world. Is it any wonder that people are becoming careless and indifferent how they live, when they see how the churches of the land have drifted into unbelief and higher criticism is cutting the Bible in pieces? Surely church members are following the devices of the devil.

The Sure Word of Prophecy.

"We have also", says Peter, "a more sure word of prophecy", and how true it is, that if one puts the word of God into practice that he is changed, and his life is made different from what it was before. He finds that a power has come into his life which makes it possible for him to live above sin. The Mohammedans and other Eastern religionists, who are following the devices of men, receive no results from their beliefs; they realize nothing but disappointment. A missionary who went to China and began to preach to the heathen, telling them that their worship was wrong, that the Bible contained the truth of God, says they were able to meet every argument that he presented out of their own books, but when the missionary told them what his faith had done for him, and that the blood of Jesus had transformed his life, giving him happiness and peace, they were put to silence; their religion had performed no such miracle in their lives. Thank God there is power in the blood of Jesus that passes all understanding. The great mass of people are not able to comprehend this fact, yet those

who have experienced salvation from sin and holiness of heart know that the Gospel of Christ is true. Paul was not ashamed of what it could do because he knew it was true—the truth of God unto salvation, to every one who would believe it is true. So let us proclaim the truth of the Gospel to every land, until every one shall know that it is possible to live godly in this present evil world, and to be sanctified wholly and to be ready to meet Jesus when He comes.

The Shorter Catechism asks: (1) What is the chief end of man? Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever. (2) What rule hath God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him? The word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him. (3) What do the Scriptures principally teach? The Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God and what duty God requires of man.

Trying to Blast the Rock of Ages.

In the Chained Bible, Rev. F. D. Helm says: "The history of the world is a history of the opposition of Satain against God. At all times since he was cast out of Heaven he has been arrayed against God, and against the truth of Jehovah. He has used various means, but seemingly the one most pleasing and fascinating to him is to make the Bible a closed book, thereby keeping the sons of Adam from learning the way of life!"

Many times do we see, as we scan the dusty pages of antiquity, where he has sought to destroy the Bible and make it only a leaf in the memory of some old devout saint. He has sought to use every ingenuity of Hell to blot out the last traces of God's

letter to mankind. He has enlisted princes, generals, and emperors. He has even come into the pale of the Church and enrolled priests, popes, and clergymen, called higher critics to completely wreck the holy canon. When Luther made his defense to Charles V. of Germany, defending the doctrine of salvation by faith, as taught in the holy writ, the emperor publicly declared that he was "determined to employ all his kingdom, friends, body, blood, and even his life, to prevent the godless undertaking from spreading."

About the middle of the sixteenth century we find a copy of the Bible, translated by Tyndale and revised by Coverdale, chained to the desk in every church in England. Crowds of common people flocked around to hear its truths read to them in their mother tongue. But soon even the Chained Bible was closed. The dust of years gathered upon its cover. We read in "Knights of England": "In 1543, an act was passed which limited the reading of the Bible and the New Testament in the English tongue to noblemen and gentlemen, and forbade the reading of the same to the 'lower sort'—to artificers, prentices, journeymen, serving men, husbandmen, and laborers, and to women, under pain of imprisonment" (Vol. 2, p. 445).

High Cost of Scriptures.

A Bible at that time cost as much as a good, comfortable house does now. There were only a few thousand copies in existence. But God proposed that His message should be heralded from the glaciers of the cold, cold, bleak North to the sunny climes of the Southern seas, and from the fairy land of the rising sun to the last hill tops kissed by its evening splendor.

The handicraft of Guttenburg, of Mentz, ushered in a new era for the spread of the Gospel and the Bible. Now, instead of a scribe laboring months to produce a single copy of the Holy Writ, millions are turned off the press in the same time.

Thomas Paine once boasted, in the Broadway Hotel in New York, that in five years there would not be a Bible in America. How we smile at his folly. Last year there were printed and circulated three or four hundred times as many copies of the Bible as there were in all the world when Thomas Paine died. "Now there are in existence enough copies of the Bible so that if all men, women and children who can read, of all the earth, were gathered in one vast congregation, and were accommodated with Bibles, and could be suited as to the tongue, all, at once, could look upon the printed page of the word of God and read in concert the Sermon on the Mount".

"A quarter of a century ago Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in the zenith of his infidelistic glory, as he boasted, ridiculed the Bible out of existence. Where are his successors? Upon whom has his mantle fallen? His blatant skepticism has disappeared and his spectacular godless life work is lost in oblivion, as a pebble is lost that is dropped into the sea, while the power of the Bible upon the life of humanity is mightier than ever before".

Trying to Extinguish the Light.

"Men have thought that they could extinguish the light from the Holy Book, and it shines into the darkest hovel in the world. Better strive to extinguish the noon-day sun with a dipper of water. Men have thought that they could hew down His Cross and dethrone the Lord of Glory; they have striven to overturn the Rock of Ages. Easier could they

take the wing of morning and fly to Venus and cut her loose from the universe, or shatter the Rock of Gibraltar with a pop-gun. Centuries have come and gone; kingdoms have risen and fallen; republics have been erected upon their ashes, and fallen into decay and forgotten, save for the moldy, time-worn pages of history. Still the Bible lives on and shines as the one bright star amid the decay and ruin. Though it is older than the oldest histories that fed the flames of the four thousand baths of Alexandria for six months, yet it is as fresh as the latest crisp from the press. Though its truth is as old as eternity, yet it is as new as the last sunbeam that kissed your cheek".

The Wonderful Book.

The Bible is the foundation of all truth. No matter what our study may be, there we will find the acropolis of beauty; there we find the sublimest astronomy, the star of Bethlehem, and the Sun of righteousness. And within these covers we are told of the grandest botany; it tells us of the plant of renown, the "Lily of the Valley" and the "Rose of Sharon." Or do we study geology? Here we read of the Rock of Ages and the white stone, with the name graven there on which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it. Or are we seeking for wealth? Here find we "Gold tried in the fire". Or do we love to pore over the annals of the misty ages of the past? Here is the most ancient of all records of the history of the human race. Whatever your science, whatever your theme, records of this would bow in reverence before the Book of Ages and there gain inspiration to set your heart on fire.

Every great book that has been published since Guttenberg invented printing has, directly or indirectly, derived much of its power from the sacred oracles. Scan the books that have had great weight

in civilization and you will see that the authors dipped their pens in the fountain of divine truth and receved their inspiration. Goethe, the admired of all skeptics, had the walls of his home at Wiemar covered with the religious maps and pictures. Milton's "Paradise Lost" breathes forth a part of the Bible story in verse. Spencer received his elevation sentiment from the parables of Christ.

"Macauley, as if to put a wreath of diamonds around his gigantic sentences, crowns them with Scripture quotations. Addison's 'Spectators' is bathed in the stream that broke from beneath the throne of God, clear as a crystal." "Hobbes drew from the 'castle of truth' the weapons with which he afterwards assaulted it. Lord Byron, Pope, and Johnson drank deep of the style of the inspired Orientals. And where e'er we go, roaming o'er the hills and plains of this imperial domain of Bible truth, we find all the American, English, Italian, German, and Spanish poets, painters, orators, and rhetoricians there seeking the inspiration that will make their names go down to posterity in letters of gold".

In the face of the fact that higher critics are telling us that the Bible is neglected, full of errors, and "not even good history", its sale is wonderful. Last year, and the year before, and the year before that, and so for many, many years, there have been more copies of the Bible sold than any other book, more than all of the so-called "best sellers" combined; yes, it outshines all other books, as the sun in its noon-day magnificence outsplendors the tallow candle.

His Abiding Word.

When the last skeptic has been buried in the sea of forgetfulness; when the last infidel and agnostic

has passed from the stage of action; when the last higher critic has been numbered with the nameless dust, the word of God will still be as fresh and as full of power as it was before they attempted to vent their spite against it. And long after the last Pyrrhonist has molded into red dust, and the marble slab that marked the spot of his interment has been covered with moss and sunk into decay and oblivion, the truth of God's Bible will then stand out in letters of gold to bless mankind. "The word of our God shall stand forever."

The Prophet Job, who wrestled with doubts and fears as we do today, asks this question: "If a man die shall he live again?" And adds, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come" (Job 14:14). Again he exclaims (chapter 19:23-27): "Oh, that my words were now written; oh, that they were printed in a book—that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever; for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God, Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

Brother J. W. Crouch, in commenting on these texts, shows how much greater is the Christian man or woman's triumph over their latest foe, and hope of eternal happiness than that of the agnostic or infidel. He says of The Hope of Immortality in these inspiring words:

"When the sun goes down will it rise the same?
Can infidel breath blow out his flame?
In the day when the clouds have left the sky
Will he shine no more to the hopeful eye?

"The seed I plant, is it sown in vain?
At the proper time will there be no grain?
The countless dead beneath the sod,
Will they prove indeed there is no God?

"The sun, no doubt, will arise and shine;
And 'the life', who built me this house of clay,
Will raise it immortal and fair, some day;
The finer extracts, the pure from the base.

"The potter, of clay, forms a beautiful vase:
My change I wait till, in glad surprise,
Creation is again a Paradise."

The United Presbyterian publishes this beautiful comment on 2nd Tim. 4:6-8, R. V.:

A Prisoner's Dying Thoughts.

"For I am already being offered and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only, but also to all them that have loved His appearing." Such are the thoughts of the dying prisoner, Paul, in the dungeon at Rome. Let us read the topic this way, "A Dying Prisoner's Undying Thoughts", for certainly these words are deathless. They have been preached from thousands of lips, they have been on the tongues of the dying for two thousand years. They have the assurance of unnumbered souls in every age since their utterance. They are words that will never die until all kingdoms of men shall be brought to a knowledge of Jesus and His love, nor even then. There are few men, however, who could give expression to this sentiment as

heartily and confidently as the man who was waiting his execution at the time he gave them utterance. Surely Paul had fought a good fight. No man ever fought the world, the flesh and the devil more heroically than this great apostle to the Gentiles. He lived and died for Jesus. His banner had but one insciption—Jesus and the resurrection of the dead. And, now that the end is at hand, he confidently writes: "I have fought the good fight. Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of the Lord. I have finished the course". The race was now finished. He was down at the stadium, ready to receive the victor's crown. He ran, looking unto Jesus, and so finished his course. There were thorns in the way, and the sharp stones pierced his feet and left the bloody footprints in the sand, but he ran on. He heard the jeers and the scoffs of men, yet he held on resolutely for the goal, and he reached it victoriously, triumphantly, and before the innumerable company of witnesses in heaven and on earth he proclaims, "I have finished the course; I have kept the faith". Blessed treasure. It was worthy of being kept. Many a time his faith was tried, but he held it fast. It was a hard thing to go back to Jerusalem and defend the cause he had persecuted, but he kept faith with Jesus and did it. It was no small trial to go into the Jewish synagogues and tell the story to those who hated the doctrines he preached. But he kept the faith. He was stoned, and flung out through the gates of Lystra, as one dead, yet still he trusted and kept on. Henceforth—bless God for that henceforth. What a consolation it has been to the dying in all ages? Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness. It is all over now; the end has come; the fight is fought; the course is run; the faith is kept—now for the crown. It is up to the Crown Keeper now. And still he is keeping the

faith, believing that Jesus will make good to him, and also to all them that have loved His appearing. May God grant that each one of us may have a like assurance when we come to face the final hour.

A Lamp to Our Feet, and a Light to Our Pathway.

With John Wesley, I want to know one thing—how to land safe on that happy shore. God Himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end He came down from Heaven. He hath written it down in a Book. Oh, give me that Book, at any price alone, only God is here. In His presence I open, I read His Book, for this end—to find the way to Heaven. Is there any doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights. Lord, is it not Thy word? If any man lacks wisdom let him ask God; Thou givest liberally and upbraidest not. Thou hast said: "If any man is willing to do Thy will, he shall know". I am willing to do. Let me know Thy will. I then search after and consider parallel passages of Scripture, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. If any doubts still remain, I consult those who are experienced in the things of God, and then the writings of those who, being dead, yet speaketh; and what I thus learn that I teach.

Father Boehm's Testimony.

How many of those departed saints with whom we worshiped in this chapel that have gone on before and are waiting for us to come? Let us close with the farewell peoration of Father Boehm, who for over 70 years proclaimed that this hope was the power of God and the wisdom of God to all who have been saved from their sins.

Preaching his farewell sermon from the text Rev. 3:20—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me" —he says: "We have here set before us an astounding condescension. The great Being condescends to come and stand at the door of our hearts, and waits for an entrance. This indeed is a wonderful condescension, for here it is set before us that Blessed Jesus, Who has all power in heaven and earth, condescends to come down to dependent sinful beings and waits at the door of their hearts for a voluntary entrance. 'I stand', He says, 'at the door and knock; I will not break the door'. There must be a voluntary consent on the part of sinners who hear His voice. They must invite the Holy Spirit to come in, with His gracious influences and divine power. 'Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door I will come in; I will turn out all that is contrary to the divine influences, I will sup with him, and he with Me'. Glory to God in the highest for this manifestation of His love, for His goodness, for His mercy, for His long suffering extended to us. O, the goodness of God in sparing us for another call, another gracious touch, another divine influence. O, that our hearts may be opened; and may this be a day long to be remembered—a day of mercy and power in the salvation of many precious souls. Blessed be God for His divine mercy and goodness. I rejoice that the enjoyment of the favor of God is something that does not grow old. It is ever new and precious. It is as new to my soul today as it was many years ago. In the days of my youth the Lord manifested Himself to my soul, and led me to see the evil I should shun, and His grace led me on. And I bless the Lord, now in old age, it is the source of comfort, of joy, and hope. Look beyond and what

do we see? A bright and heavenly day, a glorious day, awaits us beyond this vale of tears".

Amazing grace; how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed?

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home;
The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God, Who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

March 21, 1893.

New York "Voice",
New York City.

Dear sir:

I send you herewith a letter addressed to the Hon. Henry Watterson, the veteran Editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, and his reply to same, which after several months since I wrote mine, I received through the mail yesterday. It would seem that on reading between the lines, that Mr. W. would not feel averse to seeing it in print, even though no Southern newspaper would dare to publish it. If not, why did it not find its way into the waste-basket instead of being returned after a lapse of six months. Since I wrote my letter, which was retrospective of men and deeds of the past, the greatest political revolution of modern times had taken place in our nation. That such change in our civil government should awaken the deepest concern, is but natural. That the eyes of the civilized world is turned towards it, is evident. While my letter to Mr. Watterson related to men and acts of the past, yet, on reading it in connection with the three columns in the "Voice", publishing the debauchery of the Hon. J. G. Carlysle, and Mr. Cleveland's knowledge of same before appointing him to the high office of Secretary of U. S. Treasury, it seems almost prophetic of the present. It has been frequently said that history repeats itself. If those scandalous charges of drunkenness, licentiousness, and dishonesty and their corroborating proofs are true, then the history of the great crime and disgrace that attended the overthrow of the Democrat party in 1860 repeats itself upon the first restoration of that party in 1893. It was the licentiousness of the Southern Statesmen and the imbecility of a

Northern Democrat as President along with the subserviency of a subsidized public press that placed that dark blot upon our national character. The treason and disgrace accompanying the downfall of the Democrat Party, was due to the same utter disregard of patriotism and same partisan abuse of a sacred duty. The placing of dissolute characters in positions of the highest responsibility and trust. The late revolt resulting in the overthrow of the Republican Party was due to an effort of the people to rid their government of corrupt public officials. But I ask, where in any instance has a Republican (during the time that party controlled the government) made such a scandalous appointment as this is, if these charges are true. Take any of these three charges, if true, and known to the President before he made the appointment, the American People should not have been subjected to such a disgrace. The drunken scene at Senator Beck's funeral alone (under the circumstances) was sufficient cause to have prevented the putting a man (so lost to all sense of decency) in a position of such high responsibilty. I called a prominent Democrat (and news-paperman's) attention to these charges in the "Voice" and asked him why Cleveland would pass by thousands of upright, pure men in the Democrat Party and appoint a man with such a record as that; bringing disgrace on his party and the Nation; bringing his own administration into well merited contempt by appointing a man who had betrayed every trust ever imposed in him. His reply was John G. Carlysle was the brainiest man in the United States and had it not been for the fact that the periodical debauches could not be denied; he would have been the nominee instead of Cleveland. I replied that was the veriest "rot", that I could name a score of dissolute lawyers at the Pittsburgh Bar,

whose only distinction is their dissolute habits and yet frequently do we hear the remark "he is a brainy man". Away with all such rot. There are two more reliable ways for accounting for the parody on common sense. First,—Distance lends enchantment, Second,—"Birds of a feather flock together". Let us apply this dissolute, vile, brainy sentiment to other walks in life. What would be thought of the steam ship company, that in order to secure great ability, would employ the most dissolute captains and pilots in the profession to navigate their vessels? The management of the great railway systems that to secure efficient engineers and conductors would make inebriety a test of eminent fitness. If drunkenness is an essential qualification in a statesman, why not in a bank cashier or a physician? If licentiousness adorns the Halls of Congress, why not the presidential mansion? If it is the highest requisite for a Kentuckey Senator and Cabinet Minister, why not adorn the parlors of our distinguished public officials; with Kate Rileys, with Mariah, Mauds and Daiseys. "This is not a partisan screed; it is the indignant protest of an American citizen, who never held or aspired to hold office, a man who has proven to be able to earn a livelihood outside of the public treasury; a citizen whose intelligence and manly independence resents such a travesty upon his rights as a free American citizen, no matter how high the source it comes from. What a commentary upon our boasted civilization? What a reflection upon the most ordinary business prudence? If this man has proven himself in every station of life false; what possible hope has the president that he will not prove false to the high trust he has placed upon him. If he has proven untrustworthy to his clients, who trusted their money to his care, what security has the government that he will not prove more so with their treasure? If

he disgraced the state of Kentucy after being so highly honored is he not just as likely, when in one of his drunken debauches to bring disgrace upon the Nation? And even though he should not, is it any less imprudent to say the least for the President to appoint a man with such well established dissolute habits? What a shining example for the young men of America, for the president of the United States to set, said a Father (of several grown up sons, who himself had voted for Cleveland) to me. A young lawyer just entering upon the profession, said to his friend : "Bill, I am going to learn to drink whiskey". "Why?" replied his friend. "Why, don't you see if I become a drunkard and whore-master, the people will all see what a brainy man I am, then I will go and take the Keeley cure and my fortune is made". I submit to any fair-minded man (whose partisan greed for spoils and office has not eat out every vestige of patriotism) if this young man's commentary upon that brainy "rot" is not a fair one whether eminating from a president; or a peasant. Since I began writing this article I met a prominent Democrat on the street. He is one of our wealthiest and most upright citizens, a life long Democrat; his business enterprizes run up to millions annually. I called his attention to the charges against Carlysle saying: "Why did Cleveland pass by all you decent Democrats to appoint a man with a record like that?" "O! those charges are not true, Carlysle, like many other good men has the weakness of taking a drink occasionally and when he does, he sometimes will go on a spree for two or three weeks". I replied: "Good men don't get drunk; much less go on a drunk for three weeks". He answered: "Carlysle is the greatest financier this Nation ever had; just wait and see". I said: "If Kate Riley story is true his greatest financial ability was not apparent, and besides does your

treasurer go on a big drunk''. ''Oh, no, I never employ a drinking man in my business. I have no use for a man that gets drunk''. This was the language of a man whose business sagacity, success, and integrity and good moral character is such as would not only insure the people against dishonor and disgrace, but would give promise of a faithful, honest administration of a public office. When I asked my first Democratic friend why the President passed by such men in the Democratic Party to give so important an office to a notorious drunken politician, his answer was: ''The American People did not require good moral character in their public officials, only ability was demanded''. I answered: ''Ability to demagogue you mean''. Where outside of getting drunk and disgracing the state, have the people any practical demonstration of transcendent ability; that takes precedent over the thousands of upright Democrats of good character and business success to commend him for the place. But *cui bono*—If such a travesty upon the public decency, good sense, and ordinary business prudence is to be regarded as the fulfilling of those pledges of reform and integrity. Then can we well understand why the natural elements; and the heavens as it were; in fiery indignation on the 4th of March showered down upon the heads of that senseless mob of office seekers, the pitiless snow, and bleak winds of disapproval. The wonder is in view of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrha that such a display of hypocrisy did not call for fire and brimstone; rather than hail and sleet. But then it is written that ''hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies''. Just imagine a righteous God, looking down with complacency on that scene of American Freemen, dragging in the dust their manhood while listening to the glittering generalities, and high sounding platitudes of a political demagogue, whose first acts had stamped all these prom-

ises as bosh. Have we as a people, boasting of our intelligence and courage, degenerated until an unscrupulous politician can stand up and proclaim that drunkenness and licentiousness is wisdom par excellence; that appointing a man notoriously false to every trust; is an honest prudent administration of public office. If this is the verdict of the Christian enlightenment of the 19th Century, then might the grand old man, the English premier have reason to fear that 90 odd years of upright life, pure endeavor and good moral character would go down in gloom. Well might the admirers of Abraham Lincoln fear lest that immaculate example of fidelity to righteous principles and integrity to the right with the people upon whose altar his life was sacrificed, should come to regard treason as a virtue, and lofty patriotism as a vice to be shunned as a bar to office holding under the American Government. Oh, you American Freemen from Maine to Oregon, from Alaska to Hawaii, from East to West, North to South, let a plain citizen with no wrongs, political or otherwise to revenge no partisan screed to avenge and with no desire other than the good of our civil and religious institution at heart proclaim in the strongest language, I can use if you will stand by and see our Congressional Hall, our Senate Chamber and Presidential Mansion prostituted to the beastial passions of unscrupulous politicians, and drunken lawyers, then may you write ichabod upon your banners. Then may it be truly said of the American people they are a nation of adventures; capable only of treason and spoils. If these charges cannot be denied, then let us hang our heads with shame. For be it known drunkenness is drunkenness, licentiousness is licentiousness, whether in a president or a peasant on a throne, or on a farm. And *"Falsus in uno; Falsus in omnium"*.

As an American Citizen entitled to a respect-

able government and in behalf of every honest man and decent woman in the United States (if charges cannot be refuted) I demand of President Cleveland, the instant dismissal of John Griffith Carlysle of Kentucky. Righteousness exalteth a Nation while sin is a reproach to any people.

J. B. Corey.

His Excellency, John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States. (His Father Being the Second).

"Who when but eleven years of age, took a tearful adieu of his mother, and rowed out in a small boat to a ship anchored in the bay, to sail with his father for Europe, through a fleet of hostile British cruisers. The bright, animated boy spent a year and a half in Paris, where his father was associated with Franklin, and Lee as Minister Plenipotentiary. His intelligence attracted the notice of these distinguished men and he received from them flattering marks of attention". Upon leaving College at the age of twenty, he studied law for three years. When Great Britain commenced war against France in 1793, to arrest the progress of the French Revolution, Mr. Adams wrote some articles, urging entire neutrality on part of the United States. The view was not a popular one. Many felt, that, as France helped us we were bound to help France. But President Washington coincided with Mr. Adams, and issued his proclamation of neutrality. June, 1794, he being then but 27 years of age, was appointed by Washington, resident min-

ister at the Netherlands. In July, 1797, he left the Hague to go to Portugal as Minister Plenipotentiary, Washington at this time wrote to his father, John Adams, extolling the fitness of his son for the position. Mr. Adams was very reluctant to accept the mission to Berlin, as it was an appointment made by his father, who had succeeded Washington in the Presidential chair. But his father wrote to him, informing him of the earnest wish of Washington that the country might not lose the benefit of his familiarity with the European courts. To his mother, John Quincy wrote in reply—"I know with what delight your truly maternal heart has received every testimonial of Washington's favorable voice. It is among the most precious gratifications of my life to reflect upon the pleasure which my conduct has given to my parents. How much, my dear mother is required of me to support and justify such a judgment as that which you have copied into your letter".

It was said of him, that to a very remarkable degree he was abstemious, and temperate in his habits; always rising early, taking much exercise. President Adams, stood almost alone in Congress, and single handed opposed the sum of all villianies; in its incipiency in the United States. In 1829, after having served his country in its highest offices, retiring from the Presidential chair; but such was the esteem in which he was held that in November, 1830, he was elected as representative to Congress.

In accepting it, he thus recognized the Roman principle that it is honorable for the general of yesterday to act as corporal today, if by so doing he can render service to his country. Deep as are the obligations of our Nation to him as ambassador, as secretary of State, and as President, in his capacity as legislator in the House of Representatives; he

conferred benefits upon our land which eclipsed them all; and which can never be over-estimated.

"For seventeen years, until his death, he occupied the post of representative, towering above all his peers, ever ready to do battle for freedom and winning the title of 'old man eloquent'. On one occasion Mr. Adams presented a petition, signed by several women, against the annexation of Texas for the purpose of cutting it up into slave States. Mr. Howard of Maryland, said that these women discredited not only themselves, but their section of country, by turning from their domestic duties to the conflicts of political life". "Are women", exclaimed Mr. Adams, "to have no opinions or actions on subjects relating to the general welfare? Where did the Gentleman get this principle? Did he find it in sacred history—in the language of Miram the prophetess, in one of the noblest and most sublime songs of triumph that ever met the human eye or ear? Did the Gentleman never hear of Deborah, to whom the children of Israel came up for judgment? Has he forgotten Esther, who by her petition saved her people and her country? To go from sacred history to profane, does the Gentleman there find it discreditable for women to take an interest in political affairs? Has he forgotten the Spartan mother, who said to her son, when going out to battle: 'My Son, come back to me with thy shield, or upon thy shield?' Does he not remember Cloelia, and her hundred companions, who swam across the river, under a shower of darts escaping from Porsena? Has he forgotten Corneloa, the mother of Gracchi? Does he not remember Portia, the wife of Brutus, and the daughter of Cato? To come to later periods, what says history of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors? To say nothing of Boadiciea, the British heroine in the time of the Ceasars; what name is more illustrious than Elizabeth? Or, if he will go to

the Continent, will he not find the names of Maria Thersa of Hungary, of the two Catharines of Russia, and Isabella, of Castille, the patroness of Columbus. Did she bring discredit on her sex by mingling in politics?'' In this glowing strain, he silenced and overwhelmed his antagonist—Congress yielding to the proslavery spirit of the South, passed a resolve: ''that all petitions relating to slavery without being printed or referred shall be laid on the table, and no action shall be had thereon''. Some of the proslavery party forged a petition as from slaves to see if Mr. Adams would dare to present it. On the 6th of February, 1837, Mr. Adams rose with this forged petition in his hand, and said: ''I hold a paper purporting to come from slaves, I wish to know if such a paper comes within the order of the house respecting petitions''. A storm of indignation was aroused, Waddy Thompson of South Carolina, Charles E. Haynes, of Georgia, Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, sprang to the floor with resolutions that John Quincy Adams, by attempting to present a petition purporting to be from slaves, has been guilty of gross disrespect to the house, and that he be instantly brought to the bar to receive severe censure of the speaker. Never were assailants more thoroughly discomfited. ''Mr. Speaker'' said Mr. Adams, ''to prevent the consumption of time, I ask the Gentlemen to modify their resolution a little, so that when I come to the bar of the house, I may not with one word put an end to it. I did not present the petition. I said I had a paper purporting to be a petition from slaves; and I asked the speaker whether he considered such a paper as included in the general order of the house, that all petitions relating to slavery should be laid on the table. I intended to take the decision of the speaker, before I went one step toward presenting that petition. This is the fact. I adhere to the right of petition. Where

is your law which says the mean, the low degraded, shall be deprived of the right of petition? Petition is supplication, entreaty, Prayer. Where is the degree of vice or immorality which shall deprive the citizen of the right to supplicate for a boon or pray for mercy? Where is such a law to be found? It does not belong to the most abject despotism. There is no absolute monarch on earth, who is not compelled by the constitution of his country, to receive the petitions of his people whosoever they may be. The Sultan of Turkey cannot walk the streets and refuse to receive the petitions from the meanest and vilest in the land. The right of petition belongs to all; and, so far from refusing to present a petition because in the estimation of some it might come from those low in their opinions; it would be an additional incentive if such was wanting". There never was perhaps a fiercer battle fought in legislative halls, than Mr. Adams waged for a score of years in Congress, with the partisans of slavery. In every encounter he came off Victor,

In the summer of 1843, Mr. Adams took a tour through Western New York. His journey was a perfect ovation. In all the leading cities, he was received with the highest marks of consideration. The whole mass of the people rose to confer honor upon the man who had battled so nobly for human rights, and whose private character was without a stain. The greeting which he received at Buffalo was such as that city had never before conferred upon any man. The National flag floated from every masthead. The streets were thronged with the multitude, who greeted with bursts of applause the renowned patriot and statesman, as soon as he appeared. The Hon. Millard Fillmore, subsequently President of the United States, welcomed him in the following words.—You see here assembled the people of our infant city, without distinc-

tion of party, sex, age or condition—all, all, anxiously vying with each other to show their respect and esteem for your public and private worth. Here are gathered, in this vast multitude of what must appear to you strange faces, thousands of whose hearts have vibrated to the chord of sympathy which your speeches have touched. Here is reflecting age, and ardent youth, and lisping childhood, to all of whom your venerated name is dear as household words,—all anxious to feast their eyes by a sight of that extraordinary and venerable man, that old man eloquent, upon whose lips of "Wisdom" has distilled her choicest nectar. Here you see them all, and read in their eager and joy gladdened countenances, and brightly beaming eyes, a welcome, thrice-told, heartfelt, soul-stirring welcome, to the man they delight to honor. It has been said of President Adams, that when body was bent, and his hair silvered by the lapse of four score years, yielding to the faith of a little child, he was accustomed to repeat every night, before he slept the prayer his mother taught him in his infant years.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

On the 21st of February, 1848, he rose on the floor of Congress with a paper in his hand to address the speaker. Suddenly he fell stricken with paralysis and was caught in the arms of those around him. For a time he was senseless. With reviving consciousness, he opened his eyes, looked calmly around, and said: "this is the end of earth". Then after a moments pause, he added: "I am content". These were his last words. His family summoned to his side in the apartment of the

speaker of the house, beneath the dome of the Capitol, the theatre of his labors and triumphs—he soon breathed his last. The voices of denunciation were now hushed, and all parties united in tributes of honor to one of the purest patriots and one of the most distinguished statesmen America has produced.

A NEW BALLOT BOX.

August, 1905.

The One Which Was Given a Practical Test Yesterday Proved to be a Success.

The deserted police headquarters in City Hall was the scene of much excitement and bustle yesterday. As early as 7 o'clock A. M. the crowd commenced to gather and at least 10,000 sightseers and curious individuals thronged the chamber. The cause of the crowd was that J. B. Corey's patent voting machine was to be tried. To test the machine the new charter was selected, to vote for or against. In each of the three booths were placed two of Mr. Corey's machines, one labeled "For the charter", the other one "Against the charter".

The booths were erected on the Smithfield street side of the room and a regular election board engaged. The routine is very similar to the old way. The voter went to the clerk, gave his name, address and ward, and the clerk handed him a rubber stamp, on which his register number was; he took this to the booth, stamped his number on the endless slip of paper, pushed the button and his vote was recorded. He then returned the stamp to the clerk, who by an automatic device sets the machine for the next voter. The advantages of the machine

are manifold. It renders "padding" impossible, as but one vote can be cast and then it locks and remains so until the stamp is returned to the clerk, and it does away with the counting of votes, and saves time and labor.

The opinions of all who tried it were that it was the greatest thing that they ever saw for voting Judge "Boley" Mullen was an early visitor. He came in at 9 and stayed around all day. He refused to try the scheme, but watched intently and interestedly the way "to do it". Ajax Jones came in smiling and asked to "be shown the dark secrets", and said he "wanted to vote against the charter". When he had voted he said: "That's the greatest ever happened". Philip Flinn was next. He did not linger long, but voted and disappeared. Robert McGonnigle was the next man to push the button. He watched the system for an hour. Coroner McDowell followed and was greatly pleased with it, and told Mr. Corey it was the best thing he ever saw. Ex-Comptroller Morrow and County Commissioner J. C. Mercer came next. "Cyclone" Kirkland came next. P. W. Seibert, County Clerk, one of the best-posted men in politics in the city, expressed himself, saying that "it is something fine". Many other equally prominent men are of the opinion that it surpassed the Baker ballot in every possible way.

At noon a crowd of 39 colored drivers from Booth & Flinn's came in, and for a time things went at a lively pace. Owing to the time involved in explaining the method over 5,000 persons were unable to vote. The total number of votes cast was 680—331 "for the charter" and 349 "against", a majority of 18 for the anti-charter faction.

The machine used yesterday is a small box two inches wide, six inches high and three inches deep. The mechanical apparatus is very simple. It con-

sists of a roll of paper that rolls on three wooden rollers. The paper is one inch wide and is visible on the face of the box. The name of the candidate and his picture are placed below this. When the voter stamps his number on the paper he pushes the button and the number disappears, registers and locks itself. The machine cannot be used again until unlocked by the clerk, which is done by means of a switch. The machine is in a crude state, but demonstrated yesterday that it would do what was wanted of it. Improvement will be made at once. Great labor-saving and rapidity is shown in taking the results, only five minutes being necessary to obtain the entire county. The paper is cut and on the opposite side is the registered votes, showing exactly what has been polled. When there is more than one candidate there will be a box for each one, and one can cut or split his ticket as he chooses. The boxes that will be used later on will not be any larger than a silver dollar. At a Presidential election 200 registers will be used, providing the Corey ballot is adopted, that number being necessary to make all combinations.

THE COREY BIBLE.

A PRICELESS HEIRLOOM HANDED DOWN THROUGH NINE GENERATIONS.

It is yellow with age, but still held firmly together by strong calf skin binding. The book, which is an almost priceless heirloom in the family and has passed down through nine generations, is now the property of James E. Corey of Pennsylvania, who at the recent reunion was re-elected President of the Corey organization.

The "Great Bible" has a remarkable history, and it is only within the last few years that the present owner succeeded in locating the book after he had for ten years conducted a search for it. James E. Corey learned of the existence of the historic volume through the mention of the book in some of the old family wills. It was found in the possession of the late Mrs. Hannah Bartram Corey, who afterward willed it to her son, William Smith Corey, with whom she lived until her death, at the age of 98 years in December, 1903. She died in the house built by her husband, Elnathan Corey, in 1833. James Corey obtained the book from W. H. Corey. The history of the book has been traced back as far as 1611, when the family records show that John Corey's mother gave the Bible to her son as she wished him godspeed when he left his home in Scotland to try his fortune in America. John Corey landed at or near Boston soon after the coming of the Mayflower.

For a while he lived at New London, Conn., where he was married. He afterwards crossed Long Island Sound and for a short time lived at Southampton, where the records show that on

March 7, 1644, he was Whale Commissioner for the district of Southampton. He died at Hashamomack, L. I., in 1665, leaving four sons and two daughters. Two brothers and two cousins came from Scotland to America before the death of John Corey, and Giles Corey, the martyr to witchcraft, who was executed at Salem, September 1, 1692, at the age of 77 years, was either a brother or a cousin of John Corey.

When John Corey died he willed the Bible to his son Elnathan. Thus the book has been handed down through nine generations and bids fair to remain a family heirloom for many years to come. It has about 500 leaves of English parchment of pages 8x12 and it is printed in old English type in the spelling of that age. It was published in 1603.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

I saw in the paper that there was a great deal of sickness in General Grant's army lying camped at Cairo. Our company had laid in quite a large number of empty boats before the secession of the South. These boats were an expense to take care of and we had no use for them. I conceived the idea that if I could induce Grant to use them, they could be fitted up into much healthier quarters for our soldiers as a preventative of disease from camping on the low, wet grounds which the river overflowed, and would prove a great benefit for our soldiers. I wrote General Grant suggesting that he have the Government buy them, side them up and make a fighting flotilla to be towed wherever needed. General Grant's chief of staff answered my letter, saying that the General instructed him to thank me

for my interest in the army, saying my suggestion would receive his consideration. I never heard of them being acted upon, although I feel sure they would have made fully as secure quarters, much healthier and cheaper than tents, and would have enabled him to transfer his army quicker from one point to another.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

My next attempt to dictate to our public officials was a letter to President Lincoln advising that Grant be placed at the head of all armies. Instead of allowing General Lee to first defeat one of our armies and then detach his veterans to defeat another, all should be placed under command of one man, and when an engagement was ordered let it be made along the whole line, etc. I had before me a map published at the time by the New York Tribune, showing the positions of the contending armies, and constructed my letter of advice from the basis as shown on the map. This letter was written next day, if I remember right. After Grant had taken Vicksburg I received a formal reply from Lincoln's Private Secretary acknowledging the receipt of my letter, thanking me for my suggestions, etc.

J. B. Corey, Candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, on His Platform of Reducing Public Officials Salaries—Candidate of the National Party.

The platform of the National Party, as adopted in mass convention at Braddock, September 1, is as follows:

Resolved, That we look with grave apprehension upon the strides which an official aristocracy has made upon our republican system of government of late years, by which our millionaire Congressmen, United States Senators and representaitves of powerful corporations and trusts are colonizing at the capital of the nation, building costly residences and establishing an aristocratic style of living contrary to the principles of our democratic institutions and exceeding in cost the salaries of our representatives and public officials, and which can only be maintained by accepting bribes, voting themselves perquisites, as is done, or by increasing their salaries far in excess of what the same service will command outside of public office.

Resolved, That the evils of party spirit have resulted in fastening upon our civil government the very worst type of an official aristocracy, in which nepotism in its most degrading form is practiced by our political bosses, who dominate our public offices, use franchises of the people as their own personal assets, bequeath from father to son as their lateral inheritance our highest public offices, and fill the municipal, State and national offices with the members of their own families and relatives or "ward heelers".

Resolved, That in order to do this, we must unite and concentrate all the forces of the wage-

earners and producers against the tax-eaters and non-producers, and in order to more effectually accomplish this purpose, we recommend that the National Party, instead of setting up candidates, shall unite when it is possible, upon a candidate or candidates, of any party who will pledge themselves to vote for the reduction of the exorbitant salaries and the reduction of the number of public officials; to abolish all sinecures and offices known as political reward offices; to reduce the number of Representatives in Congress and State Legislature; to amend the Constitution to limit the Presidency to one term; provide for the election of United States Senators by the people and such other amendments to our States and National constitutions and laws as will eradicate all these abuses and protect the civil government of the American people from avaricious political adventurers, for which we appeal to the American people and to the benedictions of Him, whose grace the father of our country invoked upon his children.

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?

A few days since J. B. Corey, a coal operator of this city, received a letter from a Philadelphia publisher, asking him if it were true that he was present with Abraham Lincoln at a spiritual seance held in Washington City in 1862, just before the emancipation proclamation was issued. The writer said he had been informed that Mr. Corey had heard Lincoln give expression to a positive belief in spiritualism, and wanted him to affirm or deny the statement. Mr. Corey was surprised upon receiving the letter, but sent back the following breezy reply:

His request is that it be published in the new work on spiritualism shortly to be published. The letter is as follows:

"I am exceedingly glad to be able to aid you in your express desire 'that your book will contain no statement incapable of complete verification', and also of volunteering one or two rules or principles that, in my humble judgment, will prevent the insertions of any other statements incapable of complete verification, and of detecting any false statements, or facts or doctrine, that may have already crept into it.

In the first place allow me to state I was never present at a spiritual seance in my life, neither at Washington City or elsewhere, and consequently was not present at this and did not hear President Lincoln give expression to a belief in spiritualism, and nothing could be more annoying to me than to be quoted in support of such a gross falsehood and slander upon the name of our martyr President.

The attempt to propagate and gain credence to any system of belief by such a dubious manner as your letter to me implies is, in itself, to a man of

ordinary intelligence, enough to stamp it as a falsehood unworthy of credence by any sane person. This would render any further reply unnecessary, but as this is an age 'When evil men and seducers are waxing worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived', you will permit me to give you one or two infallible rules by which all such false doctrines or systems may be known and detected, in attempting to palm off their falsehoods upon the credulity of men. First, truth, like pure gold, has in itself the inherent virtue of truth and does not need, require, nor ever resort to any such dubious ways to gain credence, or establish its claims upon the confidence of mankind, and never resorts to a medium so suspectible of imposition and fraud. A moment's reflection should convince you how very unreliable your proof, or evidence, of President Lincoln having expressed his belief in spiritualism would be. Your mode of gathering evidence bears on its face a lack of good intentions or good judgment.

From your letter I infer someone, possibly your mediumistic authors, has informed you I was a negro servant of Abraham Lincoln's, and that would be one way of accounting for the confidential relations between him and myself, by which I would be privileged to attend a seance with the President. Now you will see what a temptation to falsehood, in order to gain public notoriety, this is. It is taking advantage of a well-known trait or weakness of our human nature, that of securing confidence by claiming intimate relations and acquaintance with the great and noble of the earth, especially with the dead heroes of the past, which we see so many politicians and newspaper men are claiming to have had with Abraham Lincoln. This trait with the colored portion of our people is especially strong. I do not know that as a race it is more prominent with the negro than with the white race. Their degrada-

tion by slavery naturally causes them to desire to push themselves forward; and what an opportunity to a colored man to attain that end does your question afford, 'Were you present at a seance in 1862 with Abraham Lincoln, just before the emancipation proclamation was signed? If he was to answer yes, who could contradict him or say he was not? If the person intent on propagating such a false statement says he was present, who could contradict him? Don't you see how easy of imposition and how unreliable such evidence would be. Another means so very popular with every false system is that of claiming as its patrons the great men and the great majority of mankind for its adherents. Truth never was popular, never requires or seldom has the support of the great and noble, much less the mass of mankind on its side. Truth has always had to compel recognition to its claims against the very class upon which error rests its claim. There was never any false system or doctrine attempted to be palmed off on mankind that would not herald the adherence of the great men of the earth who were its patrons. Freemasonry—'That great banter upon the intelligence of the nineteenth century and the twin sister of spiritualism which promulgates its superior virtues in the dark (proving the declaration of Him who said, 'Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil) has had for years a kind of special privilege to this manner of establishing its superior virtues by claiming all the wise and noble of the earth; claiming King Solomon as its first Grand Master and George Washington as being one of its first Master Masons in the United States. This is such a very unreliable evidence of superiority that truth could never rely on it. George Washington could not tell a lie, yet he cut a cherry tree with his little hatchet, and in his nonage he may have been inveigled into joining a Free Mason

lodge. If so, in his maturer years he said he had not been inside of a lodge for 33 years. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as beautiful as some of God's little flowers of truth, and besides, the Mormons claimed Solomon in support of the polygamous marriages. That witchcraft and spiritualism, one of the last of the 'isms', vomited from the pit, should resort to this very popular way of spreading its falsehoods is not surprising when we see the dead back-slidden churches resorting to the same superstitious means of keeping alive their dead corpses. Why, if you had attended the Ecumenical Council of Methodists held at Washington City and heard their elegant perorations on John Wesley, and heard them read the Scripture lesson from the old Bible used at Epworth Chapel, you would have got the idea they were all dead in love with his doctrine and discipline. And yet, were Mr. Wesley to arise from the dead and insist upon the same general rules which he said were taught in God's word and written upon every scripturally awakened heart, there is not a church in England or the United States of the popular Methodist denomination that would tolerate him any more than the Episcopal Church did when he was upon the earth? 'The fathers stoned and killed the prophets and their children build them sepulchers and monuments'. Sitting on a chair made from the wood of John Wesley house is a more popular religion than the holy thing he insisted upon.

Our boodler legislators frequently resort to this same means of raiding the public Treasury. They have been known to resurrect men that had been dead a quarter of a century to find an excuse to loot the State Treasury. So you see how very easy this plan you have resorted to can be used to establish any false doctrine or system. Truth never requires or never resorts to such dubious means. My ac-

quaintance with and knowledge of Abraham Lincoln leads me to believe he never gave any such expression in favor of spiritualism. My acquaintance with him was only that of most citizens, from reading of his great deeds. I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him speak from the balcony of the Monongahela House, Pittsburgh, when he was on his way to be inaugurated as President of the United States. In the years of 1861 and 1862 I frequently saw and heard him make public speeches, and I never saw or heard of anything that would indicate such a weakness as this spiritual seance would indicate in the character of this great and good man. I believe it is a fake. I also take advantage of this to me providential opportunity of bearing testimony to my belief that this story and the means of propagating it bears the same earmarks that all false systems, religious or political, that have cursed our poor fallen humanity, bear. Hoping you will give it a place in your book as an antidote to this last diabolism and superstition, I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

J. B. Corey".

TO HON. JOHN HAY ON SALARY GRAB ACT.

Hon. John Hay,
Secretary of State, U. S. A.,
Washington City, D. C.

Dear Sir—Reading your recent speech attacking the record of the Democratic party in general and the platform principles of candidate Alton B. Parker in particular several thoughts were awakened in my mind, among which was my first acquaintance with you as Private Secretary of President Lincoln; in a letter I received to one I wrote President Lincoln from Louisville, Ky., on my way home from New Orleans. November 25, 1860, in which I urged Mr. Lincoln to tender the Hon. Alexander Stevens of Georgia the position of Secretary of War in his Cabinet. Then again I stood by the side of you and the President, as Mr. Lincoln, from the balcony of the Monongahela House, addressed the people of Pittsburgh on his way to Washington City. I remember you again seated at your desk in the White House the afternoon that Secretary W. H. Seward introduced me to Mr. Lincoln after I had entered the Government service in the Commissary Department at the foot of G street, Washington City. I saw you frequently during the first three months of the Civil War, and also from reading the records of the different Republican Presidents that have occupied the White House. I am reminded that with the exception of the two terms of Grover Cleveland you have held one office or another since 1861, a continuous pull upon the United States Treasury for nearly forty years, a longer period than the average life of a man on this earth. The reading of your speech charging upon the Democratic party and their administration of our Na-

tional Government all ills that have befallen us as a nation, and claiming for the Republican party credit for all the good that has come to us as a nation, I felt that if anyone understood our politics, the acts of Congress, the administration of the various Presidents, the cost of our general Government, along with the sources of our revenue whence they are derived, and who paid them, you ought to. There being some things in your speech I cannot reconcile with my own personal observation and recollection, and views of the relations and obligations which our political parties and public officials and private citizens sustain to each other, I thought I would formulate several questions, and propound the same to you to answer. This, in view of the importance of the impending campaign and the great interest involved, you will see is pertinent, and demand an answer at your hand as a public servant. The burden of your speech charges upon the Democratic party all the ills that the American people have experienced, and claims for the Republican party credit for all good that has come to us as a nation. I am aware that politicians of both parties claim the privilege to indulge more or less in demagogy in time of a political campaign, but then I think the people have a right to expect a higher standard of official rectitude on the part of our public officials in the administration of our Civil Government. But as corrupt abuse and extravagance in the administration of our national public Government, involving the increased cost of same, is charged against the Republican party, and denied by you. Here are my questions:

First—Was it a Democratic Congress that passed the back-pay steal act in 1873, which so greatly aroused the American people?

Second—Was it a Democratic Congress and Democratic President that passed and signed the in-

famous salary grab act of 1873, doubling up all the salaries of our public officials that caused the people to repudiate U. S. Grant's Administration?

Third—Did not these corrupt acts of a Republican Congress and President arouse the indignation of the people to such an extent that Samuel J. Tilden was elected, but was counted out, and was followed by the election of Grover Cleveland, and a Democratic Congress, who failed to redeem their promise to the people to repeal the infamous salary grab act? The American people thrust out of office the Democratic party and restored the Republican party to the control of our National Government on the assurance that honesty should characterize the administration of our public affairs.

Fourth—Did not President Harrison attempt to make good and redeem these pledges of the Republican party, and did not the corrupt political bosses in control of the Republican party and in Congress turn in and crush President Harrison, defeating him for a second term?

Fifth—Did not the passage of that infamous salary grab act inaugurate an era of political corruption which has resulted in the prostitution of all our municipal, State and national public offices to the avarice and greed of political bosses who regard our public offices and public franchises as their own legitimate spoils, to be divided up between them and their henchmen, as the assets of corporations divide the profits of their business among their various stockholders, and is not this corrupt condition of our public affairs attributable to and the natural effect and result of that infamous salary grab act by the Republican party in control of our National Government in 1873?

Seventh—If these statements are true, does it not account for the unseemly and undignified conduct of the highest public officials, who are drawing

big salaries out of the United States Treasury for services to be rendered to all the American people, said Treasury belonging alike to Democrats, Republicans and Prohibitionists and Populists, all having an equal interest in the services of the high-salaried officials. But to such an extent has the corrupting influence of this corrupt abuse grown since the passage of the salary grab act that we see men who for nearly half a century have had their hands in the public Treasury up to their armpits, leave their desks and the duties which they are paid to perform, and go off on an electioneering tour in the interest of a brother public official, who himself from time immorial has had his pull upon the public Treasury, forgetting that the people, his real masters, are entitled to his services.

Now, dear Mr. Hay, if you will answer one of the people the foregoing questions and oblige,

Yours truly,

J. B. Corey.

P. S.—I am an old Republican, who helped to organize the party in our city in 1856, voted with it until passage of the infamous salary-grab act, since then for Prohibition party, except for President Harrison's second term.

TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS ON NATIONAL CURRENCY.

"To His Excellency Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, N. Y.,

My Dear Sir:—It is reported and going rounds of public press that you propose to call an extra session of Congress to tinker with our national currency in order to afford relief to Wall street stock gamblers and multi-millionaire adventurers, whose artistic printed certificates of stocks and bonds fill our national bank vaults, and which have brought on the present panic.

As an American citizen, feeling a deep interest and pride in the good name of the American people and honor of our national Government, I sincerely hope that the dignity and honor of our national Government, the good name of the American people, as well as the success of your own administration, will cause you to refuse to commit such a grave mistake as that of calling an extra session of Congress will be.

If you will stop and consider for one moment you will find it a fact that the majority of the men composing our national Congress are as mentally unfit to legislate upon a financial or currency measure as they are morally incapable of resisting the temptation to fall victims to Wall stock gamblers and adventurers. It is a well-established fact that the political and business interests of the American people are never so safe and free from disturbance as they are when Congress is not in session.

As an encouragement and incentive to resist the pressure of these Wall street gamblers and stock brokers allow me to call your attention to the patri-

otic stand of one of your illustrious predecessors, General Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, who made his own name famous and immortal with 'By the Eternal, I will veto the United States bank bill'.

While I do not approve of his profane use of the sacred name of Jehovah, I do admit his courageous patriotism as President of the United States in withstanding the gamblers and speculators of his day, which resulted in a greater good to the American people than did his victorious defense of the city of New Orleans. May we not hope that President Theodore Roosevelt will not be less courageously patriotic in 1903 and that no such travesty upon truth, righteousness and justice will be perpetrated upon the good name of the American people and dignity and honor of our national Government as that of allowing it to be used to bolster up Wall street gamblers and stock brokers. I am, dear sir, with respect, sincerely yours,

J. B. Corey".

P. S.—I hope you will allow cause and effect to work out a cure without Governmental interference, that must in the end work greater hurt to the mass of American people. The fever is a congestion and needs aperients instead of stimulants in the shape of Government promises to pay. Let the debtors alone in their folly, and do not blind them to the price due therefor.

J. B. C.

Controversy Over a Word—J. B. Corey Reproves United States Senator Nelson for Loss of Temper—Latter Replies at Length—Local Philosopher Then Takes Opposition View and Advises Various Legislative Reforms—Discusses the Tariff Issue.

One little word has caused a letter controversy of national interest to arise between J. B. Corey of Braddock and United States Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota. While lauding the work of the inhabitants of Alaska and urging that the Government take steps to better their condition, the Senator said: "All this they have done, Mr. President, and in return we have not done a d—n thing for them". The laughter and embarrassment which followed in the Senate chamber spread throughout the country. Mr. Corey, who has known the Senator for some time, read of the remark and wrote the following letter to Senator Nelson:

Pittsburgh, April 19, 1904.

Hon. Knute Nelson, Senate Chamber,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:—You must be careful and not lose your temper. You will remember that he who controls his own temper is greater than he who takes the city.

I thought I had given you a better example the day you got me into holts with Ignatius Donnelly and the lot of long-haired cranks and short-haired women the day you insisted I should make a speech at the anti-trust convention in Chicago, 1893, of which you was president. Surely you did not have

as crazy a set of lunatics like the lot I had to contend with that day, and yet I did not use any cuss words, even though you did lose the head of your nice mallet made from the wood of that old ship of Commodore Perry's that fought against the English Navy in 1812. I have been aware from the published reports of the United States Senate that the proceedings in that dignified body frequently do not arise above the ordinary political meeting round the country taverns, but then our humble Senators should not lose their tempers.

I have been one of your admirers ever since the tilt we had with Donnelly and his crowd of fanatics. I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

J. B. COREY.

SENATOR NELSON'S REPLY.

Washington, D. C., April 21.

Mr. J. B. Corey,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

My Dear Mr. Corey:—I thank you very much for your kind letter of admonition of the 19th, and for again calling my attention to that anti-trust convention which we held years ago in Chicago. By the way, that anti-trust issue is as much alive today as it was and will not down. You and I will never know how many thousands of poor people have been fleeced by investing in the inflated stocks of the large trusts. Carnegie sold his plant—which, I believe, he had offered to Frick or someone else for $100,000,000—to the steel trust for $300,000,000. He has been careful to take his pay in first mortgage bonds, but the poor fellows who were deluded into buying the common stock of the steel trust have lost

all their savings. Even the holders of the second mortgage bonds have been badly squeezed. I was a member of a sub-committee which visited Alaska last summer and am greatly interested in that country. It has been sadly neglected by our Government. It is a country of vast resources and all it needs is a little help and encouragement ot make it among our most valuable possessions. There is no end of placer gold mines. The only difficulty is to get to them, for there is an entire absence of transportation facilities; neither railroad nor wagon roads; simply trails of "cow" paths which the miners have constructed and over which they have to pack their supplies and everything they need, either on horseback or on their own backs. I hope we will soon awake to the real situation and do something for that country. With kind regards, I remain,

Yours truly,

KNUTE NELSON.

A REPLY BY MR. COREY.

Pittsburgh, April 23, 1904.

Hon. Knute Nelson,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 21st and copy of Congressional Record in reply to mine of the 19th inst., came duly to hand. You will please accept my thanks for your kind consideration in affording me the pleasure of reading your views on the trust question, as also on the Alaska question. I appreciate the goodness of your heart which leads you to sympathize with victims of the stock gamblers, as also your desire to aid the people of Alaska in developing the great resources of their country, but I confess I am unable to reach the same conclu-

sions you arrive at in either case. It strikes me, in the face of the statements in your letter, in which you name Mr. Carnegie's selling out his steel interests at $300,000,000, which he had previously offered to Frick at $100,000,000, that neither National nor State paternal legislation is going to cure the evils you complain of. In my humble judgment the effect of which you speak is the only possible and natural result of State and National Government paternalism.

Urges Repeal of Tariff.

If I were in the United States Senate and wanted to render a real service to the industrial classes and the poor ignorant masses whose haste and anxiety to get rich quickly makes them the easy victims of the stock gamblers who have been fleecing them I would urge the repeal of the tariff and all other forms of National Government paternalism. Also the repeal of the infamous salary grab act of 1873, which inaugurated an era of corruption, making our municipal, State and National Government offices the means of supporting a corrupt official aristocarcy, that is a thousand fold more oppressive than all the trusts that have ever existed. Take the case of Mr. Carnegie and Frick, to which you refer. This was simply an instance of a man taking an advantage of his experience, judgment and superior knowledge of the state and condition of business, by which he acquired all the steel works in the locality when the holders were only too anxious to sell and nobody else had the courage to buy them, and when the advance in the product of these works caused everybody in haste to get rich to want to buy them. Mr. Carnegie sold out at the advance which you name.

As a matter of course, some of his partners, on seeing that Mr. Carnegie's foresight and business

sagacity exceeded theirs, were envious and ready to find fault with him, but we who have witnessed Mr. Carnegie's unprecedented success, by which, from a poor boy he has risen to that of a multi-millionaire and also witnessed his generous disposition of his great wealth, are not clamoring for any National Government paternalism to restrain men like Mr. Carnegie, whose enterprises have proven such a blessing to our people. No, no, Mr. Nelson, if I had the ear of the people of Alaska I would urge them to rely on those rich deposits of gold, silver, lead, tin and coal, and if they cannot prevent Congressional committees from invading their territory with their paternalism in any other way, I would advise them to erect forts, with armed watchmen, to shoot the first delegation that came along.

Suggestion for Congress.

Why, Mr. Nelson, just stop and review the experience of our people in the United States, with their fifty odd governments and their horde of public officials, which the industrial classes are compelled to support at salaries from ten to fifty times what the same poor people can earn, and you can have an idea of what the industrial people of Alaska may expect when they come under the paternal care of the United States Congressmen. Now, Mr. Nelson, allow me to suggest if Congress will repeal the present tariff laws, by which all this corrupt official aristocracy, composing our fifty-odd governments or less, thrives, and also repeal the infamous salary grab act of 1873, you can safely adjourn and go home for ten years and allow the trust and anti-trust people to look out for themselves. I am, dear sir, with respect,

Your humble servant,

J. B. Corey.

Letter to President Wilson on $100,000,000 Special Internal Taxation Bill.

His Excellency, Woodrow Wilson,
President, of U. S. A.,
Washington City, D. C.

My dear sir:

Not wishing to intrude on your time or patience; and in hope that your Excellency will condescend to recognize the right of an 82 year old, loyal and law-abiding citizen to appeal to the President of the United States; even though you may not agree with his views upon a question of political economy.

That which in addition to my constitutional right as a citizen of the United States, which incites the desire of an interview or exchange of opinions, is the reading of your appeal, or excuse for asking Congress, to devise ways of raising $100,000,000, by special internal taxation, to meet the United States Treasury emergency or unforseen results of the European war. Or in your own words: "Gentlemen of the Congress, I come to you today to discharge a duty which I wish with all my heart I might have been spared, but it is a duty which is very clear, and, therefore, I perform it without hesitation or apology".

This preface to your address to Congress, Mr. Wilson, is the best possible excuse as an American citizen I can, and do offer you and Congress as a reason why you should not increase the burden of taxation on our American wage earners and farmers who are already groaning under the burden of excessive taxation; many of whose families are on the verge of starvation. It reads very pretty and creates a sentimental feeling of patriotism on part of $7,500 a year statesman; to say to them: "The people of this country are intelligent and profoundly

patriotic''. But Mr. Wilson, it will not provide bread to feed that American wage earner who has ten of a family to feed after there has been sweated out of him, $23.50 to pay the cost of our National Government alone. Our State and Municipal governments increasing it to about $50 per capita. Take your pencil, Mr. Wilson, and figure out where these intelligent wage earners are likely to get out at after the Landlord sweats his taxes and rent out of them, and butcher and storekeeper sweats his taxes out of them. I take it for granted, Mr. Wilson, you as president of the United States, you would not want to be suspected of indulging in sentimental gush. Well, Mr. Wilson, is not intelligent profound patriotism as virtuous trait with which to adorn the character of our statesmen and public officials as it is when practiced by the common people? If you admit it is, I can from your own statement in your appeal to Congress, tell why you should not attempt to get up a panic in Congress in order to have them vote an increase of $100,000,000, special taxation on pretext of a desire to protect business and the National credit from being defaulted. Your appeal to the fears of our $7,500 dollar a year legislators is both unwise and unpatriotic. To make haste slowly, Mr. Wilson, is a common sense maxim recognized in business, and political economy.

Taking it for granted that you will admit that the cost of our Governments is sweated out of the farmers and wage earners, whose incomes according to statistics, is only $700 and $500 a year. Now, don't you see Mr. Wilson, that by applying the same intelligent profound patriotism to our high salaried public officials that you pretend to admire in the common people how very easy and quick you can remove all cause not only of a bankrupt National Treasury, but can wipe out the cause of the danger

you are in from such a state of alarm. Do you ask me how you can do it? I answer by repealing the infamous salary grab act restoring the President and his subordinate salaries to what the Immortal Abraham Lincoln and his subordinates received and instead, Mr. Wilson, of receiving two hundred times as much wages as our wage earners today receive, on which to support their families you will still be paid 50 times as much under our Democratic system as the wage earners are paid, many of whom have to work seven days a week, and you will reduce the cost of our National Government to what it was before the infamous salary grab act of 1873 was passed. Not only so, but you will Mr. Wilson, redeem your promise to the American people on the plank in your platform promising to return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government, and by a reduction of the number of useless offices the salaries which drain the substance of the people. Mr. Wilson, the redeeming of platform and personal promises are as distinguishing a virtue upon part of the president of 100,000,000, people as is standing and being shot to death by grape and canister ball in defense of the National Government.

One more question and I am done. I ask this question of the College President and School master. Is it possible, Mr. Wilson, to conceive of a greater burlesque on the word Democrat, or travesty on justice and decency than the sweating out of American wage earners whose incomes are not over $500 a year, $100,000 salary a year for champion Golf Players and $25,000 a year for Chautauqua Blatherskites?

This, Mr. Wilson, is the natural effect that the 82 year old constituent returning home today after reading the proof sheet of his 74th year recollections; the first on politics attending an ox-roast in

the year 1840, in the middle of a river on a bar extending along the front of the wharf at the City of Pittsburgh; where I heard my first political speech from the lips of Henry Clay, the whig candidate for the position you hold. The only thing Mr. Wilson, that I remember was that, like an 8 year old boy I was glad when he finished, and I got a chance to fill my hungry stomach with a part of the roasted ox, and its accompaniments. From that day I have taken but little interest in political economy, but from what little I have seen, the people like the ox of 1840, are roasted. I know this long letter will be thrown in the waste basket and except the amusement it affords me while passing the time away while all alone, I think I will make it the closing incident in my memoir. There is one more suggestion I will make; there is a book which you pretend to reverence which says: "We can do nothing against truth, but for the truth; and whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap".

Patriotically yours,
J. B. Corey.

The Reply to the Above.

Treasury Department,
Washington, September 18, 1914.

Mr. J. B. Corey,
Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Sir:

By direction of the Secretary acknowledgment is made of the receipt in this Department of the communication which you addressed to the President, relative to the subject of internal taxation; and you are advised that the communication has been placed on file.

Respectfully,
Wm. P. Malburn,
Assistant Secretary.

THE QUESTION OF EUCHRE.

J. B. COREY'S LETTER HAS STIRRED UP AN INTERESTING ARGUMENT.

He Thought it a Joke.

One Catholic Stands up for the Position Coal Operator Takes.

Waiting on the Pope.

Considerable interesting discussion has been caused in religious circles lately by the letter written by J. B. Corey, the Braddock coal operator, and a leading Methodist, on the question of church euchres.

The original letter of Mr. Corey was written to the Braddock "Herald". A copy as has been noted, went to Pope Leo. The letter read as follows:

"Editor 'Herald'.—I received from the committee, of St. Thomas' Roman Catholic societies a complimentary invitation to come to St. Thomas' hall this evening, and take part in their euchre party. I have no doubt but this is intended as an innocent joke on me on the part of the committee, for my well known opposition to our churches, lending encouragement to card playing, gambling, etc., and for the recent article I wrote for the 'Herald' against progressive euchre, circulating tracts, etc.

The committee and friend McGuire, pay me quite a compliment in dubbing me an old fogy Methodist. They associate me with that most highly honored man who said it was 'A Methodist's business to spread abroad Scripture holiness'. If Friend McGuire and the committee had stopped a moment to consider, they would see I could not accept their complimentary invitation, so that, while they were poking their fun at me, I feel highly complimented.

Old fogy Methodists are never found at a progressive euchre party, and I confess I am both sorry and ashamed to see such a large, professed Christian church as St. Thomas, enrolling so many of our citizens, and their most highly esteemed pastor, Father Hickey, lending their influence and school hall to promote the habit of card playing and gambling among our young people a habit that has proved the ruin of so many young men and women.

One would think pride in the good name and honor of a church that claims to be the mother church, to whom the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ and his apostles was committed, would cause its members to rise up en masse and condemn and revolt against such a scandal and travesty on the cross of Christ. No, no, Mr. McGuire, I cannot accept your complimentary invitation. I shall attend service this evening in a little old fogy Methodist chapel, where a higher standard is raised, a nobler testimony upheld, a purer gospel preached, a holier example to old and young is set, than card playing and gambling.

I would as soon be seen in company with a Mexican priest, with a game rooster under my arm, on my way to a cock fight, as to be found around a card table in the school hall of a professed Christian church, with backsliding Methodists, Presbyterians and Catholics playing progressive euchre for prizes. St. Paul, whom you Catholics profess to highly reverence, says: 'We are not of them who do evil that good may come, whose damnation is just'. That is, neither St. Peter nor St. Paul would engage in card playing, or gambling, to promote the cause of religion, in or out of the church.

So you see, Mr. McGuire, an old fogy Methodist cannot consistently accept your invitation to take part in your euchre party; but, as one good turn deserves another, I invite you and your committee to

come with me this evening and attend an old fogy Methodist service in Wesley chapel, where they are trying to make saints, and not gamblers.

You know the Catholic church has a proud record for making saints. You never canonize them, however, until after they are dead. A Catholic friend took me last week into St. Paul's cathedral. I was very much pleased with the beautiful paintings and images of saints before whom I saw devout Catholics bowing and paying homage; but this text of the Bible came into my mind: 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

Come with me this evening, Friend McGuire, and see if you and your committee will not admit what you see and hear is more consistent with the calling and dignity of a Christian church, than card playing or making gamblers.

J. B. Corey."

Anent Mr. Corey's letter, the following from James Carrolson, also published in the "Herald", is also interesting:

"Editor 'Herald':—If you will give the following few words space in your valuable paper you will accord many of your Catholic readers that fair play our American people demand. An article appearing in the 'Herald' Thursday evening, October 30, 1902, seems so strangely out of place. It seems some misguided Catholic sends Mr. Corey an invitation to a euchre given by a Catholic society, which was certainly a mistake, when this man knew Mr. Corey's views on card playing, which he erroneously calls gambling.

Every man has the undoubted right to his opinions. As a gentleman, Mr. Corey had the right to rebuke this particular Catholic, but not the faith and convictions of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Corey no doubt has allowed his prejudice to get the best of himself and lets go, as he truthfully says, on the

mother church, which, like its divine founder, Jesus Christ, was always assailed, and reminds me of a cartoon appearing in a certain paper. It represents Bismarck (who had no love for Catholics) working desperately trying to destroy all the Catholic churches. His Satanic majesty appears, asking Bismarck what he was trying to do. Bismarck replies: 'I am trying to do away with the Catholics', Satan laughingly replies: 'I have been trying to do that for 1900 years, and am as far off as ever.'

I have no apology to offer for the evils of wayward Catholics, as the church teaches we should offer up our prayers for their conversion. Mr. Corey's ideas of the saints, sacred paintings, images, etc., are amusing to the Catholic mind. He evidently has not allowed himself to become acquainted with the teachings of the church in these and other serious matters.

In regard to card playing, it is a matter of individual Catholics. Some oppose card playing perhaps as much as Mr. Corey, while I do not see any more harm in innocent card playing, for amusement, than many of our separated brethren's socials, camp meetings, etc., which are sometimes abused. 'Be temperate in all things'. I am certainly (as every true Christian should be) opposed to gambling, whether among the rich or poor, saloons and disreputable places, and especially to the great crying evils of the day; Divorce, legallized prostitution and our society, barring marriages, is sanctioned by some Methodist bishops. We who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

This is not intended to slur any of our separated friends, but a weak defense to an attack on Catholics and our holy church, which has always been persecuted, but relying on divine promise, never destroyed.

James Carrolson."

J. B. COREY, 82 years old, and his 31 year old horse, circulating Tracts and Sermons Among Non-Church Goers.

AN UNUSUAL COINCIDENCE.

Reminiscences of the past along with daily occurrences confirm the inspired declaration that "God is not mocked; but whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap".
—*Galations* 6-7.

On Saturday evening, July 26th, 1913, after having spent the day in distributing tracts over the hills from Port Perry to McKeesport where I spent my boyhood days in going to school, hunting rabbits and squirrels and witnessing in some localities the wonderous changes time has made the past 73 years since I was a boy, after relating to my wife some of the incidents of the day, we were sitting on our porch watching the crowds of people as they wended their way down to Braddock. My wife handed me a paper saying read the account of that young girl leaping from 10th street bridge, Pittsburgh, into the Monongahela river. Taking the paper I read the head line saying: "The girl must suffer and the man goes free" aloud. My wife said "She hoped the man would not go free of exposure if he is to blame; but that in many of these scandals like that, it was often as much the girl's fault as it was the man's and more their Fathers and Mothers fault than either. That little girls not yet in their teens were allowed to romp and parade the streets, until late at night, when they should be at home in their beds; and they need not be surprised when a calamity like that falls on their home. Had they taken the care to see who their playmates were and not allow them to run at large, these sad wrecks of young children especially girls, would not so frequently happen as they do of late". Yes that is true; but that increases the grief of the parents.

Your observations suggest the appropriateness of the words on back of the envelope in which I had enclosed the Tracts and booklets I distributed today: "FATHERS AND MOTHERS; WHERE IS THY BOY AND GIRL TONIGHT?" and as our buggy attracted attention, I tossed the envelope into doors and on porches as we passed by. This is an unusual coincidence. I have been distributing tracts more or less since I was a boy when the first old time Methodist circuit rider in 1840, stopping his horse at our door alighted, opening his saddle bags, taking from them eight copies of "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted", he said: "James take these tracts and leave one at each house and tell them there will be Preaching at your house tonight." No 8-year old boy ever covered the distance between the 8 houses, (they being all the houses in the locality at that time), or was more elated than I was on seeing our neighbors crowd my Sainted Mother's one-story 16-foot square cabin to hear the first Methodist sermon ever preached in the locality. In distributing tracts and booklets since 1858, when the preacher said: "We will put Brother Corey to work to keep him from backsliding, and appointed me Superintendent of the Sabbath School, and a class leader announcing that in his absence next Sabbath I would read Wesley's sermon on the marks of the new birth". I do not recall of ever giving away tracts that were received so cordially, or the people seemed so anxious to receive them. Mothers, little girls coming out to the buggy with: "Please give me one". Gray headed mothers or grandmothers would beckon me to throw them one. I never in my life enjoyed myself more than last Saturday. In addition to visiting the scenes of my childhood, was the casting of bread upon the waters in hopes of finding it many days hence, Eccl. II., I. On seeing a group of six young men dressed in the latest style going down

street, my wife said: "Where do you think those young men are going they seem so jolly?" On seeing a group of as many or more young ladies following after, I said: "Where are those young girls going this late in the evening? If their fathers and mothers were asked: 'Where is thy boy and girl tonight?' Their answer likely would be I do not knew". I hope it may not be that of that poor outcast who finding no escape from the penalty from a wayward life, sought rest in a watery grave. Those young people have started out to have some fun tonight, where it will end and what the result will be, time alone will tell. Calling to mind some of our young associates who for years have been mouldering in premature graves, I said: "Where are they tonight?" She replied: "this is a queer world". I replied: "young men and young girls who form themselves into groups and start out on a lark this late Saturday evening, are not likely to form habits that will result in their future well being. With the wail of that young woman who cast herself off the bridge into the river echoing in my ears, I said was it possible that the poor girl had reached that point that like David: She exclaims before taking the fatal leap "No man cares for my soul". I then recalled how on the hill above Crooked Run, a young man dressed up in a good suit of clothes lay along side of the road in a helpless drunken condition and yet we Christian people for a revenue to pay expense of our civil government will license men to manufacture intoxicating liquor to make drunkards of our sons and encourage other vice as destructive of virtue and happiness of our daughters? On Sabbath afternoon a large stout man about 40 years old, dressed in what a short time ago would have been a respectable suit of clothes, but filthy and dirty, asked me for something to eat. "What", I said, "a young man in prime of life; with work as plenty as

it is today, and at good wages; begging for something to eat? How can you reconcile that with any type of manhood?" He replied: "Whiskey has knocked me out". "Why do you not ask the doggery keepers for something to eat?" "Oh, they got my money and kick me out". I said, "if I give you money to get something to eat you will go and spend it for whiskey". Our girls having taken a walk, and my wife is asleep, I gave the poor man something to get a lunch; telling him not to spend it for drink. He started for Braddock whether for more booze or something to eat I trow not. But as I watched him staggering out of my yard, I said: "Is it possible for any man or Nation, or City, to reap any permanent good from a business that puts a man in a condition like that?" And I reached this conclusion by quoting these texts I have often heard quoted but will do to repeat with emphasis. "Woe unto him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil:" "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a City by iniquity". "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also that thou mayest look on their nakedness, Habukuk 2-9-12-15 & Amos 6-1". "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion, and trust in the Mountain of Samaria, V. 44, That lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; That chant to the sound of the viol, and invent themselves instruments of music, like David; That drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief Ointments: but they are not aggrieved for the affliction of Joseph. When the Disciples asked Jesus to declare unto them the parable of the tares of the field, He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son

of man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one; The enemy that sowed them is the devil.

The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world". The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity: And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth, Then shall the righteousness shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." St. Matthew 13: 36-43. While beer guzzling and whiskey soaking are the Devil's most effective agencies in peopling the region of the lost yet the old serpent has many snares, by which he entraps the feet of the young and unwary, and recruits the ranks of the legions on their way to perdition. These snares are dance halls, ball rooms, moving pictures, theaters, and card tables in the parlors of mistaken fathers and mothers. The admonition of Rev. A. L. Haywood, of Wayland, Michigan, to ministers of the gospel very clearly shows one of these death traps of our boys and girls of today. May we not hope that the christian father or mother will read it aloud to their boys and girls.

WHAT ABOUT DANCING?

By Rev. A. L. Haywood.

There was a man one time who had the moral courage to preach against a certain popular sin, and the result was it cost him his head. He won out all right though, for he died with a clear conscience. We as ministers of the gospel and as Christians in crying out against the popular sins of the day are sure

to stir up the animosity of the proud and haughty, who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. But we are not out in search of friends, or to court public opinion. We cannot afford it, for our time is too precious. But if it costs us friends, dollars, or even our head, we can well afford it, if we can only live and die with a clear conscience.

To my mind, one of the most popular, diabolical and successful plans that was ever conceived in the mind of any devil incarnate, to corrupt the morals of the youth of our land, and to degrade, debase and drag down the pure and innocent to shame, disgrace and everlasting ruin is dancing.

I am glad I belong to a church that is not afraid to come out boldly and take a decided stand against this wicked thing.

As for myself I would rather have a daughter of mine in her coffin than to see her a public dancer. I would hardly say, "Than to have her attend a dance", for some few have attended, and have had common sense enough to see folly, indecency, and wickedness of it, have been disgusted, and turned away, never to return again.

According to statistics more girls have taken the first step on the downward road to destruction from the dance hall than from any other place. In a certain city the houses of shame were visited and the fallen girls were asked where they took the first step or what led to their downfall. Nine out of ten answered that the dance hall had been the cause.

The dance hall is no place for a decent woman, to say nothing about a pure, innocent and refined young lady. Further, no young lady can attend a dance and take part in the round dances of today and go away as pure as when she went. This is the main thought, and in making the others, and considering them we would like to prove it.

1. No woman can take part in one of the dances to today and not be insulted. If she resents it and turns away, well and good; but if she submits to it a work of destruction has already begun in her heart and life. The coming in contact with the opposite sex, in all the familiar touches and embraces that is necessary in dancing today all have a tendency to defile, debase and degrade the individual.

2. There are liberties taken there that would not be allowed anywhere else. If I was a man of the world, and a so-called gentleman (say nothing about a foul-mouthed, beer-bloated libertine) should meet my wife or daughter, and attempt to put his arms around her, and assume the positions taken in dancing, I would think that about the first mission I had on earth was to knock that man down, and the next would be to kick him into the road. Then why is it allowed in the dance hall?

Last of all, it is a production of hell to intoxicate the mind, bewilder the brain, and inflame the baser passions of men and women. It is a trap for the young men, a robber of the virtue of girls, a destroyer of womanhood, and demoralizing to society.

Were there a law passed that men must dance together, likewise ladies, the dance would be forever abolished. I heard a preacher say, (although he was a good preacher, he was an awfully homely man) that he did not believe that there was a young man in the country that would give fifty cents to hug him all night, as good looking as he was.

After every dance that was ever held, there has been a jubilee in hell, while heaven has had to put on mourning.

Here is a little word picture: In a humble cottage home, on a certain evening, I see first a woman sitting in a rocking chair, rocking to and fro, and as she rocks and works, she sings to herself, and seems to be happy. And why shouldn't she, for over there,

fast asleep in the cradle, lies a sweet, little, baby girl. As she rocks she is thinking of the future of her darling child, and how bright it is.

She is going to be good, noble and pure, and as she pictures out a glowing future for her child that she loves so much and thinks how safe she is there in the cradle asleep she is very happy. But is she safe? Poor woman, she does not see those two slimy, shadowy forms over there in the corner with their fiendish eyes and hideous gestures, and they whisper to each other, as they point their long, bony fingers towards the cradle where the little babe is sleeping. They are sent of hell to plan the destruction of that pure and innocent little child. Will they do it? Let us see.

Time rolls on. This little child grows to be a beautiful young lady. Her mother is proud of her, and still anxious about her future. She would like to have her daughter go out in society, and, after consulting her pastor, decides to take her to the dance. The shadowy forms whispered to the pastor and said, "Tell her there is no harm in dancing", and then they whispered to the woman and said, "There can't be any harm in it or the pastor wouldn't advise you to go". Mother watch that girl, for don't you see those shadowy forms over there in the corner of the hall. They are watching you. Watch her, I say.

"Watch her? Why, what do you mean? Is there any danger of her getting lost there in this public place?" Yes, more than in the wild forest, the dense thicket, or the jungles of Africa. Watch her, very closely. There are those here who would not only destroy the body, but the soul as well. Watch her, for that foul-breathed, unprincipled fellow that she is dancing with is watching you.

Where is she, mother? Your eyes left her but

a minute, but she is gone. Where? God only knows, but she is gone, gone.

Poor girl, unsuspecting and innocent, a prey to that vulture, or demon in human form, that was posing as a gentleman, wretch that he is. He has caught another victim; another is destroyed.

Mother, the only way you could have watched your girl and have kept her safe, would have been to have kept her at home.

But where is she? She has been dancing until she was tired, her brain was whirling, her thoughts were confused, and it was suggested that they take a little fresh air. She trusts this man, for he seems like a gentleman. She might better have trusted an alligator, or a crocodile, or a hungry lion, to this human hyena, for they could destroy only the body, but this agent of hell would not only destroy the body, but wreck and ruin the soul as well.

Perhaps it is a soft drink, or a dish of ice cream ordered. He winks at the waiter; a little something is dropped in; she feels a sort of dizzy, confused feeling, and the rest is easy. She has been robbed of a priceless jewel.

For the world has a heart for a prodigal boy,
  Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And they welcome him back with songs of joy,
  But what of the prodigal girl?"

I believe that if hell has one place that is hotter than another it will be reserved for such cursed libertines as the one described.

What of the rest? Down by the river side a scene. It is about midnight; the moon is shining at times down through the clouds; all seems to be quiet, but hark, I hear a low moan, I look around and see a young woman coming down the bank. She was once beautiful, but now pale and haggard. She seems to be talking to herself. She is saying, "It

will soon be all over. These waters will hide and bury it all. I have been so unhappy since that night. Oh, if I could only live my life over again how different it would be. But that first step down ruined my whole life, Oh, that I never had seen a dance hall, but it is too late, too late, too late! I believe I will end it all tonight". I see her as she stands leaning for a moment against the railing as if she would hesitate. Then she places her hand on the top of the railing, and looking up she moans, "O my God! forgive me, for I did not mean to do wrong", and with one last heart-rendering, piercing cry of distress, she leaps. A splash, a rushing of water and all is over. I look down and see those shadowy forms standing on the bank rubbing their hands with glee. They have destroyed another soul. But they do not stand there very long, for they must go in search of another victim.

Brethren, ought we not to, as ministers of the gospel, sound out a warning to every mother and mother's daughter against the evils of dancing? And if in so doing we may, perchance, save some or even one pure, innocent girl from disgrace, degradation and everlasting ruin, our efforts will not be in vain.

Having for 60 years in season and out of season to the full extent of my ability in church and Sunday School, with meagre mental, intellectual and Spiritual acquirements striven to warn our young boys and girls against these snares of the wicked one, yet through the indifference of parents I have witnessed with feelings of sorrow, the ruin of many a bright boy and girl. While on the other hand some of the most pleasant experiences of my four score years had been numerous testimonies like that of two sisters (Grandmothers) in a recent old time Methodist Love Feast, addressing me, said: "You are the man who 50 years ago led me and my brother

to the altar where we were converted. My brother died happy", each one giving the same testimony; and a letter from one of the miners who worked for me 50 years ago, received this morning, saying: "I am engaged in the Slum Mission work, trying to rescue the perishing, remembering your kindness and learning that you still are distributing tracts, I thought I would like to have some of your own composing". I assure you dear friends such testimonies smooth my pathway to the grave.

A Retrospect of the Past Century.

In conclusion, while retrospecting my own personal observations, knowledge and experience on political and religious questions, it is my own conviction from all I have read, seen and studied, that it is not possible for any people to give stronger proof of the incapacity of mankind for self-government, or, in other words, that popular sovereignty as understood and propagated by the American people is a delusion.

I reiterate the statement that unless the sacrifice of 1,000,000 of the flower of its own manhood, five billions of money, the devastation of the homes and property of our own people are the functions of a good government, our first century's experiment was a dismal failure. I also give it as my firm conviction derived from my own personal observation and reading of the sayings and doings of the greatest characters and lives this nation has produced, along with the clearest declaration of Holy Writ, no other result is or was possible. To be otherwise would be to bring a clean thing out of an unclean. This our Divine instructor is impossible. In sup-

port of this conviction I call attention to the statements of some of the greatest statesmen of our nation along with the history of other nationalities. I am aware I will be confronted right here by the great scientific and commercial achievements of the American people; but I unhesitatingly affirm that these things of which we are so prone to boast are more due to climate soil and other natural advantages than they are to our political and more boasted popular sovereignty. The great increase in crime and immorality I hold is almost as much due to political ideas as to the carnal unregenerate heart. President Andrew Jackson, with more frankness than the average politician, gave the keynote to our American manhood suffrage doctrine when he said, "To the victor belong the spoils", which Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, and President Roosevelt, and his Secretary of State, Elihu Root, are uncovering, are the only possible and natural result upon a political system resting upon the votes of men, who not one in ten know who or care what they are voting for, and in addition not one in a hundred but regard the public franchises and offices of their municipality, state and nation as legitimate objects of plunder.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the ablest statesmen and political economists this nation ever had, said, "Whenever there was a Republican system of government the true principle was to reduce the salary, making the honor and not the spoils the incentive to office seeking". But this doctrine of our greatest philosopher was inconsistent with the Jacksonian doctrine, "to the victor belong the spoils". Thus we have a $50,000-a-year President with $30,000 table expenses, to preside over a nation, the vast number of whose industrial classes have to support their families on less than $500 a year, the purchasing power of whose money is destroyed 50 per

cent in supporting this official aristocracy under the title of democracy. It is not possible to conceive a greater travesty of any political system than to call ours a democracy or a "Government of the people, by the people, for the people".

That $37,000-a-year State Treasurer, or our $10,000 Judges, Mayors and Governors over the people, with incomes of less than $500 a year, are as strong proof as it is possible to give of the incapacity of the people for self-government as the 100 years of Christian civilization has ever given us. I remember when I, along with the common people looked upon our public offices and public affairs as sacred as our holy religion. The first political interest in which I took a part was the nomination and election of my friend, Judge Mellon, with whom I afterward became associated with in business. I remember when we nominated him for Judge of our Common Pleas Court, there were several of our most prominent lawyers at the bar contending for the office of Judge and District Attorney, at $3,500 and $2,500. I took our company employees out to our township political nomination and carried the convention by a single vote for His Honor, Judge Mellon. Our township gave him the majority in the convention, and he received the nomination and was elected Judge. Judge McClure died, necessitating the election of another to take his place. Here again, at Judge Mellon's suggestion, I carried Versailles township for Judge Sterrett who was elected over his competitor. The strongest candidate competing against Judges Mellon and Sterrett succeeded in having our political bosses create a new Judgeship, increasing the salary $1,500 a year, and this in the face of the fact that both Judges Mellon and Sterrett were, as they frequently told me, oppressed with nothing to do. This corrupt political sentiment has taken such a hold upon the people

that our public school and township offices also have all become the legitimate spoils of our political bosses and their ward heelers, who regard all our public offices as a means of their own personal and political aggrandizement. If we secured integrity either in public or domestic life it might be tolerated, but take our religious and domestic life, and we have the only natural and logical results, 800,000 divorces in 32 years to Canada's 49, and all other crime in the same proportion. This alone vindicates the wisdom of the Canadian people in adhering to the English monarchy, as it does also the wisdom of Norway in dissolving from the union with Sweden. Instead of setting up a republican system of government they have appealed to the Swedish people to furnish them with a Monarch or Prince. The Norwegians at least show their good, common sense in not attempting to fasten upon themselves a republican system, or, as in our case, an official aristocracy, even if they do ignore the good advice of one of the wisest sages of the earth, "It is better to bear the ills we have than to fly to others we know not of". The present corrupt condition is due more to the influence of a partisan public press than all other causes, although I admit it is a case of "Like people, like priest" (or like public press).

IN CONCLUSION.

As my motive in time and expense, in compiling the recollection of my past life into a personal memoir is that my posterity and personal friends, may have the benefit of that which has contributed to my greatest good during my four score years. As I recall the past, that from which I received the greatest benefit were from reading good books especially the Bible, which I am reading through for the 16th time; one chapter a day, which I read the first thing on arising from my bed. I also have been benefited from the record of good men and women whose noble lives adorn the history of our Christian civilization; along with the precepts, advice and example of my sainted mother; which have given me the greatest assistance in my conflicts in the battle of life. Having already given incidents in the lives of men and women who began their conquest on the lowest plane and made a success in life; especially, the testimony of one of our most illustrious American statesman and distinguished patriots, against two of the greatest hindrances, to a young man's success in life; viz., oath bound secret orders, and lack of integrity in public office and positions of trust. I close by quoting an extract from the record of this Peerless Statesman and noblest Roman of them all; as published in the life of our Presidents; by John S. C. Abbott and Russell H. Conwell; a book that should be read by all our Young Men; aspiring to statescraft, and success in life.

I hope that all my friends will read carefully the following chapters and verses of scripture:

Christ says, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me". John V., 39.

St. Paul, says, "All Scripture, given by inspiration of God, (R. V.) is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect thoroughly furnished unto all good works", Timothy II., 16, 17.

Read first three chapters of Genesis: The ten commandments, Exod. XX., Job 1st Chapter, and XIV., 14; XIX., verses 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27.

Psalms, Metrical Version, I., XXIII.; XL. 1-4; and C.—Common Meter.

Isaiah LV.; Ezekial XXXVII., 1-14; St. Matthew I., 21; V. 1-12; and Luke XXIII., 14-46.

St. John III., 1-18, XIV., 1-16, First Epistle of John III., 1-15; V., VI., VII. and VIII. Chapters of Romans; I. Corinthians XV.

Heb. XII., 14; Rev. XIV., 13; Read over and over until fastened in your memory or write them down in your diary.

These hymns will also aid in making melody in your heart unto the Lord. See index of hymn book.

"O, for a thousand tongues to sing".

"A charge to keep I have", (Marseillaise of Methodism).

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy".

"There is a fountain filled with blood".

"Jesus my all to heaven is gone".

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound".

"Jesus, lover of my soul".

"O, for a heart to praise my God".

"Rock of ages, cleft for me".

P. S.—That which has lessened the task, and added to the pleasure, of putting my reminiscences in readable shape has been the patience shown, and

assistance given in their compilation by the Pittsburgh Printing Co., Printers of this Volume.

If any of my friends intend to publish their own memoir, I unhesitatingly recommend the Pittsburgh Printing Company to their consideration.

Finis.

MAURICE RUBEN'S EXPERIENCE.

Beloved think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.—I. Pet. 4: 12.

Dr. George D. Watson writes in one of his articles by way of introduction: "Each one of our lives is a whole world of revelation when looked at in its relation to God and his special providence, and if each of our lives could be written out, as God could do it, it would form a Bible sufficient for the profoundest instruction of the entire race".

The above will no doubt apply to a great number of the children of men. Perhaps your life has been full of vicissitudes, of many trials, struggles, conflicts and battles, and surely wonderful were the deliverances, too. If our lives were written by the finger of God, by the test of the word of God, what a sad commentary it would prove against our disobedience, ungratefulness and unbelief, and we would thus furnish object-lessons for the nations, as the characters in the Book of books do, as well as many in history. This paper is to relate my experience in the madhouse—one of the incidents following my conversion. I approach the subject with much delicacy of feeling toward all who have been interested in that case, because I do not at all wish it understood that my motive to rehearse this experience thus publicly, and by relating the strange proceeding at that time, is for the purpose of creating sympathy for myself or to cast any reflection or inflame any prejudice against those who were the actors in the case. That battle has been fought and won. If a lesson can be learned, a moral applied, a conclusion reached which will bring Jew and Gentile together into the brotherhood for which Jesus Christ died, or if it be helpful and a source of strength to

NEW COVENANT MISSION CHILDREN'S EXERCISES.
(See page

some struggling souls who are going through deep waters, then it was, indeed, my great privilege to have endured what I did for the glory of God as a testimony of my unflinching faith in Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour.

My Conversion.

My conversion came about in a sudden and radical manner. On the 19th of March, 1895, the light of life flashed through my mind; I was spiritually illuminated to the grasping of the spiritual facts that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world and that Satan was opposing the claims of Jesus.

I was directed to the study of the New Testament, and heeding the instruction of Jesus to "search the Scriptures", the Holy Spirit applied the words of truth from "Moses" and the "Prophets" and the "Psalms" which lifted me out of rationalism and Judaism, and upon meeting the conditions scripturally required, viz: Repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ, I experienced conversion which entirely changed the manner of my life, the habits and desires from the worldly plane to a spiritual condition of right and duty and conscience toward God and man, and recognizing and accepting in Christ the one power of God unto salvation, that in him are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and who is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.

My Call into Service and Consecration.

The awakening of my soul to the realization of the grace and love of God toward me, who was indeed a "sinner", and the consciousness of a higher calling, led me to a closer study of the Word of God, and as the Holy Spirit graciously revealed to me to

follow in the footsteps of "Abraham", the man of faith and obedience, I came out from a big business connection and made a full and complete consecration, in accordance with the conditions of the New Testament.

"Some of these conditions are quite critical; see Luke 14: 26, 27, verse 33 reads: "So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple".

In view of the spiritual blindness upon the Jewish people, and that such blindness is removed only in Christ, and that "there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved"—and that the Jews evidently do not understand the scheme of redemption, although they had the temple service and the law, and the sacrifices and ought to have understood that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. However, "without controversy great is the mystery of Christ", and as "Sterne" says: "Is it not an amazing thing that men shall attempt to investigate the mystery of the redemption, when at the same time, that it is propounded to us an article of faith solely, we are told that 'the very angels have desired to pry into it in vain".

The Consternation of my Relatives.

Our readers can therefore imagine the surprise and consternation my conversion created among my Jewish relatives and friends—a "stone of stumbling and a rock of offense". Desiring to speak the "words of soberness and truth", my people evidently thought I had gone beside myself, because "much learning doth make thee mad". It would take a volume to relate all the incidents of the early days of my Christian experience, the many complications and stumbling blocks which menaced me on all sides. "Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me

in a plain path, because of mine enemies. Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty". Ps. 27: 11-12.

The Powers of Darkness at Work.

The hosts of darkness acted very definitely, and as I look the battlefield over, now that the smoke has cleared, and as by the grace of God I am more than conqueror through Him that loved me, I desire to give God all the glory.

My Arrest.

I lived at that time in a quiet and fashionable neighborhood in Pittsburgh, and quietly pursuing my studies, not making myself in any way conspicuous it so happened that one Saturday night, at just about midnight, our household was aroused by the ringing of the bell and rapping on the door. The unexpected and untimely visitors were two police officers. The people of the house were informed that I was wanted, as instructions had been received from headquarters to place me under arrest. Upon what ground could not be ascertained, nor had the officers any warrant of arrest. I was informed of the situation, and readily agreed to go, though the manner of arrest appeared irregular and arbitrary, as the officers had neither warrant nor any specific charge against me, but I was told I must go, they were to take me.

Imprisoned.

Having dressed myself, I went with the officers to the Oakland Police Station and was placed in a cell, under lock and key—the exchange from a quiet and comfortable home, from the slumber on a comfortable bed to a narrow bench, a hard board in the

prisoner's cell. Dear reader, I am sure you are quite sympathetic, your feelings are touched; was not that a time for prayer? Was I really a prisoner? It seemed unnatural, because I wanted to obey God, because I believed in Jesus; wanted to be a Christian; what could the matter be! The officers in charge of the station-house had only the instruction to have me arrested. I did much quiet praying and meditating on the experiences of the apostles and disciples while they were in prison. Many of the promises rushed to my mind, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee", and "lo, I am with you alway". These and other passages were most comforting to me—of course my environment was new and rather strange; there was a mixed company in the other cells, and the language of some of them was foul and vulgar to the extreme.

Lingering in Prison.

I waited patiently for the conquest of morning over the shadowy night. Never in my life did I so desire to see the rays of sunshine as on that memorable Sabbath morning in August, 1895. I wanted a hearing, I desired to be free to go to church. I longed to go to the sanctuary; my soul yearned and thirsted after righteousness, I looked forward to the Sabbath services, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God", my hungry soul craved the bread of heaven and the waters of life. The songs of Zion and the sermon, everything was soul food for me. Breakfast was furnished, the morning advanced, I obtained no hearing, and the attendant (turnkey) could give me no explanation. Romans 5: 3 encouraged me: "We glory in tribulation also. Knowing that tribulation worketh patience". A certain writer states: "That the qualities of patience are gentleness and serenity in bearing that which, without being agonizing, is wearing or vexatious, whether

internally or from the conduct of others". My experience not only developed these qualities but also self-control.

Visited by Expert Physicians.

The morning hours passed without deliverance. During the hour of church time, I worshipped my God, indeed, in the meditation of my heart, feeling greatly uplifted by the devotion and meditation. The hours of the afternoon sped along, and toward evening, when the folds of night gathered around Mother Earth, the door of my cell was opened and I was introduced to two gentlemen, who interrogated me in reference to my conversion and religious experience. I had come to the conclusion that my state of mind was in question, and conjectured that these gentlemen were, no doubt, "experts", and thus I was naturally prompted to be quite "natural" and to answer in a simple manner. To speak, for instance, to "insanity experts" about the "change of heart", the "carnal mind", the "Holy Spirit", or "sanctification", from a prison cell, would, indeed be sufficient evidence to question that persons sanity. Our interview was brief, of about five minutes' duration, and I looked for a speedy release. But the hours of the evening grew late, and still a "prisoner in bond". After nine o'clock friends of the Oakland M. E. church visited me; they felt much perplexed and full of sympathy for me. I learned that Mr. P. H. Laufman, the venerable class leader of the church, who was among the visitors, made strenuous efforts to effect my release, offering a large amount of bail. Realizing that I was good for another night, the dear reader may learn that physically I was not very strong, and though I seemed to have much fortitude, would feel a wave of deep sorrow. I would then think of Jesus and Gethsemane, and of his disciples as he spoke to them:

"Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder". Matt. 26: 36. I prayed much and meditated more, and I cannot tell all my thoughts of that night. The past rose before me, Saints and Martyrs others who suffered for Christ, all the faithful and heroic souls—of the past and present—and then to think to be counted worthy to become partaker in these light afflictions. Monday morning dawned bright and clear. Again no hearing. My brother, with some relatives, called; he looked troubled—inquired after my health and thought religion had put me in a nice box—that the physicians considered me insane, and that I would probably be taken to a private institution for treatment. It seemed to me that the hand of justice in Pittsburgh had moved back to the days of early Christianity, so high handed was the proceeding. I said I was sane, but, bidding me goodby they departed, leaving me to my fate and Providence. The day again grew late, and about evening, the two physicians again visited me and held another five minutes' conversation, after which the "experts" departed.

TO THE INSANE ASYLUM.

I had about decided that I would have another night's sojourn in the prison, when I was called and introduced to two "strangers", who informed me that they would take me to a "sanitarium", as I needed rest. I told them I needed a change of quarters, as I felt all stiff from my confinemnt, and further said, asking: "Do you mean to take me away from here as an insane man?" They looked at each other significantly, one of the men answering in a patronizing tone that they were simply obeying orders. On the way to the depot, after quite a conversation, one said to the other: "He appears to be all right". We boarded the train, and finally I asked them if they were taking me to Dixmont (insane de-

partment) of the Western Pennsylvania Hospital. At first they evaded the question, but finally they acknowledged that that was my destination. In due time we reached the point, and even by gas light, I could see that the surroundings of the institution are imposing and quite picturesque. Beautiful shade trees surround the palatial-looking buildings, and on entering same the impression is rather entrancing; the wide corridors, large parlors, and the elegant apartments of the first floor are very attractive and inviting. The preliminaries of the usual order of the business of the commitment having been adjusted, the two men bid me good-bye, and I was given in charge of a keeper, a young man whom I knew in a business way; he was surprised to see me. He led me to an upper ward, and, upon request, I was permitted to have a bath; then was I taken to a ward, which was to afford me the "comforts of home". I found myself in a large room containing some 30 cots—in the company of men, insane men, and as I directly learned upon asking my keeper why they would have me here, and not give me a quiet room, as I understood I was to be "well treated". The poor man felt real sorry for me, I believe. He said that the rule of the institution is that all new patients must spend some time in this ward, as this was the "incurable" ward.

A Fiery Trial.

The kind reader can imagine my amazement—that I was to be an inmate of an insane asylum—in the "incurable ward", among "incurable patients". the "chronic insane", the "lunatic", the demented, afflicted with all kinds of vagaries, hallucinations and aberrations of the mind. Let the kind reader pause with me a moment. I was to be a "forced inmate" (as stated, I asked for a single room) in the department of the "madhouse", in one room with

all these unfortunate men. For a moment I was beside myself; oh, what a feeling overcame me; I listened to the filthy talk, the hellish ejaculations, the fiendish outbursts of glee or of hysterical convulsions; the calamities of hell appear to be gathered under the roof of an insane asylum, and yet people say, there is no hell. And here I was to spend the night—how can I do that? I felt a revulsion of feeling—will I go mad? Can any human being endure such trials, this humiliation? What is to be done? How can I survive the night? The keeper showed me my cot and led me to it. I knew I was passing through a fiery trial, an experience that was beyond the power of language for me to describe. I needed help, strength—oh my Lord. Presently I was lost in prayer, and in a moment the saddest of all the sad scenes moved before my mind's eye, the "Cross of Calvary". I was in silent prayer—in deep meditation. The cross of Calvary—"Must Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free?" "No, there's a cross for everyone, and there's a cross for me".

And Jesus died that we might live. He died that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil. Heb. 2: 14.

And was not even the Son of God perfected through suffering: "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, in bringing many sons to glory to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering". Heb. 2: 9, 10.

Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me.

The Story of the Cross.

The very picture of Calvary was before my mind's eye. I became insensible to my situation. I was entirely shut within myself. My own sad experience of the previous days had faded away. The "Cross of Calvary" occupied my mind. Oh, how vivid, how real! I was watching with the crowd, all were watching the cruelty—what a heart breaking sight? Who can measure the anguish, the great sorrow, the awful travail of the soul of Jesus of Nazareth at this hour?

See his hands, which for several years healed the sick, raised the dead, cast out devils. How terrible now appear these gentle hands with the gaping wounds of the nail prints, the scarred and weary feet win no pity; they too are cruelly pierced. They offer Him wine and myrrh to deaden His suffering. He will not drink, for He desires to bear all for us. Oh, merciful Saviour. Draw me to the foot of thy cross, that I may sit down there and watch Thee till Thine image is printed on my heart. Oh, that I may learn to die! My day will come, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. That day comes, the last minute—and voices will whisper—it is finished—he is gone. The merchant prince will be gone, the nabob, the philanthropist and sage will be gone, the poet as well as the peasant, the great and the small will be gone, immortal souls going, going, gone--passing into an eternity of glory and transcendent life, or into an eternity of sadness and suffering, which no earthly imagery can describe, the everlasting fire and "the worm that dieth not". Let me think of this and practice dying before I die! "By thy cross and passion, by thy agony and bloody sweat, good Lord deliver us".

The vividness, the spiritual fervor of my meditation brought to my soul a blessed quietness, but

not much sleep. The "inmates" of the ward would break out into all sorts of startled shrieks, according to the nature of their affliction, so I quietly watched and prayed for the dawn of morning. The scene is very sad indeed, human souls in such a state of aberration of mind and mental confusion, stupor and delusion. I breakfasted in one of the dining-rooms with a company of the inmates; their appetite was, however, much better than mine, some of the men were gluttons, and their voracious eating would cause some of the animals at the Highland Park "zoo" to blush with envy.

Life in the Asylum.

We were taken out for "exercise" on a bridge which connects with the main corridors and which is an affair built of iron girders, and now I had the opportunity of seeing some of the other patients, queer and peculiar subjects indeed. One German blasphemed like a trooper, and crowed like a rooster, and he looked as if he was the vehicle of a legion of demons.

Then the physicians made their rounds and I met Dr. Hutchison, the genial superintendent of the institution.

Owing to my "connection" and being acquainted with the "business house" of my brother, the doctor inquired what I was sent out for. I gave him my assurance that I did not know exactly myself; he promised to see me again. I requested earnestly to be given a change of quarters, but was again put among the "incurables" for another night of distressing experiences. I was told that new patients must remain among the incurables, as this develops their true condition, and the phase of insanity is thus definitely diagnosed. I am quite sure that if ordinary people with a tendency to nervousness were to be subjected to a similar experience

they would go stark mad; there is no doubt about that. Fortunately the grace of God enabled me with fortitude to endure this horrible pit. There was no special "development" in my "condition" and so I was transferred the third day to one of the regular better-class wards, which contain single rooms, in which patients are locked at bedtime. Whilst the institution, no doubt, is as well managed as any of the kind—it being a Pittsburgh affair, and Pittsburgh is slow in nothing, as my own experienced proved—it is intended for insane people, and I submitted to all the rules and regulations, some of which are, at least in practice, crude and unclean.

By way of illustration. On Friday or Saturday is "bath" day. The men of a ward all strip, two tubs of water are drawn, and the first one has the clean water. Those who follow (a certain number must wash in the same water), and I noticed that most all were sane enough and wished for the first chance. It was the most disagreeable experience outside of the first two nights. The "bill of fare" is wholesome, the men have tremendous appetites, but seem to get enough. I ate sparsely, but my neighbor was anxious to eat all I would leave. I spent my time in the study of the Bible and other religious books there, and gladly joined in the afternoon outing, which is given frequently to those who are not "dangerous".

Dr. Hutchinson and the other physicians had daily conversations with me, and exercised their knowledge and intuition to diagnose my case. Dr. H. stated that I was legally committed, and evidently seemed greatly perplexed over my commitment. I learned later that the physicians considered me "normal", and that I was not a fit subject for an insane asylum, and so informed my people, which brought my brother to visit me, just after one

week of confinement. My brother seemed glad that I was "improving" so fast, and then told me I could have my release if I would go West and not remain in Pittsburgh. I refused to accede to such terms, on the ground that my incarceration was unjustifiable, and that all the newspapers reported me insane, and if he would make the proper retraction and place me in my true light before the community, I would feel fully vindicated and attend to my affairs.

To this my brother would not agree, and so I was left to ponder over my situation, fully convinced that my action was right in refusing to entertain such a proposition. I was living in the Bible and was greatly helped by the experiences of God's people and His mighty hand to deliver His own. There was Noah and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Joseph, Gideon and Samson, Daniel and the den of lions, Paul and Silas, and Peter in prison, and all of the eleventh chapter of Hebrew's heroes, saints and martyrs.

Faith Produces Hope.

In spite of many temptations, my faith was strong and had the assurance that I would obtain deliverance through providential interposition.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen—and so I accepted my deliverance, as if it had already taken place, and was determined not to compromise in any way. It must be remembered that no one is so anxious for liberty as the man who is a prisoner, especially under my circumstances.

Again my brother called on me; it was the second week of my confinement. He came at a time when we were all busy sweeping the floor and washing the walls. I was at my post with broom and

cloth. He did not like my employment and requested that I be withdrawn from the work, which was complied with, and I had no further outside work to do except my own room and some other duties. He called again the third week with the same proposition, and was much perplexed to think that I would not avail myself of the opportunity to obtain my liberty. I expressed my views to him, and told him point blank that I expected to get my freedom very shortly. I had my temptations and trials during these weeks. The tests came quite strong at times, but in the hour of the greatest temptation I was always strong enough to say "No", because I did not think it was the Lord's way of doing things. "The Lord heard and delivered me from all my fear". Ps. 84: 4.

"Fear not I am With Thee".

It is of ordinary occurrence to see groups of visitors pass through the different departments of the asylum. One afternoon as I was reading the Bible, a gentleman came up to me, telling me he came down in my behalf. We entered into a conversation about my conversion and incarceration. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. J. B. Corey, saying he was going to see about my being taken out of this place. I was delighted of course, and stated that somehow I expected some one would come. I learned later that Mr. Corey, who is an old resident of Braddock, Pa., and of the Corey Gas & Coal Co., Schmidt Building, Pittsburgh, while in his office, was suddenly prompted or spoken to by the Holy Spirit to go down to Dixmont to see Ruben. Mr. Corey has been in active Christian work for a long time, as I afterwards learned; promoted several Christian enterprises, and now the Lord gave him another bit of work. Mr. Corey was not personally acquainted with me, never having seen or

heard of me before reading the account of my being railroaded to Dixmont for accepting Christ as my Saviour. He called up Mr. P. H. Laufman, my class leader, and learning from him that my incarceration was a great wrong and injustice, he arranged by telephone with Mr. Harper, president of Dixmont Hospital, to go with him to see me and learn of my condition for himself. Mr. Corey introduced me to Mr. Harper and to Ex-Mayor Kennedy, of Allegheny, who was also present.

On his return to the city, Mr. Corey at once instructed his son-in-law, Wm. Yost, Esq., attorney-at-law, to institute habeas corpus proceedings in my behalf. This was promptly executed. The case was returnable before Judge J. W. F. White, of Common Pleas Court.

My brother came to see me again, and later sent one of his "confidentials", who was formerly a bosom friend of mine, to accept his proposition to go West, as he told me that I would positively be returned to the asylum; that they would surely prove my insanity, because I said that I received a spiritual call to read the New Testament, and that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the world. As my people could not understand nor believe it, they thought I had gone beside myself. Now, these threatenings did not affect me in the least. I felt the assurance that I would obtain my liberty, because I knew I was right, and was standing on the promises of God, that if they would cast us into prison for His sake, He would deliver us.

"Judgment Shall Return Unto Righteousness"

On the morning of the trial, the fifth week of my incarceration, quite a company had gathered at the court room—ministers, lawyers and doctors were present, my people and relatives and their attorney.

The proceedings proved to be very interesting and quite sensational. Dr. Hutchinson was the first witness. He testified that I was legally committed, was received at the institution, conversed with me freely, found me very intelligent, rational, and of even temperament, and had so informed my family during the first week of my stay. Then the two "expert" physicians testified, and essayed to prove my insanity, because I stated to people that I heard a supernatural voice telling me to read the New Testament, and that Jesus Christ was the Saviour. Judge White then questioned them searchingly as to how long they had been with me, did he act in a disorderly manner, and questions along this line.

The Judge did not think, that because people claim to hear voices or see visions they must be sent to insane asylums. There are too many people who claim to have heard voices and it is preposterous to consider them insane. The judge was very definite in his remarks, and squarely rejected the evidence by which the defendants intended to prove my insanity.

I was then called to give my testimony, told the story of my conversion; had drifted from Judaism into infidelity, obtained the first literature from my brother who was a skeptic and did not believe in God. When Judge White heard that he looked straight at my brother, saying: "What! Your brother does not believe in God?" My brother rather felt the power of the Judge's remarks, but what will the feeling be, when in the great judgment day, the Judge of *Judges* will judge all men for the deeds done in the body, the quick and the dead!

"The Wisdom of Their Wise Men Shall Perish".

The attorney for my brother cross-examined me on some questions of my former belief. The judge now had enough, and in language which could

not be misunderstood, expressed himself in condemnation of the outrage of my incarceration, and plainly stated that all who were connected with the outrage should be sent to prison, and I was discharged.

Thus ended my strange experience. The victory won was complete, the hand of God manifestly overruling the powers of darkness. "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not, behold your God will come with vengeance, with the recompense of God, he will come and save you". Isa. 35: 4.

It is with a deep sense of gratitude that I acknowledge that it was the Lord's doing, in bringing about my deliverance, and to Him be all the glory.

The Lord works through the instrumentality of the people, sending them forth on errands of mercy and love. The Lord used Anannias in the healing of the Apostle Paul of blindness by the laying on of his hands (Acts 9: 17), and in the bustling city of Pittsburgh, the Spirit of God calls Mr. J. B. Corey to set in motion the hands of justice. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever, lo, I am with you always. That is all very wonderful, but God is wonderful, and the days of miracles are not yet past.

How much better to pay heed to the Book of books, which contains the Word of God.

I will confound the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of the world? 1 Cor. 1: 19-21.

Says Jesus: "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me shall not abide in darkness". St. John 12: 46.

(For the sequel to the above see Matt. 25: 35-41).

A HAPPY REUNION OF MAURICE RUBEN AND HIS FAMILY.

"Jesus saith, have faith in God". Mark 11: 22.

"Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parent, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time and in the world to come, eternal life". Luke 18: 29, 30.

Many dear friends have written to us to publish the Testimony, "The Victory of Faith" relating in brief review the thrilling incidents of my Christian life introducing especially the providences in our family, the long separation from my beloved wife and son, the estrangement, separation and finally the happy Reunion in answer to patient waiting on the Lord.

Our friends who rejoice with me over the abundant mercy of God, may be pleased to hear of God's wonderful leading to victorious triumph. Bless His name forever.

Victory After Many Defeats.

Just six months from the time of our marriage Mrs. Ruben left me ostensibly to go with her mother on a visit to her native town in Nebraska. After she left my trials began. I was placed in an insane asylum by my relatives, as they could not understand my professing Christianity. Our readers are familiar with my experience in the madhouse, and if not they can obtain my booklet which relates the thrilling story.

Mrs. R. was made to believe that I was demented, and under the influence of her relatives finally obtained a divorce. At the same time I was passing through very deep waters. The fact of my

incarceration left upon the minds even of Christian people, a lurking suspicion that I might be beside myself, and I can never tell of the solitary hours, days and months I spent during the first years of my Christian life; ignored and rejected, yet marvelously sustained by the grace of God, and a friend here and there who came into my life as friends indeed. I can give but faint touches of all the early days have taught me, what a school in self-denial, self-abasement and trials of faith and patience. But I bless my Lord now for every trial of the past; these light afflictions work out a "far more eternal weight of glory".

OPENING OF THE MISSION.

The Lord finally opened the way. He gave me real Christian hearts. Brother Corey who had remained my steadfast friend, was joined by Brethren Garrison, Harris and others and the prospects grew brighter. Much prayer was being offered and the Lord was asked to send in about $1,000 to equip a new building which was then in sight for the Mission.

A CRUCIAL TEST.

For several weeks the money did not come in, others were after the new building, and we were loathe to lose it, yet the pledged or partly promised means did not materialize. Then Mrs. R., with our boy, then three years old, visited my relatives in Allegheny, arriving there just about the time when we were waiting for the means for the Mission.

I had been corresponding with Mrs. R. and felt that she was still my wife; she had all my love, the mother of our lovely boy, whom I had seen for the first time on the occasion of the visit to Allegheny.

Calling at the house of our relatives, I showed all possible attention to my family, consistent with

the circumstances. Matters opened up favorably. I desired to win her back, but the conditions were that I should return to a business career. Then I passed through a terrible conflict. My people did not think religious work would afford me the living for my family, and urged business as a safe source of support.

I thought of Jesus, how He was offered the kingdoms of this world. I looked at my separated wife, the handsome son, I reviewed my experience. Truly God does lead in a strange and peculiar way. The testing time was at a high pressure; can I hold out? What is the mind of God? What back to Egypt? And yet Canaan, i. e., the new Mission was not yet a reality, and so for the entire week I fought a battle between love and duty and duty and love, for God and family.

The Final Decision.

The last day had come. Mrs. R. was to terminate her visit. I could choose between the waiting to follow Jesus, or back to the weak and beggarly element of the world. Finally I said I would continue in mission work, building or no building. I was doing a personal work amongst Jews and Gentiles, and the Lord was blessing me and making me a blessing. I remember the drooping disappointment of Mrs. R. at that leave-taking from wife and child; it was sad and did send anguish through the heart. Such a feeling, such an experience! Oh, an eternity to look back to our earthly battles, trials, disappointments and victories! Blessed be our God!

—Matthew 10: 37; Luke 14: 26.

After leaving the home of the relatives and crossing over to Pittsburgh, an inflow of indescribable sweetness suffused my very being. I was so blessed that I had to fairly praise God aloud on the

open street and realized that I had decided aright, though the world would surely condemn me, as a cruel and heartless man. I was greatly comforted in my soul at the assurance of having pleased my Lord. Oh, that we may ever please Him under all circumstances, though it may cost a hand, a foot, or an eye.—Matt. 18: 8, 9.

The Hand of God Moves.

Within three days of my decision means came into the hand of Brother Corey so that $700 were on hand the first part of that eventful week. The house was rented and the Mission became a reality. Praise Gor for what that Jewish Mission has stood for ever since!

Our friends have become acquainted with the nature of the work. I kept up a correspondence with Mrs. R., and as the Lord prospered me I shared with her for the support of our boy. A year later I visited Chicago, where Mrs. R. had moved and was keeping house for relatives. The Chicago Hebrew Mission then held a conference and I attended same and met Mrs. R. and son, and made some progress towards making an impression that God was with us in the Mission at Pittsburgh. In the course of the year we corresponded more frequently, and in the fall of the year I again visited Chicago. I then met Mrs. Wittenberg, mother of Mrs. R. The family had all come to Chicago from the west, and, to my surprise, I found the mother my very best friend, a firm believer in our ever blessed Messiah. After my conversion, when mother visited Pittsburgh, after being informed that I had become religiously insane, we had Bible talks. As mother was acquainted with the Old Testament prophecies, I confirmed her thoughts concerning the Messiah, directing her mind towards Christ, and

when she departed I presented her with a New Testament. I was made to rejoice to learn from her own lips that she studied the blessed book and found Him of whom Moses and the prophets have spoken.

Mrs. Ruben Attends Meetings.

I was assisting Rev. Thos. M. Chalmers in a special week's Mission at Messiah Mission, Mrs. Wittenberg and Mrs. Ruben attending the services, and one morning Mrs. R. yielded, and we became reconciled and planned to become reunited on the date of the next anniversary of our first marriage, February 12.

I returned to Pittsburgh a much happier man, and the good news leaked out, though it was Mrs. R.'s desire to keep matters quiet, as she knew that her people would oppose the reunion, if they knew our intentions. Pittsburgh papers found out all about the matter. The papers were sent to Chicago and the enemy came in like a flood. I realized that a new trial was upon me. My refuge was in the Lord. "In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord". "I communed with my own heart; and my spirit made diligent search".

The family sent word from Chicago that they had discovered our plot. A letter was sent to me, also to Brother Corey, an entire stranger to the party. Brother Corey took the young man to task and gave him some good sound advice, and such a general dissection of his make-up that the young man had the opportunity to really become better acquainted with *himself*. I said not a word in reply, but asked the friends of Israel everywhere to keep on praying. My beloved brother, Thos. M. Chalmers, and Mother Wittenberg were also deeply interested. Six long years of separation had passed, the seventh year was now well nigh on the decline; hope took

wings. Even Jacob had no longer to wait than seven years for his Rachel. We felt encouraged and were definitely led of the Lord to again visit Chicago. This time we were not expected, but word was sent to my trusted Brother C. We arrived and learned that some of the relatives who were especially inimical were absent from the city. We called at the beautiful home of Mrs. R., who knew then of our arrival. We went in the name of the Lord, and urged the claims of salvation and her need of yielding herself completely to the blessed Master. We had several Bible studies and very precious seasons of prayer. The Holy Spirit led all the way. He took of the things of Christ and led captivity captive. We then planned for a reunion. Would November 12 be the set time? was in our hearts.

On Monday morning, Mrs. R. gave herself definitely to the Lord. The hour was hallowed by His presence. "Truth shall spring out of the earth; righteousness and peace have kissed each other". Wilt thou revive us again; that thy people may rejoice in Thee? The battle was the Lord's, His the victory. Bless His name forever!

In the wake of so much mercy I pressed on and told Mrs. R. I believed the Lord would be pleased to have us reunited quickly, lest the enemy may get some advantage again; also saying that I wished to take my little family to Pittsburgh. I knew it would come hard to break up the well-ordered home, to leave the refined neighborhood in exchange for what I could offer. But the home in Congress street is so blessed; it has been a bethel to all of us, and we love its memories and the hallowed experiences of three years of infinite loving kindness from our heavenly Father.

Mother Wittenberg now came in to rejoice with us. We were now one in heart and faith, all bitterness turned into sweetness. "Weeping may en-

dure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning". This was truly the morning of indescrible joy. We thought that November 12 to be truly the set time for the solemnization of the reunion by the act of a Christian minister.

The arrangements were quickly made. On Tuesday evening a small company of friends gathered in the parsonage of Brother Chalmers. Mother Wittenberg was the only one present on Mrs. Ruben's side. The blessing of the triune God was pronounced upon man and wife. The scene was deeply impressive. Mrs. Ruben had a final issue with the adversary. We thought it might be physical exertion caused by the excitement of the past few days. But we sensed quickly that it was not physical but spiritual—the final defeat of the enemy who now lost this daughter of Zion forever, as she answered all the questions and became the daughter of our blessed Messiah. The joy of salvation soon became manifest, and as the congratulations were given by the Friends, all could see the change upon the restored wife, as happiness and great peace came to her soul.

The family had suspicions that something was transpiring and were informed by Mother Wittenberg that it did transpire. Some of the members became quite frantic, others came to congratulate.

Packers came into the house to pack up the household goods for shipment to Pittsburgh. Even the landlord and his family rejoiced in the consummation of the reunion. Verily, our covenant-keeping God has answered our prayers. Husband, wife and son are truly happy in the Lord. To Him be all the glory forever. Amen!

MY EXPERIENCE.

An address delivered at the Conference of Jewish workers at Washington, D. C., February, 1902.

By Mrs. Maurice Ruben.

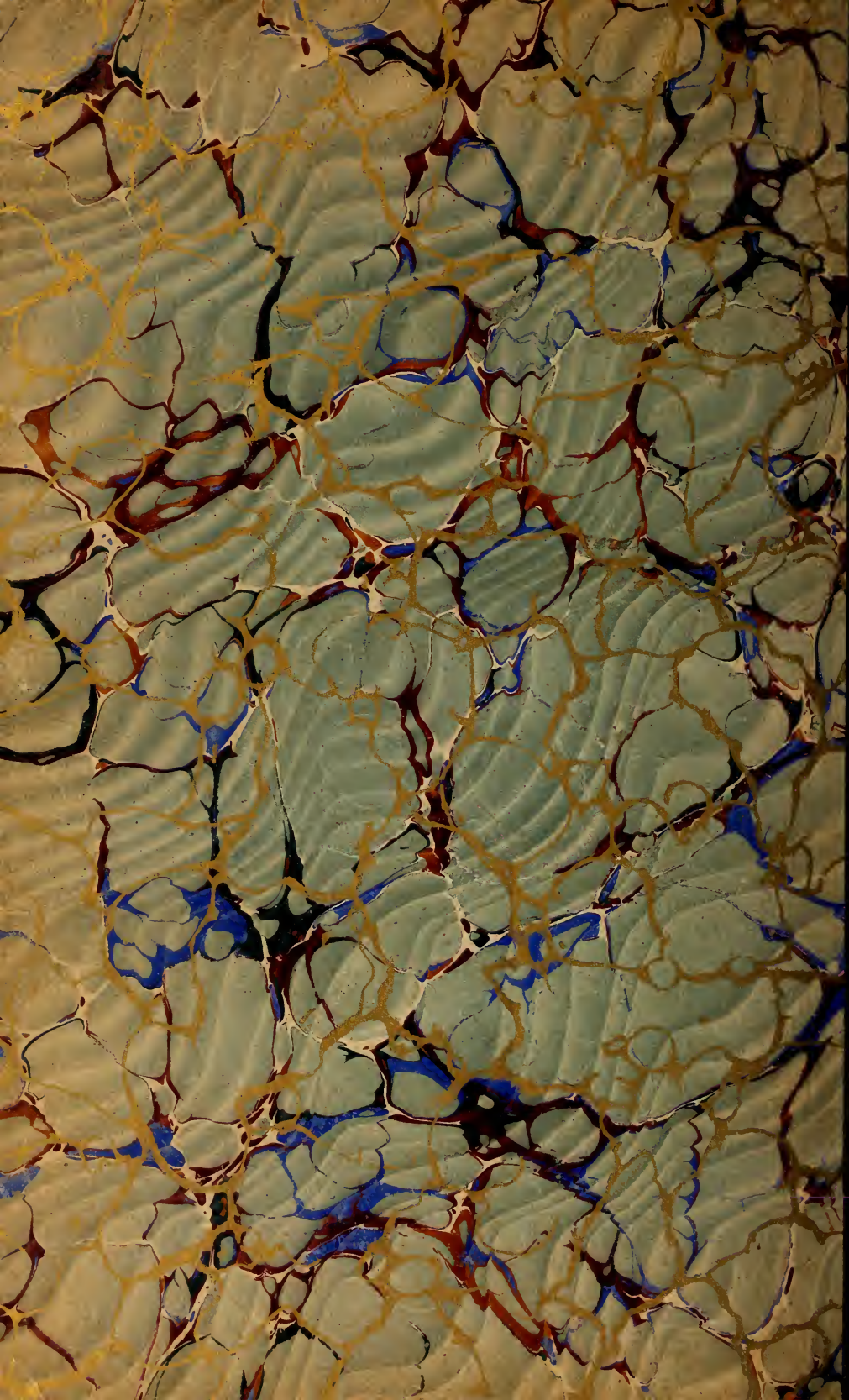
We read in Luke 24: verses 48, 49.

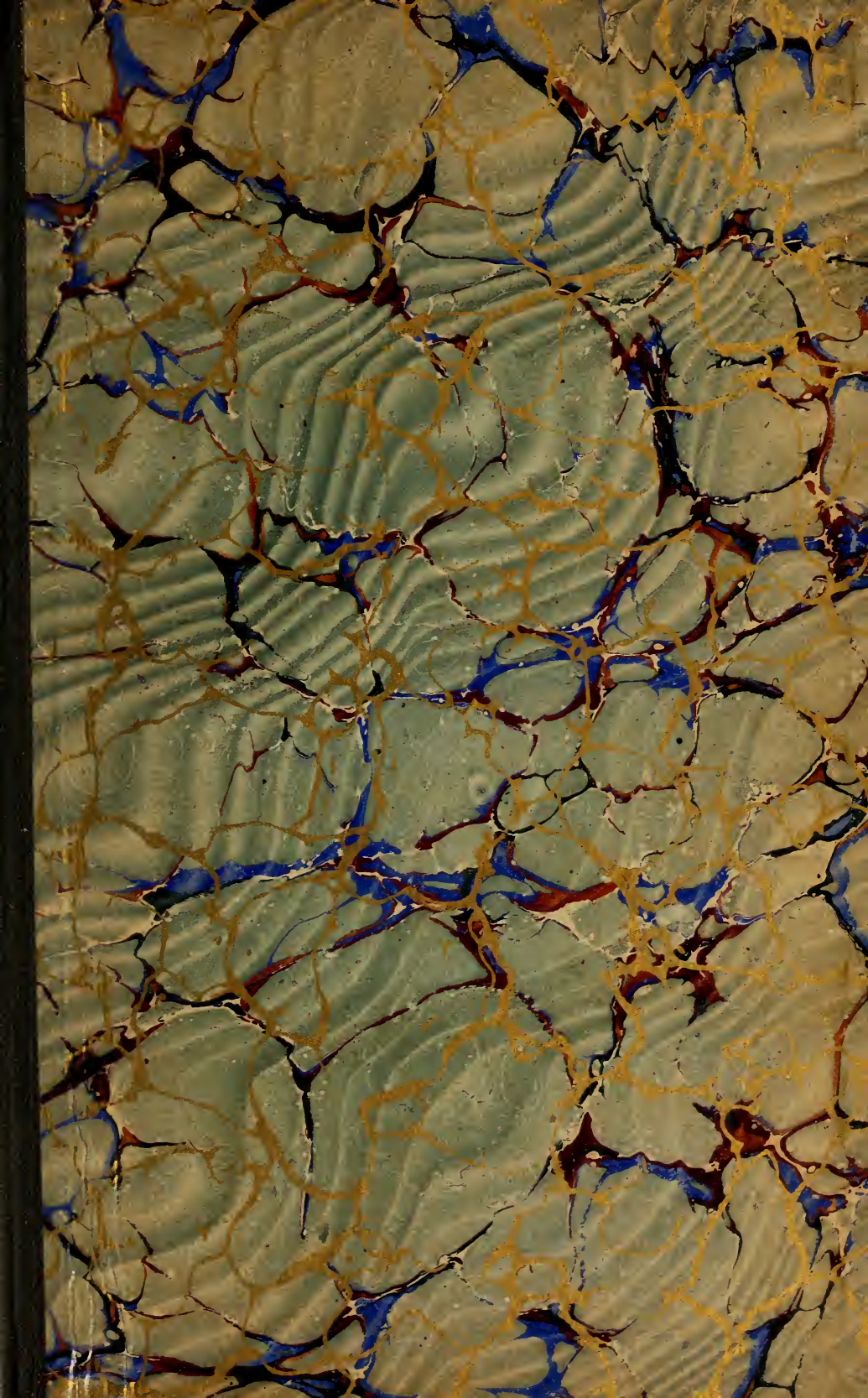
"And ye are witnesses of these things: And behold I send the promise of the Father upon you". How I praise God that I am able to stand before you also as a witness of these things. The Saviour called attention to the thrilling incidents of the closing days of His blessed ministry. He opened their understanding to the Scriptures; they marveled as I have since, about these things, that the Saviour should have lived, and suffered, and died, and rose again; all for our sakes, that we might be redeemed from the curse of the law having obtained eternal redemption through the atoning death and resurrection of our blessed Saviour. I praise the Lord, that I can testify of these things, which happened in my own life. How impossible it was for me to believe that Jesus should be our Saviour. I was raised in a small town in Nebraska among Christian and Gentile neighbors. I often went to church with friends, heard many sermons, but could not believe that the Saviour came to save me; but bless the Lord, I believe it now. But what an experience to look back too. You know something about it already. Well, I must tell you I was a Jewess, with the ideas of the Jews about Jesus. We Jews do not believe on him as our Saviour. God is our Saviour and there is none beside Him. That I learned in our Jewish home, and that I believed. I was married to Mr. R. February 12, 1895, and came to Pittsburgh. Shortly after that my husband came home, and told me he had found out that Jesus was the true Messiah. I

had confidence in my husband, but my heart rebelled against his talking that way. He was so earnest though, and I became greatly worried about him. I felt that my people would not like that at all. I spent days and nights weeping in great distress, my happiness seemed gone; what would my mother and my people say? I wanted my mother, she came on, and to my surprise she and my husband got along well together talking about the Bible, and my mother told me she thought Mr. Ruben had found the truth, and was glad he did. She had been reading the Bible herself, and had often spoken to different Jewish people about the prophetic passages in the Old Testament, relating, she thought to Christ. But they were so blind and contrary that she could not get any satisfaction from them. Mama afterwards told me she was so glad Mr. R. had become a Christian; and wanted him to study and do just what the Lord wanted him to do. So it was decided that I should go home on a visit with mother, as I was all nervous and unstrung on account of the excitement. My husband was to come soon also; but a week after we left, his people put him in an insane asylum, and from the reports I got, I thought he must be wrong. I cannot tell you about all my troubles, then, I was so worried I thought I should lose my own reason. We were married only a few months and looked forward to motherhood, and now my husband supposed to be insane, and the people gossiping and telling all sorts of stories about our troubles. Mr. Ruben received comforting letters from me while he was in the asylum, and finally he wrote me he was set free by the court, and you who have read Mr. R.'s experience, know how wonderful it was for Brother Corey to go down, and by instituting legal proceedings finally secured Mr. R.'s freedom. But my people, were so against Mr. R. and blamed him for all the trouble. It would take

too long to tell you all that happened. I did not think that I could ever live with my husband again. My baby was born, my husband was East, and I was West; and I really hated religion for my many troubles. About two years after, I entered proceedings for divorce, and though Mr. R. wrote me, he did not wish to be divorced, that he would soon be ready for public work, my Christian lawyer advised me to press the suit and get divorced. Then Mr. R. began to do mission work, and to preach, and wrote me nice letters, and gospel messages, and I felt he must be a good man. He frequently sent me money, and hoped I would yet become a Christian. So I had great unrest and heavy trials within me, for I really cared for my husband; but I never told him how I felt. I visited Allegheny three years ago with my little boy. Mr. R. saw him then for the first time; and he wanted me to be reunited to him at that time; but I could not see how he could take care of me, and I did not then have the kind of faith he has to trust the Lord. So I went West again and located in Chicago, where most of my relatives lived. I began housekeeping and some of my cousins boarded with me, and my brothers who had come, and we had a very cozy home. Mr. R. came to Chicago two years ago to attend a convention, and he wanted me to become a Christian, but I could not yield. Later my parents and family moved to Chicago, and my mother had become a Christian. Mr. R. gave her a New Testament when she was in Pittsburgh, and she studied, and read it, and believed in Christ, and would often talk to me of our blessed Saviour, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, and other Christian friends. Mr. R. came to Chicago last year, and we attended meetings together at the Messiah Mission. We also had Bible readings, and I was willing to step out into the light; but it was so hard to think of losing all my friends. My folks found out our

plans, or enough to spoil them, so I wrote Mr. R. that we could not be reunited when planned, and I became cold and indifferent, and lost the light. Last Fall in November, Mr. R. came again to Chicago; we had corresponded regularly, but I did not know that we would be reunited. He opened the Bible to me, and some how the Lord was present. He showed me these things so clearly, I could see and believe them. Jesus won my heart. I yielded myself to Him; He gave me back my dear husband, truly God is love. Oh, that we may always obey Him, and avoid troubles and trials. And since my conversion, which brought peace and happiness to my soul, I sought and received the blessed Holy Spirit on Monday, January 20th, who beareth witness with my spirit that I am a child of God, cleansed from my sins and purified in heart, and made meet for the Master's use. How I praise God with grateful heart that he has made me a witness of these things.





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